

The

# NEW MOVIE

MAGAZINE

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APRIL  
1931

THE LARGEST  
CIRCULATION  
OF ANY SCREEN  
MAGAZINE  
IN THE WORLD



KAY  
FRANCIS

THE LIFE  
DRAMA OF THE  
COMET GIRL

STARS YOU  
NEVER FORGET  
by HERB HOWE

EVANGELINE ADAMS CALLS APRIL  
THE GOOD LUCK MOVIE MONTH



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are always  
kind to your  
throat

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*A Booth Tarkington comedy-drama for the whole family from sonny to grandpa.*

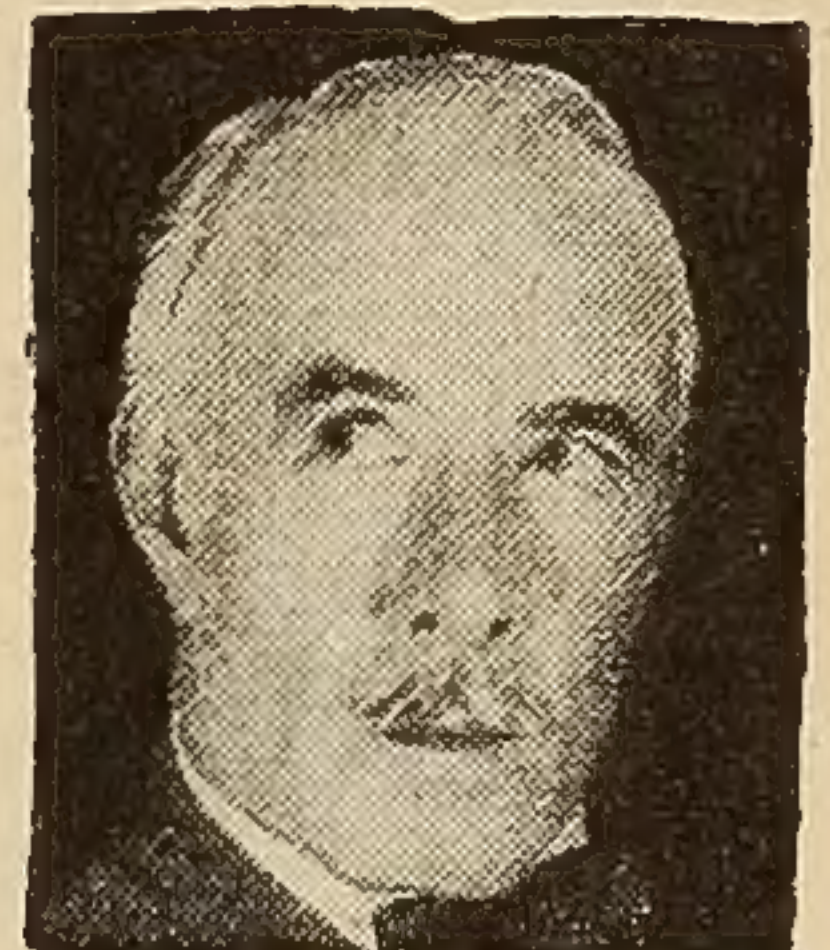
# FATHERS' SON



LEWIS STONE  
IRENE RICH  
LEON JANNEY  
JOHN HALLIDAY  
MICKEY BENNETT  
*And a lot of great kiddies*

*From the story "Old Fathers and Young Sons", by Booth Tarkington.  
Directed by WILLIAM BEAUDINE*

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LEWIS STONE

**I**f you're the kind of father who got more fun than the kids did out of the electric train you bought them for Christmas . . .  
If you're the kind of mother who believes that boys will be boys . . .

IRENE RICH



If you're the kind of sister who has a demon kid brother . . .

If you're the kind of brother who still remembers when you were a kid . . .

*Beg, borrow, or steal all the kids you can get hold of and take them to see this picture. You'll have the time of your life!*



"Let's all go to the movies."



"I know what I wanna see."

"Hey, get a move on, Fatty!"

"Where you all a-goin' so fast?"

"We're all gonna see *Father's Son!*"

A FIRST NATIONAL & VITAPHONE PICTURE



# The New Movie Magazine

ON SALE THE 15TH OF EACH MONTH IN WOOLWORTH STORES

One of the Tower Group of Magazines

Hugh Weir—Editorial Director

Vol. III, No. 4

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April, 1931

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Catherine McNelis, *President*  
Theodore Alexander, *Treasurer*  
Marie L. Featherstone, *Secretary*

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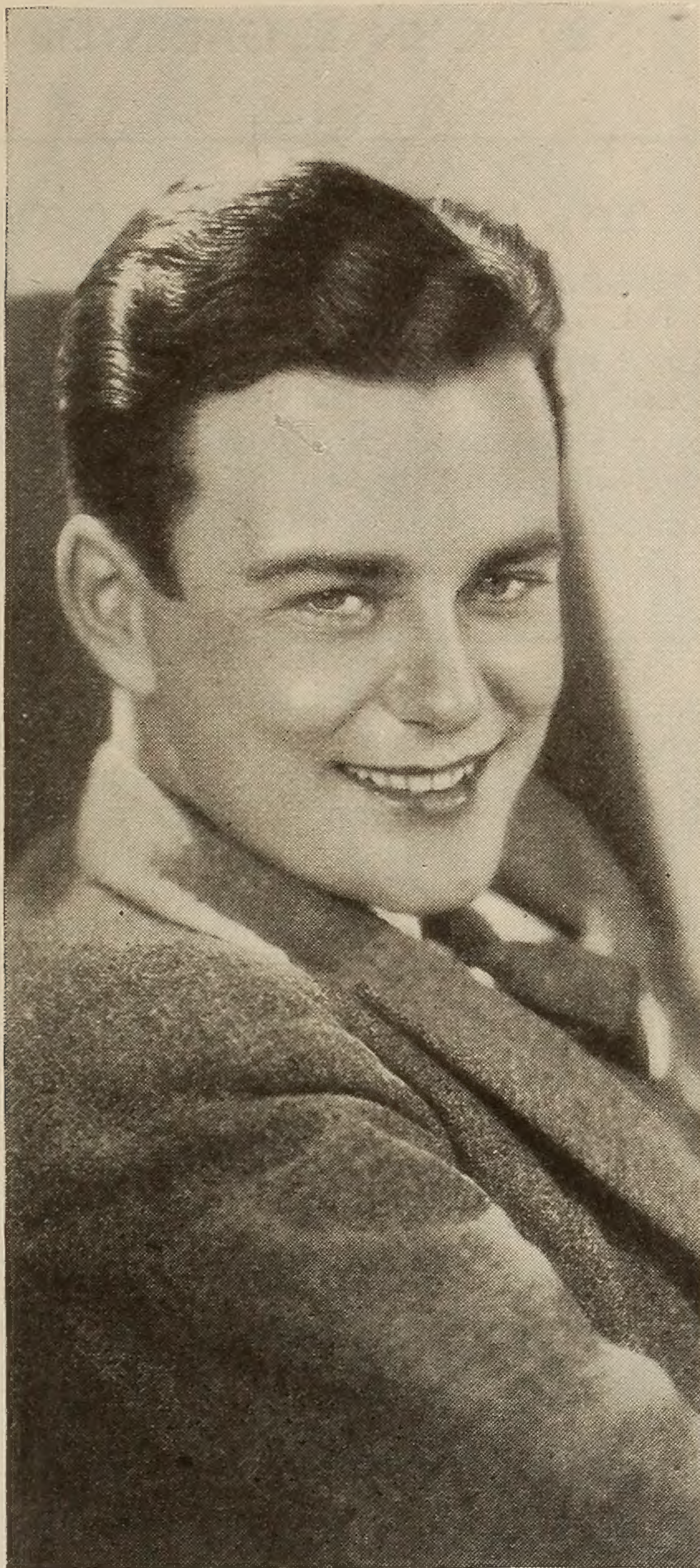
# "You must keep Youth!"

*warns*

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AYRES

*Universal Star*



*Learn the  
Complexion Secret  
9 out of 10 lovely  
Screen Stars know*

"WHAT TYPE do I most admire?" asks Lew Ayres, Universal star. "The type doesn't matter much—if she has that radiant charm I can't resist—*youth*.

"I don't mean the kind that's measured by birthdays! But that glowing, compelling something women nowadays seem to have at almost any age!

"The lovely stage and screen stars, of course, know how vital to their charm—their *success*—youth is, and how to keep it. And hundreds of other women seem to know their complexion secret! Everywhere you go you meet them—twenty-five . . . thirty . . . forty! Still fascinatingly *young*."

Indeed the stars seem to have no birthdays—to be always young, delightful, appealing, no matter how

long their list of successes. "A flawless skin is the secret," they will tell you.

*They* use Lux Toilet Soap—and have for years. In Hollywood, alone, 605 of the 613 important actresses rely on it for keeping skin smooth!

Because the fascinating actresses are so dependent on it, this fragrant, very white soap is found in theatres everywhere—is official in *all* film studios. Countless Hollywood, Broadway, European stars rely on Lux Toilet Soap.



◆ MARY NOLAN, Universal star, says: "I depend on Lux Toilet Soap to guard my skin—it is a lovely soap."



◆ HELEN CHANDLER, delightful star, says: "I am devoted to Lux Toilet Soap! It keeps my skin so smooth."



◆ GENEVIEVE TOBIN, Universal star, says: "For the flawless skin a screen star must have, Lux Toilet Soap is wonderful."

*The caress of dollar-  
a-cake French soap*

*Youth* LUX Toilet Soap..10¢



# MUSIC of the Sound Screen

## The New Movie's Service Department, Reviewing the Newest Phonograph Records of Film Musical Hits

By JOHN EDGAR WEIR

**E.** B. DERR, president of Pathe, rises to tell us, "Motion picture audiences still want music with their film fare." And to back up what he says, Mr. Derr points to his new production, "Sin Takes a Holiday." "Constance" is the title of a new tango in this production written especially for Constance Bennett, the star, by Dr. Francis Groman, musical director of Pathe. It is interesting to note that Miss Bennett also plays the piano accompaniment to an Italian love melody sung by Herbert Bragiotto in the same picture. Some musical stars are really musical, after all!

Of course, you remember Victor Schertzinger as the composer of "Marcheta," "The Love Parade," and a score of other haunting popular melodies! Having finished a long-term contract with Paramount he has just been signed by Bill Le Baron, the wizard of RKO, as a director. But he will still continue to write music. He can't get away from it.

Another new M.-G.-M. musical is Ramon Novarro's "Sevilla de Mis Amores," produced in his own language for foreign distribution. Novarro sings some of the historic songs from "Pagliacci," "Rigoletto," and other operas as well as original melodies written especially for the production.

There has been much argument about De Sylva, Brown, and Henderson's new talkie for Gloria Swanson. Now it develops that it may not be done on the United Artists lot at all. You never can tell!

**T**HE Rhythm Boys of Paul Whiteman fame, Bing Crosby and Harry Barnes, returned to the Universal stage for a sequence in "Many a Slip." They worked with Max Fisher's orchestra, and produced "There Must Be Somebody for Me," and "To-day There's No Tomorrow." All of which would indicate that Hollywood is still musically minded.

Here's something that will interest you, a bit of sentimental gossip which has come to me lately from Tin Pan Alley, and which should be worth a

### THE HITS OF THE MONTH:

"Reaching for the Moon," waltz—played by Ted Wallace and his Campus Boys (Victor)

"Some of These Days," fox trot—played by Cab Calloway and his Orchestra (Brunswick)

"It's a Lonesome Old Town," fox trot—played by Ben Bernie and his Orchestra (Brunswick)

"Somebody Stole My Gal," fox trot—played by Ted Lewis and his Band (Columbia)

special story of its own. Do you know how the popular hit, "When Your Hair Has Turned to Silver, I Will Love You Just the Same," came to be written? It was designed as a tribute of honor to May Singhi Breen. In private life, she is Mrs. Peter De Rose. And Peter De Rose wrote the song!

"Reaching for the Moon" seems to me to be about the best piece of

work that Irving Berlin has turned out in quite a while. Although very new, this waltz has a big bid for fame already, and is being plugged steadily over the air and elsewhere. Ted Wallace and his boys certainly do the number justice, and Columbia is fortunate in getting the services of such an orchestra, for this type of recording. The vocal chorus is very smooth and goes a long way toward putting the record over. You'll like this one. Incidentally, it's from the talkie, "Reaching for the Moon."

The other side is also by Ted Wallace and his Campus Boys and is the popular tune, "Lonesome Lover." This is the first time that I have ever heard this song played to waltz tempo, and the result is good, to say the least. It also has a very good vocal refrain, which makes the record equally pleasing on both sides, something unusual. (This is a Columbia Record.)



**C**AB CALLOWAY and his orchestra (better known as The Missourians, I think), have just come forth with a new recording of that old favorite, "Some of These Days," and it is a wow. The way these boys can tear through a piece is a crime, and they should be seen to be appreciated. However, as everybody can't do that, the phonograph is the next best. If you like hot music, be sure to get this record.

The other side is that modern spiritual, "Is That Religion?" and is recorded in the true Calloway style. (Continued on page 111)

Kathryn Crawford, recently of Hollywood and now a feature of the Broadway revue, "The New Yorkers," sings one of the hits of the year, "Love for Sale." This is a popular record number right now, too.





## AND The makers of these 40 famous washers endorse Rinso

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Automatic	Fairday	One Minute	Triplex
Barton	Faultless	Prima	Universal
Bee-Vac	Gainaday	Princess	Voss
Blackstone	Haag	Rotarex	Whirldry
Boss	Horton	Safety	1900 Whirlpool
Coffield	Laundrette	Savage	Woodrow
Conlon			Zenith

Demonstrators of washers—32,000 of them—say, “Rinso is wonderful!” Its rich, long-lasting suds get clothes so much whiter.

### Great for tub washing, too

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Millions use Rinso for whiter washes in tub or machine

**Rinso**  
The Granulated soap

Millions also use it for dishes, floors and all cleaning

**TUNE IN** on Rinso Talkies, “What Happened to Jane”. Tues. & Thurs. 5:30 p. m., E. S. T. WEA and associated stations.



# GUIDE to the BEST FILMS



Jackie Coogan is delightful as Mark Twain's immortal boy hero in Paramount's visualization of "Tom Sawyer." Here is a splendid picture that can safely be recommended to all the family.

## Class A

**The Blue Angel.** Due to remain one of the outstanding pictures of the season because of the superb acting of Emil Jannings and Marlene Dietrich in a sophisticated story. Now and again you may be a trifle shocked, but you are certain to be interested. *Paramount.*

**Tom Sawyer.** John Cromwell, director, has tackled a difficult subject and carried it to the screen with rare tact and discrimination. Jackie Coogan, Junior Durkin and Mitzi Green are all that need be asked in the visualization of Mark Twain's immortal characters. *Paramount.*

Doug Fairbanks is excellent as the gilded stock broker of "Reaching for the Moon," in which Bebe Daniels makes a delightful blond heroine. This is a diverting comedy with striking settings. Note Doug's batteries of telephones.

## Brief Comments Upon the Leading Motion Pictures of the Last Six Months

**The Man Who Came Back.** The combination of Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell is strong enough to support a story that does not register as distinctly as might be expected, considering the success of the play from which it is taken. *Fox.*

**Reaching for the Moon.** Douglas Fairbanks has gone ultra modern in this romance of a heavily gilded stock broker, and Bebe Daniels has gone blonde. They are a swell pair in a frothy piece that succeeds in being amusing most of the way. The continuity writer has remembered to allow Doug plenty of opportunity to display his well-known agility. *United Artists.*

**The Devil to Pay.** Samuel Goldwyn, producer *de luxe*, is to be thanked for this picture, which from first to last is thoroughly saturated with the charm of Ronald Colman. Frederick Lonsdale, British playwright, who knows his London drawing-rooms, turned out an acceptable story. *United Artists.*

**Common Clay.** Based upon a famous play of some years ago, the producer has preserved much of the human interest contained in the original. Constance Bennett and Beryl Mercer give first-rate performances. *Fox.*

**The Dawn Patrol.** Another tribute to the heroic work of the aviators in the World War. Richard Barthelmess and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., lead the flyers on their daring exploits. *First National.*

**Romance.** Well worth seeing, especially if you respond to the mysterious charms of the incomparable Greta Garbo. An artistic setting worthy of the star. *Metro-Goldwyn.*

**Holiday.** Presenting a mature viewpoint on life and handled with skill, "Holiday" belongs among the better pictures, whereas Ann (Continued on page 10)





WHAT ABOUT TRADER HORN?

WHAT ABOUT TRADER HORN?

WHAT ABOUT TRADER HORN?

The world has been waiting impatiently while METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER has been pouring men, money and genius into the creation of its greatest motion picture! **AT LAST—**



# TRADER HORN



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OF AFRICA**

Based on  
the famous novel  
by **TRADER HORN &  
ETHELREDA LEWIS**

Directed by  
**W. S. VAN DYKE**

with  
**HARRY CAREY  
DUNCAN RENALDO  
EDWINA BOOTH**

is completed and has been  
proclaimed greater than  
"THE BIG PARADE"  
greater than "BEN HUR,"  
in fact

**"THE GREATEST  
ADVENTURE  
PICTURE OF  
ALL TIME!"**

See it at your favorite theatre



**A METRO  
GOLDWYN  
MAYER**

All-Talking Picture



# GUIDE to the BEST FILMS

(Continued from page 8)



"The Royal Family of Broadway," that corking study of temperament on parade, is a picture to be recommended. Here you see the whole royal family of Cavendishs—played by Mary Brian, Henrietta Crosman, Fredric March and Ina Claire. This satire is well worth seeing.

Harding takes a place among screen players who have something individual and valuable to offer. *Pathe.*

**Journey's End.** This war picture, based on an English play, is too well known to require comment. It should be shown in every town that has a picture theater. *Tiffany.*

**All Quiet on the Western Front.** Still getting first-page breaks in the newspapers on account of the rumpus it is creating in Germany. There has been no more graphic depiction of the horrors of war. *Universal.*

**Sarah and Son.** Ruth Chatterton is one of the select number of stage stars who have gone over big on the screen. If you see her in this film, you will know why. *Paramount.*

**Song O' My Heart.** John McCormack sings his way through a sentimental story to the unmitigated delight of his many followers. The picture was made for John and John, in turn, makes the picture, so all is well. *Fox.*

**Street of Chance.** Be prepared to see a slashing melodrama graced by the silken presence of Kay Francis

and the smooth William Powell. You will like them. *Paramount.*

**The Rogue Song.** An operetta selected as a proper vehicle for Lawrence Tibbett. The production rides along on the crest of his impressive voice. *Metro-Goldwyn.*

**Devil May Care.** Affords Ramon Novarro an opportunity to sing as well as act. He does both rather well in a pleasing, though not very important romance. *Metro-Goldwyn.*

**Lummox.** Winifred Westover makes an irresistible appeal to the sympathies in her portrayal of the central character in Fannie Hurst's popular story. *United Artists.*

**The Love Parade.** Bright and witty and finely presented, particularly in the rôles carried by Maurice Chevalier and Jeanette MacDonald. *Paramount.*

**Sin Takes a Holiday.** Classed among the more thoughtful of current pictures. Constance Bennett is the pleasing ally of sin and, needless to say, she makes it dangerously alluring. Smart entertainment cleverly presented. *Pathe.*

**Viennese Nights.** Singing and making love in the moonlight to the tune of a seductive waltz. You get plenty of love in the pictorial presentation of a colorful operetta. *First National.*

**Just Imagine.** An imaginative conception of what the world may be like in 1980. An occasional fantasy of this kind is a relief after a diet of gun-laden gangsters. *Fox.*

**Abraham Lincoln.** A true picture that reflects credit on the entire industry. Walter Huston plays Lincoln, under the direction of D. W. Griffith. Stephen Vincent Benet wrote the story. *United Artists.*

**Three Faces East.** The erratic genius of Von Stroheim and the emotional lure of Constance Ben-

nett combine in making this a melodrama of distinct individuality. *Warners.*

**Monte Carlo.** Lubitsch gets the exotic atmosphere indicated by the title. Jack Buchanan and Jeanette MacDonald are smart personalities quite at home in the haunts of the financially reckless. A deftly handled production. *Paramount.*

**What a Widow.** Not quite as daring as the title might indicate, but it does present Gloria Swanson and that will be enough for her loyal followers. *United Artists.*

**Outward Bound.** A fanciful play concerning the occupants of a ghost ship sailing into eternity. The passengers do not realize that they are dead, altogether an odd notion. *Warners.*

**The Office Wife.** Secretaries (office wives) are dangerous rivals to domestic wives, if we are to believe the implications of this picture. But then, all secretaries are not as dangerous as Dorothy Mackaill—worse luck. *Warners.*

**Old English.** A fragrant piece out of the past offers a congenial setting for the (Continued on page 98)



# What the Stars Are Doing

Compiled by Wire as NEW MOVIE Goes to Press.

STAR	TITLE	DIRECTOR	KIND OF STORY	LEADING PLAYER
<b>COLUMBIA STUDIO</b>				
Barbara Stanwyck	Roseland	Lionel Barrymore	Romance	Ricardo Cortez
<b>FIRST NATIONAL STUDIO</b>				
Richard Barthelmess	The Finger Points	John Dillon	Newspaper drama	Fay Wray
Dorothy Mackaill	Party Husband	Clarence Badger	Modern marriage drama	James Rennie
Loretta Young	Big Business Girl	William Seiter	Drama	Frank Albertson
All star	You and I	Robert Milton	Drama	{ Lewis Stone Una Merkel Doris Kenyon
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.	Chances	Allan Dwan	Drama	Rose Hobart
Joe E. Brown	Broad Minded	Mervyn LeRoy	Comedy	{ Ona Munson Ben Lyon
<b>FOX STUDIO</b>				
Spencer Tracy	Skyline	Rowland Brown	Melodrama	{ Marguerite Churchill Sally Eilers
Janet Gaynor } Charles Farrell }	Merely Mary Ann	Henry King	Comedy drama	
<b>METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER STUDIO</b>				
Ramon Novarro	Daybreak	Jacques Feyder	Comedy drama	Helen Chandler
Norma Shearer	Strangers May Kiss	George Fitzmaurice	Drama	{ Robert Montgomery Neil Hamilton
William Haines	Untitled	Sam Wood	Comedy	Dorothy Jordan
Marion Davies	It's a Wise Child	Robt. Z. Leonard	Romantic comedy	{ Lester Vail Marie Prevost
Joan Crawford	The Torch Song	Harry Beaumont	Drama	Not chosen yet
Robert Montgomery	Shipmates	Harry Pollard	Sea drama	{ Dorothy Jordan Ernest Torrence
<b>PARAMOUNT WEST COAST STUDIO</b>				
William Powell	Gentleman of the Streets	Edward Goodman	Drama	Carole Lombard
Ruth Chatterton	Unfaithful	John Cromwell	Drama	Paul Lukas
Jackie Cooper	Skippy	Taurog-Burton	Juvenile comedy drama	Mitzi Green
Gary Cooper	City Streets	Rouben Mamoulian	Melodrama	{ Sylvia Sidney Kay Francis
Richard Arlen	Gun Smoke	Edward Sloman	Western drama	{ Mary Brian Louise Fazenda
<b>PARAMOUNT EAST COAST STUDIO</b>				
Claudette Colbert	Honor Among Lovers	Dorothy Arzner	Comedy drama	Fredric March
Tallulah Bankhead	New York Lady	George Cukor	Drama	Clive Brook
Maurice Chevalier	The Smiling Lieutenant	Ernst Lubitsch	Comedy drama	Claudette Colbert
Nancy Carrol	Between Two Worlds	Edmund Goulding	Drama	Fredric March
<b>PATHE STUDIO</b>				
Constance Bennett	Lost Love	Paul Stein	Drama	Joel McCrea
Ann Harding	Rebound	Edward H. Griffith	Drama	Robert Ames
<b>R K O STUDIOS</b>				
Lowell Sherman	Bachelor Apartment	Lowell Sherman	Comedy drama	{ Irene Dunne Mae Murray
Edna May Oliver } Hugh Herbert }	Room and Board	Gregory LaCava	Comedy	Dorothy Lee
<b>UNIVERSAL STUDIO</b>				
Lew Ayres	The Iron Man	Monta Bell	Drama	Jean Harlowe
Conrad Nagel	Gambling Daughters	Hobart Henley	Comedy drama	Sidney Fox
Genevieve Tobin	Seed	John Stahl	Drama	{ John Boles Lois Wilson
<b>WARNER BROTHERS STUDIO</b>				
John Barrymore	Svengali	Archie Mayo	Drama	Marian Marsh
George Arliss	The Ruling Passion	John Adolphi	Comedy drama	Evelyn Knapp
Frank Fay	God's Gift to Women	Michael Curtiz	Comedy farce	Laura La Plante
Joan Blondell	The Public Enemy	William Wellman	Drama	{ Edward Woods Jean Harlowe
Bebe Daniels	The Maltese Falcon	Roy Del Ruth	Murder mystery	Ricardo Cortez





Can Buddy Rogers cook? Well, anyway, he knows a good cruller when he eats it. On this page he gives his favorite recipe for biscuit tortoni.

# Hollywood's Own COOKING PAGE

SOME day psychologists may be able to read our characters and discover our latent talents by knowing our food preferences. If they discover that your son Bill prefers crullers to French pastry they may say that he would succeed better as a prize fighter than as a landscape gardener, and the fact that Barbara prefers French dressing to mayonnaise will help in deciding whether she should be trained to be a stenographer or a toe dancer. Something of that sort.

As a good start for this new sort of character reading they might take the case of Charles Rogers, who doesn't hesitate for a second to say that his favorite form of nourishment is biscuit tortoni. He doesn't say it just because he had it for dinner the night before and it is the first food name that comes into his head when you ask him. He has a real and lasting preference for this dessert and can even tell you how to make it. He even goes so far as to tell you how wide the ribbon should be that is used to tie the lady fingers in place.

The ingredients needed are as follows:

- 2 cups thin cream
- 2 cups heavy cream, beaten stiff
- 1 cup dried macaroons, finely crushed
- $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar
- $\frac{1}{3}$  cup non-alcoholic sherry
- Lady fingers, split in halves

THE macaroons should be slightly dried and then rolled out with a rolling pin on a board to form crumbs. Then soak them in thin cream one hour. Add the sugar and sherry and put in a freezer, pack with ice and salt and freeze until it forms a mush.

Add the heavy cream beaten stiff. Mold, pack in salt and ice and let stand two hours. When ready to serve, place a row of lady finger halves on a serving plate. Remove ice cream from the brick, cut into  $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch slices, place on a plate on the lady fingers, arrange other lady finger halves around it and tie ribbon,  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch wide, round to keep in place, making a bow at one corner.

## The Movie Colony's Favorite Recipes to Aid the Housewife





Cooking is  
QUICKER

in

CRINKLE CUPS

**S**AVE time and save work—make your favorite recipes in Crinkle Cups. You don't have to grease these dainty baking dishes. Use them just as they come from their dust-proof package. Cakes, muffins, meat and vegetable dishes, any number of your favorites will cook in Crinkle Cups without sticking or burning. Turn them out perfectly shaped and whole—or serve them daintily in the Crinkle Cups. No pans to wash when your cooking is done! Buy Crinkle Cups at Woolworth's and see how many good things you can make in them.

SOLD IN F. W. WOOLWORTH CO 5 and 10 CENT STORES

Crinkle Cups are now available in a new, somewhat larger size—No. 1545. If it has not arrived in your Woolworth store, send us 10c for a package of 75 cups.



### DEVEILED CRAB

(For other tested recipes, see the recipe book in every package of Crinkle Cups)

1 cup crabmeat  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup mushrooms  
 2 tablespoons butter  
 2 tablespoons flour  
 $\frac{2}{3}$  cup milk  
 2 egg yolks

2 teaspoons lemon juice  
 salt and pepper to taste

1 teaspoon finely chopped parsley

Make a white sauce of flour, butter and milk. Chop crabmeat and mushrooms, add to white sauce with parsley and seasoning, egg yolk and lemon juice. Mix well and put in Crinkle Cups, sprinkle with dry bread crumbs mixed with a little butter and bake until crumbs are brown—about 40 minutes in moderate oven. Fills 6 large Crinkle Cups.

You may use either fresh or canned crabmeat or you may substitute canned tuna or salmon or use cold left over cooked fish. Use canned or fresh mushrooms or omit mushrooms, using  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup medium fine bread crumbs instead.



# The Men Who Make the Movies

## The Story of Winfield Sheehan

BY LYNDE DENIG

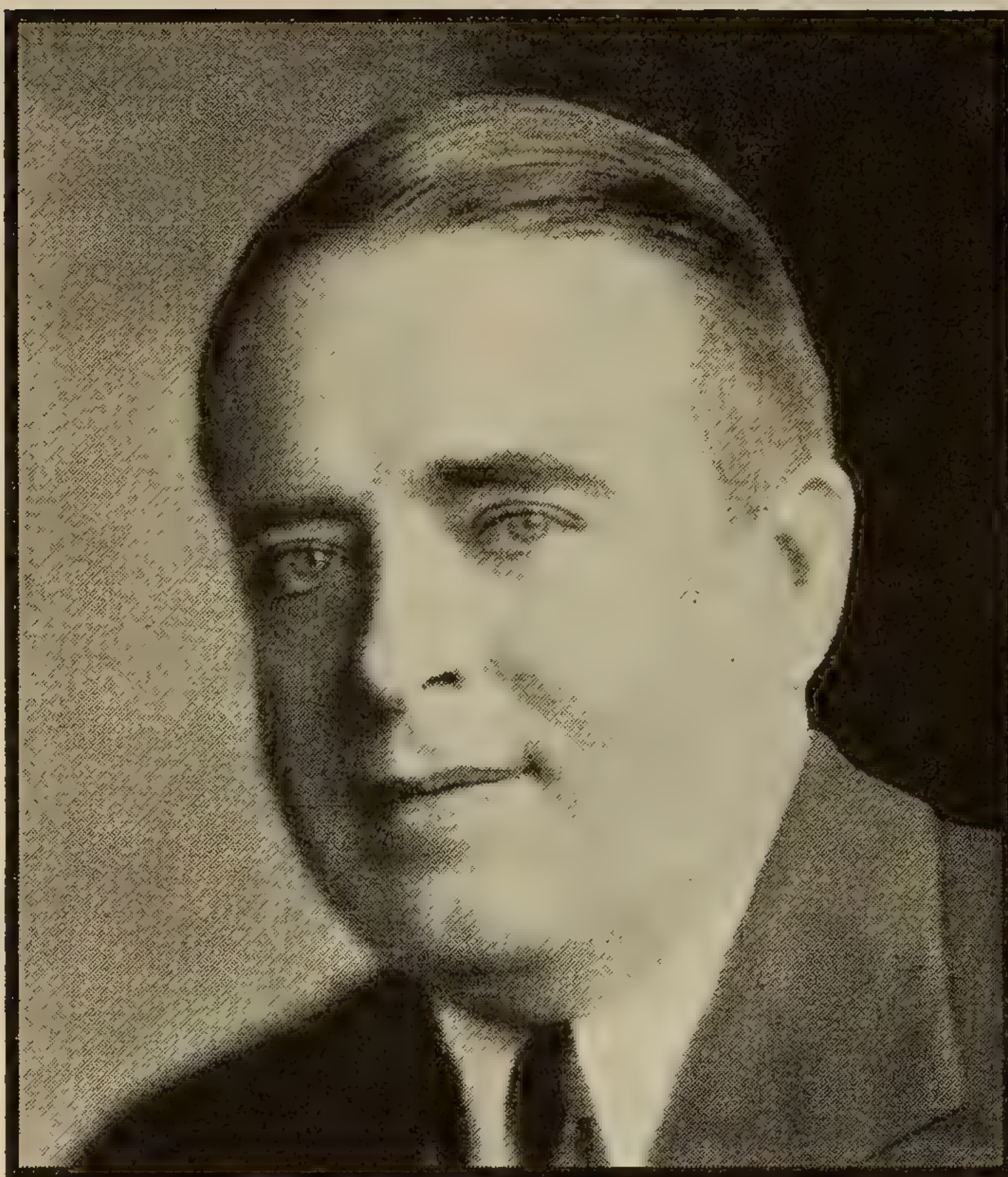
**W**INFIELD SHEEHAN, executive head of the Fox Film Corporation, knew politics before he knew motion pictures and he knew newspapers before that. Moreover, he was and is a fighting Irishman and proud of it. He punched his way through youth and he has kept right on punching when punches are needed. He just naturally gravitated toward excitement and thrived on it.

He took a job as reporter on *The Buffalo Courier* because it promised varied activity, which his father's dry-goods business did not. He enlisted for the Spanish-American War because he considered a few months in Cuba, shooting at Spaniards, to be a diverting vacation. He entered politics by way of a secretaryship in the New York Fire Department, in the days when thundering gray horses, three abreast, struck sparks from the cobblestones. He switched from politics to pictures when William Fox convinced him that motion pictures were highly exciting, as well as profitable. Winnie (to use his familiar nickname) has not been disappointed. He has had plenty of fight and ample money.

On the surface, Mr. Sheehan is calm—deceptively so. . . . Some years ago the motion picture industry undertook a campaign—a drive for funds to be donated to some cause; I have forgotten just what. All of the leading motion picture companies were concerned in the success of the undertaking, which was progressing none too well, despite daily committee meetings. The Big Shots were called into action: Will Hays, the late Marcus Loew and Winfield Sheehan. This was my first meeting with Mr. Sheehan. He said little, making no apparent effort to impress the round-table conference. His large, wide-open eyes suggested frank simplicity. He listened attentively until he had something definite to suggest.

But, of course, Mr. Sheehan is neither simple nor slow to move when the time for action arrives. Behind a poker face and calm eyes, he conceals a keen and rapid mental mechanism, and behind the mechanism lies a quantity of old reliable Irish energy.

**W**INNIE never bothered about copy-book maxims, but has lived in accord with a number of them just the same. From the day he left Canisius College, Buffalo, to become a reporter on *The Buffalo Courier*, up to the reorganization of the Fox company last year, he has been ambitious, industrious and thorough. When he tired of newspaper work in Buffalo, he moved



Winfield Sheehan fought his way upward from reporting on a Buffalo, N.Y., newspaper to the post of general manager of Fox Films. To Mr. Sheehan goes a large measure of the credit for the progress of Fox pictures. He is one of Hollywood's hardest working bosses.

to New York and became a police and political reporter on *The World*, in the golden days of Manhattan.

Making the most of his opportunities in true copy-book fashion, Winnie learned so much about city affairs and politics that Fire Commissioner Rhinelander Waldo picked him for his executive secretary. Transferred to the Police Department, Commissioner Waldo carried his efficient young secretary with him, whereupon Winnie set about enlarging his experience and his contacts. It was during this period that he met William Fox, prosperous proprietor of penny arcades, now rising rapidly in the amusement field as owner of a chain of Greater New York theaters showing motion pictures. His prize house was the venerable Academy of Music, just around the corner from Tammany Hall, where Winnie felt thoroughly at home.

Mr. Fox, classed as an independent, meaning that he was engaged in a prolonged warfare with the all-dominant Motion Picture Patents Company, wanted an assistant

familiar with the political racket, only they did not call it a racket then. He chose Mr. Sheehan, who knew nothing about the making, selling or showing of photo-plays and admitted it.

"You'll learn and you'll make a lot of money. You don't mind a rough fight," urged Mr. Fox.

Winnie agreed that he had no objection to a larger pay check and that when it came to fighting he always had been able to take care of himself. And he always has. With the organization of the Box Office Attractions Company, subsequently the Fox Film Corporation, the ex-reporter, ex-secretary became Bill Fox's chief counselor. As a New Year's token in 1914 he was given the title of general manager.

**W**INNIE has been awarded a generous slice of the credit for the development of Theda Bara, first of the screen vampires. Her real name was Theodosia Goodman and her past was no more romantic than her name. The new general manager improved upon both. Without the aid of a numerologist, he selected a suitable name for a woman of mystery. Also, there were no shortcomings in her mysterious past, as it appeared in official biographies distributed to newspapers and magazines. Picture patrons talked about the "dark siren" in "A Fool There Was," and before many months had elapsed the most renowned of the Fox stars was setting war-time styles in vamping.

With the menace of the (Continued on page 112)

## Next Month: The Dramatic Story of CARL LAEMMLE



Learn  
From the Stars  
How to Work  
Play  
Find Success  
Make Friends  
Hold Love

Read



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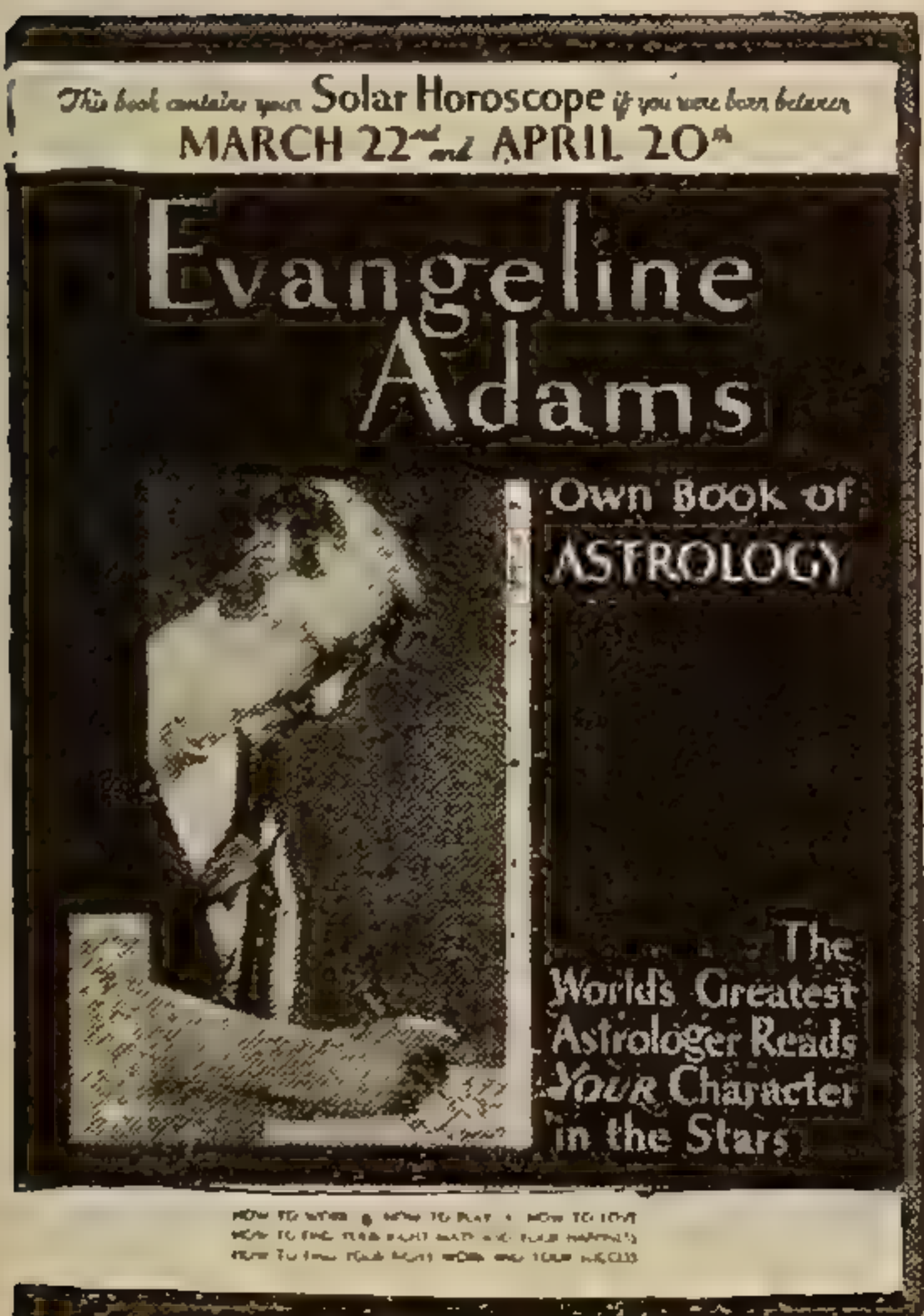
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April 21 and May 21—Taurus <input type="checkbox"/>	Sept. 24 and Oct. 23—Libra <input type="checkbox"/>	
May 22 and June 21—Gemini <input type="checkbox"/>	Oct. 24 and Nov. 22—Scorpio <input type="checkbox"/>	Jan. 21 and Feb. 19— Aquarius <input type="checkbox"/>
June 22 and July 23—Cancer <input type="checkbox"/>	Nov. 23 and Dec. 22— Sagittarius <input type="checkbox"/>	Feb. 20 and March 21—Pisces <input type="checkbox"/>
July 24 and Aug. 23—Leo <input type="checkbox"/>		

Name .....

Address..... City..... State.....



# Here Our Readers Express Themselves About the Stars

# DOLLAR

## For Greta

*Media, Pa.*

NEW MOVIE has been unusually fair and kind to Garbo, and it is for this reason above all that I am writing to thank you for your fairness and good sportsmanship. The recent January issue gave Garbo the laurels she so greatly deserves. It is amazing how blind the greater part of the film public and the screen magazine writers are to this woman's greatness as an actress. For a time it was in danger of being a pure illusion, but after "Romance" and "Anna Christie" there can be doubt no longer. When the actress has gone—as some day she must, of course—she will be talked about in words of marvelous wisdom. That is always the way; they tear a person to bits until they are gone beyond reach, and then they bewail them. Look what an idol Valentino became after his death!

*Richard E. Passman.*

*Hamilton, Ont., Canada.*

Another Greta Garbo in Marlene Dietrich? For verily the wiseacres have publicly prophesied. Well, with training the tall Marlene may learn to glide as Greta, she may definitely arch long, thin brows, effect false lashes and develop a sphinx stare, but she can never master the Garbo mind, can never touch a personality that is not her own, nor experience the Garbo reactions to Life that mark her Great!

*Catherine Crupe,  
111 Maple Avenue.*

*Lockport, N. Y.*

After seeing Greta Garbo in "Romance," I am more convinced that she is the leading actress on the screen. She has such beauty and infinite charm, as well as a voice that seems to be created just for the talkies.

*Marion Ahern,  
121 West Avenue.*

## And for Marlene

*East Orange, N. J.*

Why this sudden emergence of Greta Garbo from her mysterious seclusion? We wonder. Perhaps (we whisper on a mere breath) the lovely Marlene Dietrich has something to do with it. After years of silence, Garbo suddenly becomes human, goes places, has appealing photographs made. We think it is high time, for though mystery is fascinating for a while, warm naturalness and sincerity will win. We admit that Miss Garbo is beautiful and deserved fame in silent films,

but with the talkies we believe she is doomed, her too harsh and guttural voice kindling the bier. At first we were astounded at Miss Dietrich's similarity to Greta, but we at once perceived that Marlene is to become the "great Garbo" of the talking films, and we know we shall love the new soft-voiced, warm-hearted leading lady better than the old indifferent and taciturn star.

*May Weston,  
111 Halsted Street.*

*Westport, Conn.*

What's this I hear about my idol, Garbo? She has secured Marlene Dietrich's German-made song records and plays them over and over in the seclusion of her home! I suggest that Greta buy the new Victor-distributed Dietrich record of numbers from "The Blue Angel" and listen to the German girl's singing of "Naughty Lola" and "Falling in Love Again." Dietrich may imitate Garbo and copy Jeanne Eagels, but she can't fake a singing voice. I can hear Garbo's low-voiced chuckle when she plays this awful record.

*J. D.*

*Chicago, Ill.*

I have just seen "Morocco," with Miss Marlene Dietrich and Gary Cooper and I think it perfect, from beginning to end. Miss Dietrich's faint trace of an accent makes her speech as fascinating as her face. Her slow deliberate actions were exactly as you would wish them to be, mysterious, and Gary Cooper is the lovable, devil-may-care Legionaire. He is the most romantic, nonchalant lover, that could ever be found. The tricky salute, that he used throughout the picture was made to order for him and I'm positive that each salute sent a thrill of ecstasy to the finger tips of every female in the audience.

*Edna Long,  
3253 Broadway.*

## Cheers for "Abraham Lincoln"

*Staunton, Va.*

I wish to compliment Director D. W. Griffith and Walter Huston on their wonderful portrayal of Abraham Lincoln. It was a superb picture and will always live in my memory. I am a Southerner and I went to the picture rather fearful that the South would be portrayed as a traitorous and unlawful country. I came away with a very different feeling, however. I now look toward Abraham Lincoln as one of the greatest men in history, and realize that, had he lived, the South would have escaped many of the hardships and indignities suffered during the Reconstruction period. I consider the production of such a picture as "Abraham Lincoln" an outstanding event in movie history.

*E. M. Fulton,  
231 Sycamore Street.*



## Wants Air Epic of Peace

*Wauwatosa, Wis.*

Why are airplanes always shown in pictures as destructive? I would like to see a real air picture—minus war and destruction. I am the wife of an aviator and have made many trips with him, all of which have been very beautiful. By "beautiful" I mean having had the feeling of greatness when seeing things from the air in an airplane. Everything is beautiful. One feels the Great Goodness all around. Couldn't we have an air picture to show this beauty?

*Mrs. L. P. Meyers.*

## Too Much Make-up

*Berlin-Wilmersdorf, Germany.*

In Germany we like American pictures very much and are fond

You have some interesting opinions about motion pictures. Sit down and write them in a letter to A-Dollar-for-Your-Thoughts, THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, 55 Fifth Ave., New York City. If the opinion is published, you will receive a dollar bill.



# THOUGHTS

Thoughts and  
Opinions About  
the Movies

of American actresses. We love their beauty, their charm, freshness and their good taste *re* fashions, but we must call to your stars: "Not too much make-up!" Is it absolutely necessary to make yourself up so exaggerated? You are young, beautiful and charming—the most lovely race of girls in the world, and, therefore, there is no necessity to conceal your natural beauty behind a thick mask of powder and rouge!

Otto Behrens,  
Tuebinger Str. 2.

## Against Racy Titles

Annapolis, Md.

Why should excellent movies be hidden under titles that are intended to get the movie crowd but in reality keep intelligent people away. The title, "A Lady's Morals," leads you to believe that it is another of those stories, while it is a beautiful movie based on the life of Jenny Lind. When I see such titles as "Call of the Flesh," I hesitate about seeing it and sometimes miss a very good picture, as "Call of the Flesh" certainly was. But when I see such headlines as "The Big House," "Common Clay," "Anna Christie," and "The Dawn Patrol," Home Sweet Home is no longer the same and I rush to the theater.

Rose Wolfe,  
46 Northwest Street.

## Cheers for Cooking Page

Buffalo, N. Y.

I think one of your most interesting as well as beneficial features in NEW MOVIE is "Hollywood's Own Cooking Page." I've tried some of the recipes and they're superb. We fans like to know that the stars of the movie colony are not above cooking an appetizing dish occasionally. I hope sometime we may see Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford and Greta Garbo demonstrating their choicest dishes.

Betty Emrich,  
1514 Fillmore Avenue.

## More About Fan Mail

Wilson, N. C.

This fan mail problem is getting quite serious. I wrote a letter to Gary Cooper commenting on his performance in "Man From Wyoming" and in reply I received a card saying that, if I would send 25 cents Mr. Cooper would be glad to send me a photo. What causes that? I didn't even mention a photo in my letter. Same way with Buddy Rogers and Mary Brian. Ho, hum! You figure it out—I give up.

Edna Walters,  
300 North Pine Street.

## Why Bad Star Films?

Melbourne, Victoria, Australia.

If stars are worth the big money paid them, surely they are worth pictures which would give them an opportunity for displaying the tal-

ents that have put them so far up the ladder of fame. Or, is it that producers wish to have them appear in a few mediocre pictures, as a counteractant for that insufferable disease known as swelled head?

Norman M. Willon,  
41 Warrick Street, Ascot Vale.

Ware, Mass.

The cooking page, that is now being published, is of very great service. I have tried some of the recipes and find that they are very good and appetizing.

Pauline Saletnik,  
14 Monroe Street.

## What, Another Garbo?

Dallas, Texas.

If the producers insist on foreign editions of Greta Garbo, why not have an American one also? But they won't have to go in quest of an American duplicate, they already have her, in my opinion, in the person of Rose Hobart. Miss Hobart has the same deep emotional appeal of the Swedish original. There is also facial resemblance and a marked similarity in the carriage of these young actresses. I sincerely hope that she does not return to the stage from which she came, but that she remains to entertain us as she did in "A Lady Surrenders." She's the nearest thing to Garbo yet—truly capable and fascinating, and I think she will do great things on her own.

Helena Hicks,  
3608 Potomac.

## Better Stories for Dick

New York City, N. Y.

All the Pulitzer prize-winning authors and other successful novelists and short-story writers fail to do anything in Hollywood toward writing a good story for my favorite actor, Richard Barthelmess. Isn't there something that can be done about it? I saw "The Lash" and I thought it was weak. Surely, Barthelmess—and his public—deserve better than that.

I. E. H.



## Follow the Leader

New York City, N. Y.

Why must producers show innumerable "carbon copies" of a particular successful type of picture? Witness, for example, the unending number of crook melodramas; the "back-stage" Broadway talkies and singies, and the French Foreign Legion pictures. Originality, it seems, is an expensive trait, so the film producers, in their smug complacency, follow the beaten path. Then they find that the public always will refuse a monotonous and unchanging picture diet.

Henry Budoff,  
732 E. 156th Street.

## Applauds Miss Shearer

Toledo, Ohio.

I read with interest in February's issue of Norma Shearer's success in winning the award for  
(Continued on page 105)

THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE pays one dollar for every interesting and constructive letter published. Address your communications to A-Dollar-for-Your-Thoughts, THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York City.





# WHERE to WRITE the MOVIE STARS

When you want to write the stars or players, address your communications to the studios as indicated. If you are writing for a photograph, be sure to enclose twenty-five cents in stamps or silver. If you send silver, wrap the coin carefully.

## At Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Calif.

Lionel Belmore	Gwen Lee
Wallace Beery	Barbara Leonard
Charles Bickford	Bessie Love
Edwina Booth	Joan Marsh
John Mack Brown	John Miljan
Harry Carey	Robert Montgomery
Joan Crawford	Grace Moore
Marion Davies	Polly Moran
Mary Doran	Conrad Nagel
Duncan Sisters	Ramon Novarro
Marie Dressler	Edward Nugent
Cliff Edwards	Catherine Dale Owen
Greta Garbo	Anita Page
John Gilbert	Gilbert Roland
Lawrence Gray	Norma Shearer
Raymond Hackett	Lawrence Tibbett
William Haines	Lewis Stone
Leila Hyams	Ernest Torrence
Kay Johnson	Raquel Torres
Dorothy Jordan	Roland Young
Buster Keaton	

## At Paramount-Famous-Lasky Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

Richard Arlen	Harry Green
Jean Arthur	Mitzi Green
William Austin	Neil Hamilton
George Bancroft	O. P. Heggie
Clara Bow	Doris Hill
Mary Brian	Phillips Holmes
Clive Brook	Jack Luden
Virginia Bruce	Paul Lukas
Jack Buchanan	Fredric March
Nancy Carroll	Rosita Moreno
Lane Chandler	Barry Norton
Ruth Chatterton	Jack Oakie
Maurice Chevalier	Warner Oland
June Collyer	Guy Oliver
Chester Conklin	Zelma O'Neal
Jackie Coogan	Eugene Pallette
Claudette Colbert	William Powell
Gary Cooper	Charles Rogers
Frances Dee	Marian Shilling
Marlene Dietrich	Stanley Smith
Stuart Erwin	Regis Toomey
Norman Foster	Florence Vidor
Kay Francis	Fay Wray
Richard Gallagher	

## Universal Studios, Universal City, Calif.

Lewis Ayres	Laura La Plante
John Boles	George Lewis
Kathryn Crawford	Jeanette Loff
Jack Dougherty	Mary Nolan
Lorayne DuVal	Mary Philbin
Raymond Keane	Joseph Schildkraut
Merna Kennedy	Glenn Tryon
Barbara Kent	Lupe Velez
Beth Laemmlé	Barbara Worth
Arthur Lake	

## Pathé Studios, Culver City, Calif.

Robert Armstrong	Ann Harding
Constance Bennett	Eddie Quillan
William Boyd	Fred Scott
James Gleason	Helen Twelvetrees.

## At Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.

Frank Alberston	Dixie Lee
Luana Alcaniz	Ivan Linow
Robert Ames	Edmund Lowe
Warner Baxter	Myrna Loy
Marjorie Beebe	Claire Luce
Rex Bell	Sharon Lynn
Humphrey Bogart	Jeanette MacDonald
El Brendel	Kenneth MacKenna
Marguerite Churchill	Farrell MacDonald
William Collier, Sr.	Mona Maris
Joyce Compton	Victor McLaglen
Fifi Dorsay	Charles Morton
Louise Dresser	George O'Brien
Charles Eaton	Maureen O'Sullivan
Charles Farrell	Paul Page
Earle Foxe	David Rollins
Noel Francis	Nick Stuart
John Garrick	John Wayne
Janet Gaynor	Marjorie White

## At Warner Brothers Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

John Barrymore	Lotti Loder
Noah Beery	Ben Lyon
Joe Brown	May McAvoy
Dolores Costello	Edna Murphy
Claudia Dell	Marian Nixon
Louise Fazenda	Walter Pidgeon
Kay Francis	Lois Wilson
Winnie Lightner	Grant Withers

## Samuel Goldwyn, 7210 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

Ronald Colman	Lily Damita
---------------	-------------

## First National Studios, Burbank, Calif.

Richard Barthelmess	Doris Kenyon
Bernice Claire	Lila Lee
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.	Jack Mulhall
Alexander Gray	Vivienne Segal
Lloyd Hughes	Loretta Young

## United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.

Don Alvarado	Chester Morris
Joan Bennett	Mary Pickford
Charles Chaplin	Gloria Swanson
Dolores del Rio	Norma Talmadge
Douglas Fairbanks	Constance Talmadge
Al Jolson	

## Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood, Calif.

Evelyn Brent	Jack Holt
William Collier, Jr.	Joan Peers
Ralph Graves	Dorothy Revier

## RKO Studios, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, Calif.

Mary Astor	Arthur Lake
Sue Carol	Dorothy Lee
Joseph Cawthorne	Robert McWade
Betty Compson	Lowell Sherman
Ricardo Cortez	Bert Wheeler
Bebe Daniels	Robert Woolsey
Richard Dix	





Photograph by Hurrell

CONCHITA MONTENEGRO

Gallery  
of  
Famous  
Film Folk

# The New Movie Magazine





Photograph by Hurrell

ROBERT MONTGOMERY





Photograph by Clarence Sinclair Bull

JOAN CRAWFORD





Photograph by Hurrell

DOROTHY JORDAN





**LEILA HYAMS**, vivacious Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Featured Player, tells us—  
"They're 'voice savers' as well as Life Savers . . . they soothe and clear the throat"

Adv.





Photograph by Gene Robert Richee

LILY DAMITA



# The New Movie Magazine

VOL. III

APRIL, 1931

No. 4



## Gossip of the Studios

**T**HE great Hollywood constellation of film stars is upset.

The big parade to the Warner Brothers studios is on.

The Warners have signed Ruth Chatterton and William Powell, at present under the Paramount banner. They have signed Kay Francis and intend to star her.



**Gloria Swanson:** Will play no more naughty girls. To do well dressed, pulchritudinous suffering, instead.

As this issue of NEW MOVIE goes to press it is rumored that the Warners also have signed George Bancroft and there are reports that Ronald Colman is joining, too. If the report about Colman is true, it means that three pals, Dick Barthelmess, Bill Powell and Ronald Colman, will be working on the same lot.

Then, too, the Warners have Constance Bennett

as a star under special arrangement.

\* \* \*

**T**HE Constance Bennett arrangement has aroused much discussion.

To exactly whom does Constance Bennett belong?

The question is being asked almost daily. Nominally under contract to Pathe, now working on the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot and just announced for two pictures by Warner Brothers-First National, whose is she?

Investigation shows that her contract with Pathe provides that she shall have ten weeks each year to do as she elects. She chose to give those ten weeks to Warner Brothers-First National and salt the earnings away. When that time is up, she returns to Pathe under a contract which has four years to run.

Miss Bennett is the most widely sought actress in Hollywood right now.

\* \* \*

**H**OLLYWOOD has displayed a great deal more interest in the renowned Einstein than would be expected in this "land of Yes and No," as Arthur Caesar calls it. It is an open scandal that,

when he was introduced to Mary Pickford, he did not have the least idea who she was, and asked his wife if she knew. Mary took it with good grace.

The Einsteins wanted to see "All Quiet on the Western Front," which is banned in their native Germany.

A special showing was arranged at Universal, where they were guests of Carl Laemmle. Einstein and his wife were most impressed.

\* \* \*

*When Mr. Laemmle announced that Professor Albert Einstein would be his guest at luncheon, Lew Ayres was interested.*

*"Oh, is he coming?" exclaimed Lew. "I'll bring over my telescope." Sure enough, he showed up at the studio with a telescope about the length of fence-rail and of the dimension of a stove-pipe. Professor Einstein smiled in a fatherly way and patted his shoulder. Then he said something in German and Lew wonders what it meant.*

\* \* \*



**John Barrymore:** He enjoys listening to Baby Dolores Ethel's near-conversation over the 'phone.

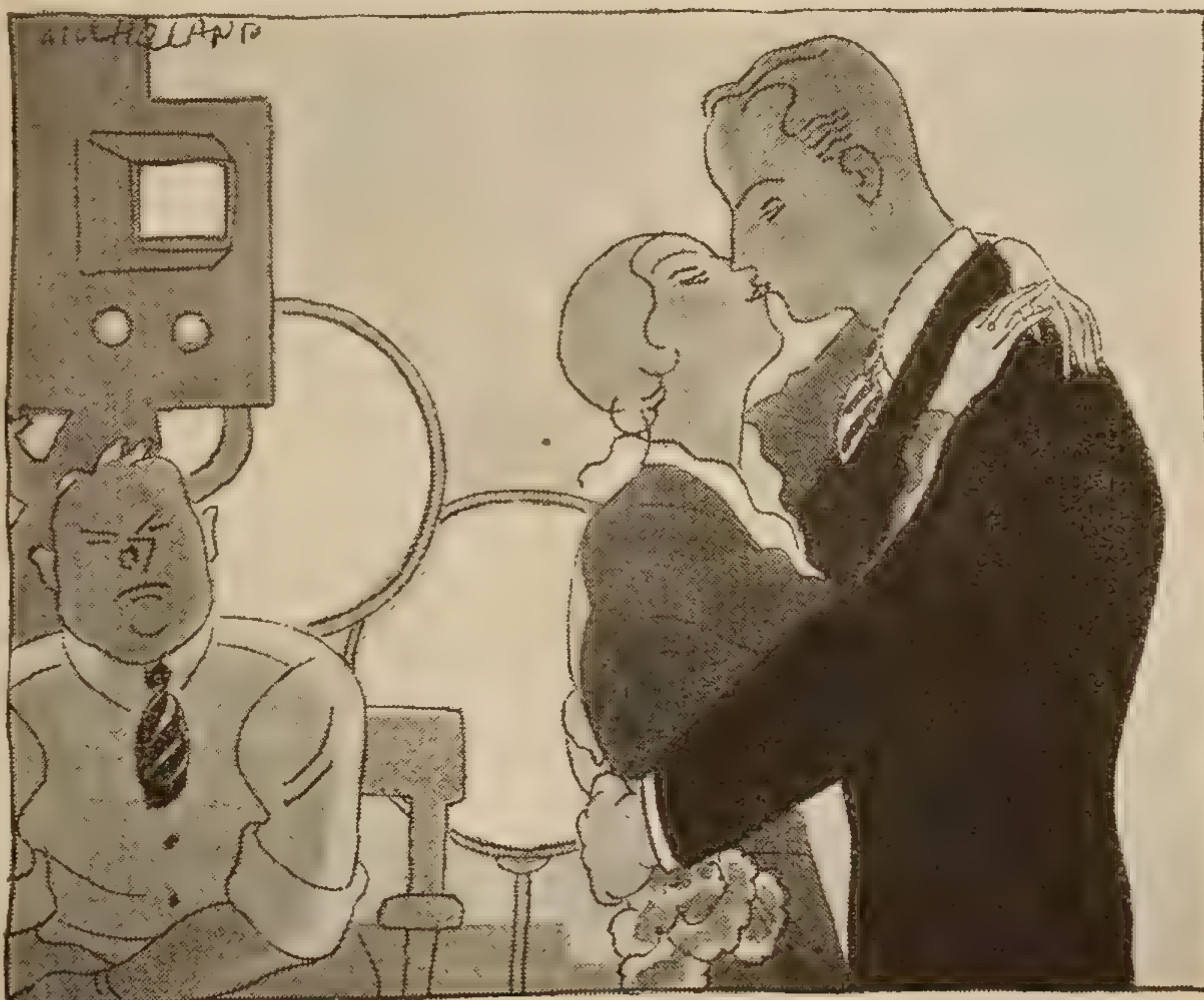
**C**OLLEEN MOORE is entertaining again, in her beautiful Bel Air home. She had a big party the other evening for Al Scott, a handsome young banker from New York. And she introduced a new form of the ever popular buffet supper. Everything was served in the kitchen and the guests trooped out and collected their supper off the huge electric stove. Among the

guests were Mr. and Mrs. Ben Lyon (Bebe Daniels), Mr. and Mrs. Richard Barthelmess, John Gilbert, Norman Kerry, Marshall Neilan, Paul Bern and Jean Harlow, Mrs. Alice Glazer, Dr. and Mrs. Harry Martin (Louella Parsons), Mr. and Mrs. Antonio Moreno, Willis Goldbeck, Howard Hughes and Billie Dove, Mrs. Luke McNamee, Mr. and Mrs. King Vidor (Eleanor Boardman), and Mr. and Mrs. Mike Levee.

\* \* \*

**H**OLLYWOOD combinations:

Gary Cooper and Lupe





# All the News of the Famous Motion Picture



**Constance Bennett:** Signs a special Warner Brothers contract said to call for \$300,000 for ten weeks' work.

Velez. John Considine and Joan Bennett.

Herbert Fleishhacker, Jr., and June Collyer.

Al Scott, of New York, and Colleen Moore.

Paul Bern and Jean Harlowe.

Hugh Trevor and Betty Compson.

Benjamin Glazer and Sharon Lynn.

Howard Hughes and Billie Dove.

Rex Bell and Clara Bow.

William Haines and Mae Sunday.

Buster Collier and Marie Prevost.

William Powell and Carol Lombard.

The Marquis Henri de la Falaise and Constance Bennett.

Gene Markey and Gloria Swanson.

These combinations have been going on now for a long time and you always see them together. Wonder whether they'll result in marriage before the next year is over. Last year was productive of so many marriages in the film colony. 1931 may be as eventful.

\* \* \*

*Bill Powell shakes hands with every actor in the cast just before starting work on a picture. It is an old hang-over from the days when this little stunt was supposed to bring good luck to players about to open in a legitimate play.*

\* \* \*

**BUDDY**—pardon us, Charles—Rogers landed in Hollywood without his appendix, which he had left in a Toledo, Ohio, hospital and with a mustache, which grows right under his nose.

\* \* \*

**JOHN BARRYMORE** is enjoying being a papa more than one would imagine from one so temperamental and Barrymoreish as he. Baby Dolores Ethel has developed a penchant for telephoning, and whenever her father is at the phone, she reaches for it and insists on adding her bit to the conversation. Many of his friends are treated to her first attempts at speech via the phone, while her fond father looks on with rapt attention and great pleasure. As John has been forced to spend a good deal of time in bed, due to his recurrent attacks of tropical fever, the baby has had lots of romps in bed with her famous father, and Hamlet can talk baby talk and make faces just like any ordinary father.

\* \* \*

**DOLORES COSTELLO** is to make "We Three" for the Warners as her

comeback to the screen after nearly two years of absence. It is a dramatic story. This puts Dolores Costello with Ruth Chatterton and the other new stars just signed by the Warner Brothers.

\* \* \*

*Mickey Mouse is sitting amongst the mighty. A wax figure of Mickey was placed in Madame Tussaud's famous Wax Works Museum in London.*

\* \* \*

**JACK GILBERT** sent Marion Davies a truck-load of roses for her birthday. They are old friends. Marion gave a kid party to celebrate the occasion. Everyone had to come in children's clothes and, of course, there were lots of laughs. Among the guests were Bebe Daniels and her husband, Ben Lyon, Colleen Moore, Sally O'Neill, Eileen Percy, Mr. and Mrs. Adolphe Menjou, Constance Bennett, the Marquis de la Falaise, Charles Farrell and Virginia Valli, and John Gilbert.

\* \* \*

**BACKGAMMON** has swept Hollywood with the same fervor that the rest of the country is showing for this old-new game. Hardly a Hollywood home but has a backgammon set and at all parties there are now several boards set up and exciting games, watched by an interested circle, vie with contract bridge as a favorite indoor sport. Mr. and Mrs. Dick Barthelmess have a backgammon table in their library and spend their quiet evenings in deep concentration. Colleen Moore has become an expert. Jimmy Gleason and his popular wife, Lucille Webster Gleason, are also addicts. Gary Wilson, Chandler Sprague and Jack Gilbert have all acquired libraries of books on the art. Even the younger set backgammons and pretty Joan Marsh has been known to refuse a dance invitation and stay at home playing with her stepfather, Wesley Barr, who is publisher of a Los Angeles newspaper.

\* \* \*

**MR. AND MRS. GEORGE ARCHAINBAUD** gave a delightful dinner party in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Morosco (Corinne Griffith), who have returned from a few months' visit to New York. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Abraham Lehr, Mr. and Mrs. Watterson R. Rothacker, Mr. and Mrs. George Fitzmaurice, Mr. and Mrs. Antonio Moreno, Mr. and Mrs.

Ben Lyon (Bebe Daniels), and Mr. and Mrs. Harry Martin (Louella Parsons). Some very high powered bridge followed, as everyone in that group plays contract well enough to satisfy Mr. Vanderbilt himself.

\* \* \*

**MAE MURRAY**, virtually idle for four years so far as pictures go, has dusted off her old make-up kit and is back at work, playing the part of Agatha Carraway in "Bachelor Apartment" for RKO.

Miss Murray stopped in at the home of Lowell





# Stars and Their Hollywood Activities

Sherman and Helene Costello on New Year's Day. Lowell had been scouring the highways and by-ways for someone capable of playing the role and had about decided he was sunk. Then Miss Murray appeared. Fifteen minutes later they had agreed on terms and at 8:30 next morning Mae was in the studio office signing a contract and being assigned a dressing room.

Miss Murray walked off the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot in 1926 and headed for Europe. Thus she walked out of pictures, save for a little independent or two. Of late, her principal employment has been collecting royalties from oil wells.

\* \* \*

**T**WO interesting comebacks, in addition to those of Mae Murray and Dolores Costello, are those of Louise Brooks, who is to play one leading feminine role in "The Public Enemy," for Warners-First National, and Greta Nissen, who is playing a role in "Women of All Nations" for Fox.

\* \* \*

**G**RETA NISSEN is back in Hollywood following an absence of two years, confident that she has conquered her old enemy, the microphone.

Greta had a tough break when "Hell's Angels" was filmed by Howard Hughes. She worked through the silent picture, then Mr. Hughes decided to re-make it into a "talkie" and substitute Jean Harlowe for the feminine lead. Greta went to New York, began studying English, went on the stage and now speaks with virtually no Norwegian accent. She says she now fears no microphone.

\* \* \*

**I**T looks like Tom Mix is lost to the hundreds of thousands of kiddies who flocked to see his pictures all over the world. He has just signed a five-year contract with John Ringling to appear in one of the latter's circuses.

\* \* \*

*Jack Oakie says one way to succeed in motion pictures is never to cut a cutter. If you do your close-ups will all land on the cutting room floor.*

\* \* \*

**W**ILLIAM HAINES does give the grandest parties!

He seems to have a real faculty for making everybody have a good time. He gave a tea on a recent Sunday for his sister, Lillian. The house was, as always, gay with flowers. Bill doesn't encourage bridge at his parties, because he thinks conversation is sufficient entertainment. His big upstairs living-room had a bright fire burning and there and in the long, white paneled hall the guests talked and laughed until late in the evening—Bill's teas always turn into supper and nobody will ever go home. Mrs. Mae Sunday acted as hostess for Bill and wore a stunning frock of deep green velvet trimmed



with Sable. Ruth Chatterton and Ralph Forbes were among the guests, and Ruth was saying goodbye to many of her friends before going to Europe. Bebe and Ben, Sally Eilers, looking so pretty in a black ensemble, Marie Prevost and Buster Collier, Mr. and Mrs. Skeets Gallagher, Lilyan Tashman and Eddie Lowe, Colleen Moore, in a brilliant little sports outfit in variegated colors, Marie Dressler in black, Mr. and Mrs. George Hill (Frances Marion), Mr. and Mrs. Buster Keaton, Mr. and Mrs. Townsend Netcher (Constance Talmadge), Mr. and Mrs. Phil Berg (Leila Hyams), who was all in white, with a jade green scarf and green shoes, Polly Moran, John Gilbert, and many others dropped in.

\* \* \*

*Mutia and Riano have left Hollywood. Mutia and Riano are the two native Africans who were brought to this country by the "Trader Horn" company. And they are returning to their native Mombassa very, very puzzled. Because they have seen things, these two Africans, in their 24,000 mile journey to Hollywood and back—things they can't tell their friends at home. "Why?" they were asked.*

*"Everybody call us liars," they said. "No believe about Hollywood. No believe about New York big buildings. No believe about money size. We tell, we lose face as double tongues." So the glories of Hollywood will return to Africa locked in the memories of Mutia and Riano—and they won't tell.*

\* \* \*

**F**ROM six to ten letters reach the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios daily, addressed to the late Lon Chaney. They come from the out-of-the-way places in

the world. One from a jungle town on the Amazon river in Brazil said:

*"We're a little bunch of fellows, who can't come back. Drift down here and see us. You'll get the greatest story ever filmed. Had you ever thought of that?"*

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has the suggestion under scrutiny and may send some writers there for "color."

\* \* \*

**B**ESSIE LOVE says it's all a mistake. She isn't expecting the stork—at least not right away.

\* \* \*

**B**EBE DANIELS and Ben Lyon entertained on Bebe's birthday—just a small party for Bebe's



Mary Nolan: Ill luck follows her and she is terminating her promising Universal motion picture contract.



# The Hollywood Who's Who—and what the



**Ann Harding:** Grieving over the sudden death of her father, Col. George Gatley, in San Francisco.

that Anna landed in Sweden to be greeted by bands, cheering crowds, batteries of reporters and all her old friends. When they saw her walk off the boat without even a cane, the crowds went quite wild with excitement. Anna Q. will stay a few months and then return to the camera.

**N**EARLY three years of work; two hundred thousand feet of film. From the conglomeration comes "City Lights," hardly nine reels in length. Nine thousand feet from 200,000!

Charlie Chaplin surveyed the accumulation. The grey at his temples had crept inexorably toward the crown. It had been a long time, it seemed, since he started that picture. There had been moments of super-enthusiasm when an idea sent him rushing onto the set with the entire company sharing his eagerness. His eyes sparkled as he envisioned the sequence.

"Let's shoot it, quick!" he would exclaim in his exuberance.

Then, when it was finished, he would view it with waning spirit.

"To the ash-can!" he would say. "It will not do."

The "ash-can" meant the storage vaults.

The king of screen comedians never made a picture which was a "flop." He never released a production until conscientiously he could give it his official O.K. And when it eventually went out, he was satisfied. And confident. Thus, from all the 200,000 feet used in making "City Lights," he approved only 9,000. And, some day a year or two from now, he will gather his staff about him, after the picture has had its sway, and there will be a bonfire on the lot in which nearly 36 miles of celluloid will go up in smoke and flame. That's his custom. Most of "City Lights" will disappear into the elements. But the remainder probably will make a million—or two.

Charlie concluded his work and made arrange-

really intimate friends. The date, as you know from Evangeline Adams, was January 14th. Bebe wore a white lace frock and a big corsage of orchids. I don't know anyone who receives so many gifts and congratulations on her birthday as Bebe.

**A** LONG letter from Anna Q. Nilsson—written to her pal Clare du Brey with instructions to relay it to Lucille Gleason, Dot Van Buren, and her intimates—says

ments for his trip around the world. His itinerary includes London and Paris, where he would attend premiers of "City Lights." Then he purposed going to Toledo, Spain, to see a bull fight. Not that he wanted to see a bull killed, he explained, but there is skill in the work of the toreadors and a bit of romance and glamour about them. From there he planned going to Japan where a decoration of some sort has been ordered and he will dine with the Mikado.

This for the boy from the London streets!

*Charlie Chaplin figures that he will be paid EIGHT MILLION dollars by theater owners for "City Lights." He will be able to put the picture into every house in the world, if he cares to, because, while it has sound, it can be run as a strictly silent picture. All small foreign houses which have not been able to pay for expensive equipment will be able to run "City Lights."*

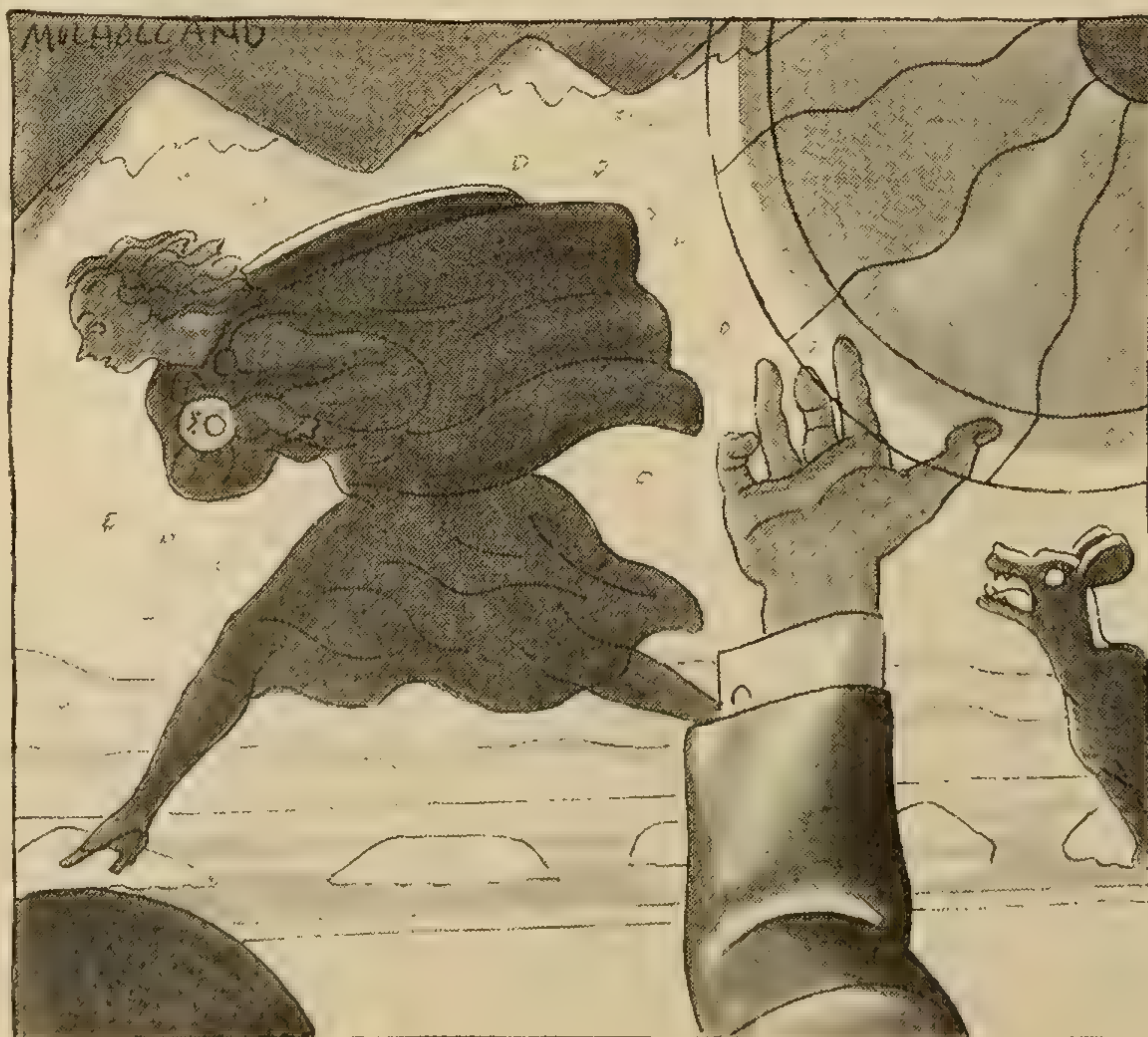
**D**OLORES DEL RIO and her husband, Cedric Gibbons, have opened their wonderful new home in Santa Monica Canyon and are instituting Sunday afternoon tennis parties, with supper to follow. Dolores looks "all well" again, but seems willing to wait for just the right thing before going back into pictures.

**J**OE E. BROWN hasn't been worrying about starving to death. He has been doing a play in Hollywood, written by Ring Lardner, called "Elmer the Great." In it he plays a baseball player who can EAT. And DOES. At every performance Joe must eliminate a couple of waffles with maple syrup, a stack of wheat cakes, two orders of ham and eggs, a quarter of an apple pie, three lamb chops, orange juice, three cups of coffee and six doughnuts. He should be able to stagger along on that from show to show. Especially on matinee days.

*Good news from Lila Lee. She's coming home from an Arizona sanitarium.*

**R**OBERT MONTGOMERY has been signed to another long contract at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, where his rise to stardom has taken only a year. Leads with Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford and Greta Garbo followed each other quickly for this New York stage juvenile; he is now playing opposite Norma Shearer in "Strangers May Kiss."

*What was the astonishment of quiet residents of Beverly Hills recently, when an army of Austins, driven by men in armor, with license plates bearing the prefix "Camelot" came rolling through town. It was just Will Rogers' army from "A Connecticut*





# film famous are doing in the Movie Capital

*Yankee at King Arthur's Court" going to work at Fox Hills.*

\* \* \*

WORK on "The Up and Up" at Universal, with Mary Nolan in the starring rôle, was discontinued indefinitely while Mary takes a rest. It is rumored that Miss Nolan is terminating her Universal contract.

\* \* \*

MARY BLACKFORD, just a few short months ago, was a student at Beverly Hills High School. Movies were far from her thoughts. She took the part of a French spy in a school play one night and her future was fixed. A First National official was in the audience and liked her work. So now she has a five-year movie contract. And they're talking about changing her name, Mary Blackford sounding too much like Mary Pickford.

\* \* \*

*Joan Crawford designs most of her own clothes and hats.*

\* \* \*

PARAMOUNT is paying the Four Marx Brothers two hundred thousand dollars for their next picture; and the brothers have an option of taking fifty per cent of what the picture makes instead—if it makes that much.

\* \* \*

FOR Christmas Marion Davies gave elaborate gifts to thirty friends. To the girls went fitted travelling bags filled with silk stockings, underwear and nighties; to the boys she gave a fitted travelling bag filled with sweaters, stockings, golf hose and lounging robes.

\* \* \*

DOUG, JUNIOR, and Joan have returned from a three weeks' vacation in New York. It is the first time they have been east since they trekked into the rising sun on their honeymoon.

\* \* \*

THINGS were rather quiet in the Lloyd household during the holidays—if one can say the house can be quiet when two healthy little girls such as Mildred Gloria and her new sister are about. Mrs. Lloyd, the Mildred Davis of screen days, gave birth to a four-pound boy late in January. The one dream of Harold Lloyd always has been a big family.

"What am I piling up all this money for?" he says. "Why should I build a big house and an estate if not for a family?" Bad health has dogged Mildred's footsteps, and for a time it looked as if the dream of the Funny Man was going to be carried out with other people's children adopted as his own. Now that Mildred

Gloria has been provided with a companion near her own age, and a new baby boy has arrived, things are pretty much all right with Harold.

\* \* \*

THE news that Constance Talmadge is shopping for a layette is something of a thrill to her friends, who have always looked on Constance as a sort of Peter Pan who could play with love or leave it, but would never settle down and be serious. Now that the miracle has happened and she is copying her domestic sister Natalie, wife of Buster Keaton, and mother of a stout pair of boys, everybody is very happy for her. They are hoping for a Townsend Netcher, Jr.

\* \* \*

ESTHER RALSTON is on the stork's list, for some time in the Summer. Her husband is George Webb; Esther has just finished a comeback in the talkies, that began with her rôle opposite Lawrence Tibbett in "The Southerner" and has continued through a starring rôle for Pathe in "Lonely Wives."

\* \* \*

As Al Boasberg was emerging from a studio projection room where he had just witnessed a preview of a doubtful picture, he was asked by a newspaper writer if he thought talking pictures were here to stay.

"I just saw one here a minute ago," he sighed. "I'm pretty sure it's here to stay."

\* \* \*

GLORIA SWANSON will not be the naughty girl in pictures any more; her one venture into comedy recently, "What a Widow" persuaded United Artists that the public likes its Gloria wrung with sorrow, reaching out for a better life with plenty of eyeshadows and good looking clothes. Her present vehicle is one of them things, with loads of drama and emoting for the pulchritudinous Gloria. It is interesting to note that Gloria retains the coat-of-arms of the Marquis on her stationery, though her name is signed Gloria Swanson.

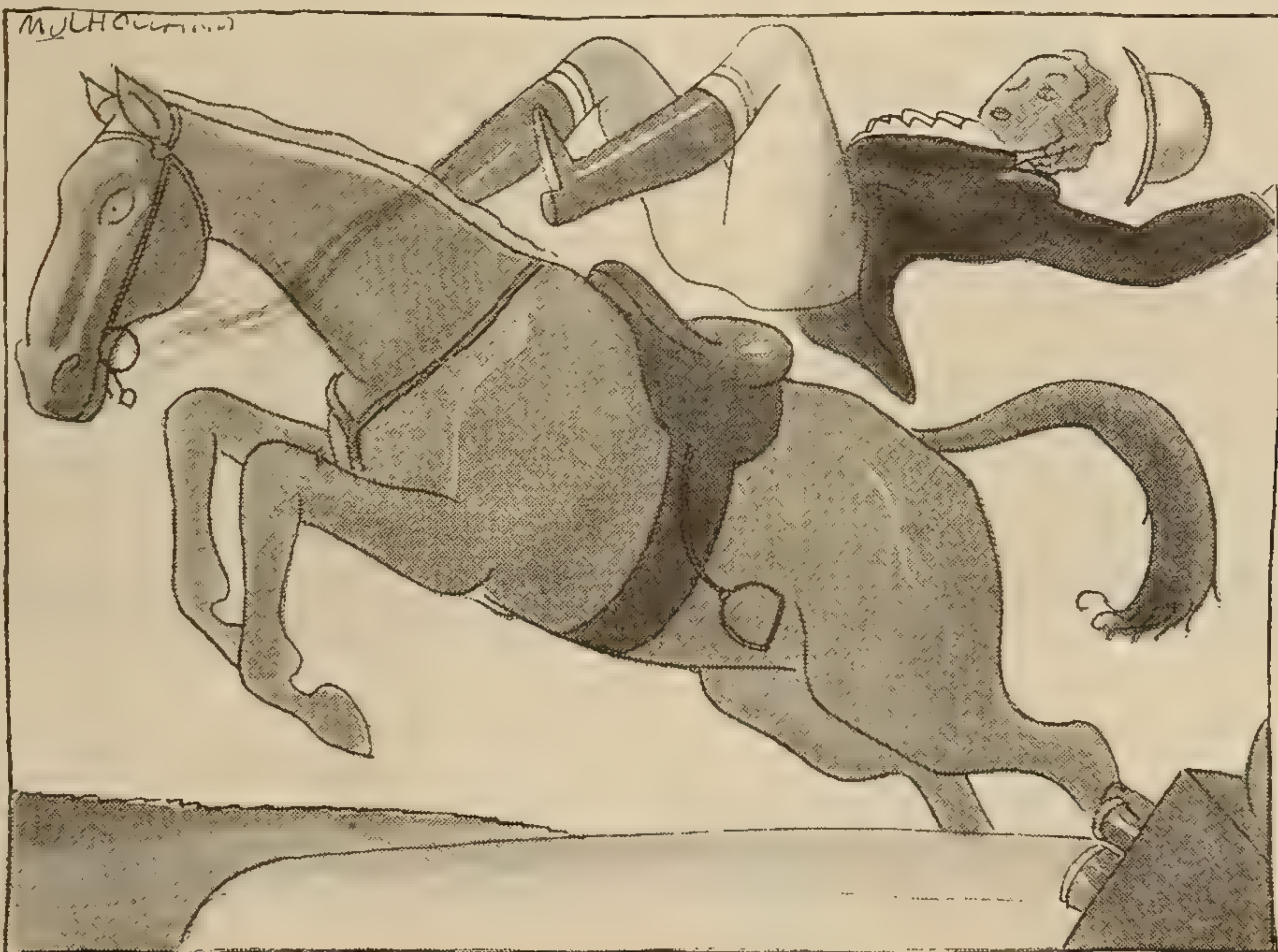
\* \* \*

GLORIA SWANSON packed bag and baggage the other day and moved from her bungalow at Pathe to the United Artists studio, "Queen Kelly," Gloria's unfinished picture filmed a year or two ago, was left un-

(Continued on page 113)



Robert Montgomery: Signs a new M.-G.-M. contract, following a big year as a popular leading man.







Photograph by Hurrell

Constance Bennett returned to the screen late in 1929 after a four years' absence. Her new success has been remarkable. Miss Bennett has been painted by Hollywood interviewers as hard, high hat, and heartless. In reality, says Mr. Mook, she is none of the things she has been called. And, across the page, he tells you of the childhood that developed the Constance Bennett of 1931, one of the most popular of all talkie stars.



# The Romance of the COMET GIRL

The Story of Movieland's Newest Meteor, Constance Bennett, Who Has Flashed Into Prominence in New York, Paris and Hollywood

By S. R. MOOK

*NEW MOVIE* is to present—in three parts—the dramatic story of Constance Bennett. The chapter this month deals with her childhood and her first marriage. Next month *NEW MOVIE* will tell of Miss Bennett's early screen adventures and her marriage to Phil Plant, the young millionaire.

Miss Bennett's story is a fascinating one. Daughter of a famous stage family, her childhood was both colorful and varied. The unexpected always lurked around the corner.

**A** YEAR and a half ago Constance Bennett returned to the screen after a four years' absence. Immediately interviews broke all over the country—magazines, newspapers, periodicals of all sorts.

*"Every Girl Should Marry a Millionaire!"*

*"\$250,000 a Year on Clothes!"*

*"What Love Means to Me!"*

*"The High Hat Girl of Hollywood."*

There was scarcely a magazine in the country chronicling motion picture personalities which did not carry a story about her. And the amazing part was that few of them were complimentary and, according to Constance, even fewer of them accurate.

I had known her intermittently since she was possibly five years old. The girl I had known seemed to fit none of the articles describing

A childhood picture of the Bennett girls. Left to right, Barbara, Joan and Constance.



Richard Bennett, father of Constance, Joan and Barbara Bennett. He has been a stage actor and star for years.



Wide World

a girl who was supposed to be brilliant and heartless.

The girl I had known was warm and sympathetic. It didn't seem possible she could have changed so much.

**I** RECALLED an incident that occurred when she was possibly nine years old. Her family was living out on Long Island. Her father had given her a bird dog for a present. It was the first time she had ever owned a dog all her own. The family had always had pets, but they had been more or less community property

to be shared with her sisters. This was exclusively hers. She lavished affection on the animal and the dog adored her. They were playing on the sidewalk in front of her home one afternoon when the dog darted into the street after a ball she had thrown. An automobile ran over him. Connie gave him one stricken look and flew down the street to a veterinary's. She returned with the slightly bewildered gentleman in tow. The dog, seeing her coming, wriggled over to her and died with his head in her lap.

Connie was inconsolable. Her grief found an outlet in





poetry. It was her first offence in that direction and the result was called "Ode to a Lost Dog." She still writes poetry and has had a number of verses published anonymously.

Her love of dogs has persisted ever since. The den in her home today contains a collection of miniature porcelain dogs that must be the despair of the maid who has to dust them. And Connie cannot pass one in a store without buying it.

AS a child there was something grave and dignified about her. She insists that her childhood was just like any other child's—but it wasn't.

Her father was—and is—an unusually successful stage actor, but he has always been erratic and eccentric. When I was thirteen or fourteen and as stage struck as they come, I was horrified to read in a theatrical trade paper that Mr. Bennett had refused to be starred by the Lieblers, who were among the biggest producers of those days. I immediately wrote him a letter of expostulation, pointing out that he could make much more money if he were starred and that he owed it to his wife and three charming children to make as much as he could.

He must have recognized the very childish and immature handwriting, to say nothing of the phraseology, yet he wrote back as gravely as though the letter had been a document of state:

"No doubt all you say is true, so far as you can know facts. But in this life facts must be taken into consideration and, for the present, I am more content to be a large leading man than a small part of the glow from the milky way."

The foregoing is mentioned simply to illustrate a certain side of Mr. Bennett's character. He addressed his own children as gravely as he had  
(Continued on page 121)

Photograph by Hurrell

Constance Bennett's first marriage was to Chester Moorehead, a student at the University of Virginia. He escorted her to a number of football games and proms—and there was a runaway marriage. Miss Bennett's parents promptly had the marriage annulled.



# How a Fractured Leg Turned Out to be a Lucky Break for Joe Brown

## Rubber FACE

By JOHN O'HARA



**I**F you want the real story of Joe E. Brown, you must go back to a poorly lighted vaudeville house in the Southland. You must go back to the year 1909. . . .

It was a Sunday afternoon, the streets were baked by the lazy sun as four bedraggled men got off the cindery train, gaped about and asked the station-master for directions to the local opera house. Four men? Make it three men, for despite his long trousers and battered derby, closer scrutiny revealed that the figure which walked a few paces behind the others was that of a boy, not more than fifteen years old. Nor was he a cheerful kid. You could tell that something was wrong. He was an unhappy lad.

The quartet found the theater, changed to a scant, athletic costume. Three of the men had bulging, chunky, powerful legs. The lad was well-built, but of a slender type. One of the men, a fellow with a bullet head and, seemingly, no neck, obviously was the chief of the party. He had a humorless look about him, cold, grey eyes and an officiousness that was apparent even in the few short steps he took to the middle of the stage.

**T**HE other men stood near the wings while their leader addressed the lad. "Now look here, you," he said. "That trick flop that you do off my shoulders. If you don't get that right the next time we go on, you're going to be good and sorry, get me? I've had enough of your crabbing this act. You do that fall right or—well, you do it right."

The lad cringed and said nothing. It could be seen that he was near tears. He merely nodded assent. Then the quartet went on with the rehearsal. The boy did the fall properly. There was no complaint.

It was the same the next day at the matinee, but at the first evening performance that night the boy was palpably nervous. It came time to be snapped up on the strong man's shoulders. His hands were damp and nearly slipped away from the Goliath's grip, despite its power. The strong man muttered under his breath; "You do that right or you'll be sorry." The boy's nervousness increased as he was twirled around in the air. The man was in a rage.

Suddenly the boy was flung in the air by those powerful arms. And when he came down on the floor, there

Joe Brown started out to be an acrobat. After breaking his leg, he tried professional baseball and then became a burlesque comedian. That eventually led to his success as a funster in the films.

was a sickening bump and a sharp little crack. The boy lay there.

He had a compound fracture of the leg. . . .

**T**HE boy was, of course, Joe E. Brown and he made the story seem very close, very recently as he told it to me in his dressing room. He paused in his narrative and looked around the room. He was taking a few minutes time out during the production of "Broad Minded," the new picture he worked on for First National. "It seems pretty far in the past now," he said.

"Not to me," I said.

"I know, not to you," he said. "But that's because you're hearing it for the first time. I look around here and think how my life has changed since then. How I used to be beaten by that man! He was even more cruel than the first acrobat I worked with. You know I had very definite acrobatic ambitions when I was a kid. Ran away with a circus and all that. And that was a tough apprenticeship I served. The owner of the act paid me less money in a month than I spend for gasoline in a week—and I don't drive many miles. I thought I was making a wise move when I left him for the other act, but that was the way my leg was broken."

"What happened to you when your leg was broken?" I asked.

"I stayed at a boarding house, and the troupe paid my doctor's bill, because the fellow who threw me was afraid I'd have him arrested. Then I went to St. Paul and played professional baseball, and I had a brief turn with the New York Yankees. Finally I gave up the strenuous type of entertainment and chose to be a comedian. A burlesque comedian, at that. And maybe I didn't work at that! Sleeper jumps, draughty dressing rooms, hurried meals, (Continued on page 124)



# The FAVORITES of

BY  
GEORGE  
KENT

Photographs of Royalty  
by Wide World



**G**EORGE KENT, foreign correspondent and publicity director, has, in his extensive travels, met and chatted with the great and the near great, with kings reposing and deposed. The anecdotes of royalty here related were gathered during four years' residence abroad, during which time he was Continental publicity supervisor for the Electric Research Products, Inc., of

Western Electric. Few people know both Europe and the talkies as well as Mr. Kent.



King Albert of Belgium (left) went to see his favorite, Maurice Chevalier, in "The Love Parade," but remained to cheer Jeanette MacDonald as the queen (above). Trust a king to recognize a charming queen.

**A**KING'S life today isn't what it used to be in the good old days of silent pictures. Then a royal fan had his private theater and, when dinner was over, he had only to shove back his chair and saunter down the hall. There were always plenty of films too. The local movie barons were but too pleased to supply them free of charge.

There was hardly a royal palace from Windsor to the Nile that didn't put on a show at least twice a week. And a few ran every night with matinees for the babies. The families used to sit there like ordinary folks, smoking, drinking coffee, sipping liqueurs, giggling, weeping, disputing over the stars—even as you and I.

Well, that's how it was until the talkies came along and changed it all. In the first place, a machine for projecting sound pictures costs a lot of money, and royalty, save for the rajahs and Abyssinians, isn't very rich these days. And then, there aren't nearly so many films as there used to be, not in the native tongues, and while most of the rulers know English, it lacks the savor of the home town lingo. Silent pictures are still available but they are now the riffraff of the studios and not worth the eye strain. So, it has come to pass that the royal theaters are no more.

Benito Mussolini (below), iron man of Italy, likes American musical films and he particularly admired Anita Page in "Broadway Melody."



What hurt most was the loss of the daily rave over their favorite star. Kings and queens are human, and they had their preferences, possibly their passions, and when the screens were rolled up and stuck away in the attics, these screen flames flickered their more or less wan way up the ladder behind them. Of course, they could have harnessed up the royal coach and galloped to the nearest theater. But if you have ever been a king you





# the KINGS

Royalty Has Its Own  
Screen Idols

With the Coming of the Talkies, the Rulers No Longer Can Afford Private Theaters of Their Own. So Now They Get in Line, Even as You and I

would know that going to a show in public is more pain than peace. A king has to bow, smile sweetly and never betray an honest emotion lest it be observed by a camera or a reporter and get itself scrawled in the newspapers of the world. As for belly laughter it ain't etiquette, that's all. Imagine yourself sitting through say a Harold Lloyd picture constrained from laughing out loud.

**T**ODAY, there is only one member of a royal family anywhere in Europe who is able to see talkies at home. As one could almost have guessed, this individual is the Prince of Wales. He has recently had a full sized talking picture outfit installed in his private palace in London. There he can now see his favorites, Nancy Carroll and Zelma O'Neal, as much as he pleases. And among the male stars, the roughneck, Wallace Beery, a choice in which he echoes that of virtually every royal fan in Europe. He also has a fondness for his fellow Londoner, Jack Buchanan. In this he is seconded by his father, the king.

George V of England has been denied of late the pleasure of going to the movies, partly because he is still convalescent and partly because the palace screen room has not functioned since the advent of the talkies. Still, the queen and he drop in at a picture theater now and then, to grace a formal opening. Mickey Mouse and other animated cartoons have wrung a giggle from the queen, and reports that seep through the inner circles of the court indicate that Harold Lloyd is considered amusing, and that royal compliments have been bestowed upon Richard Barthelmess, Ernest Torrence and Dorothy Mackaill.

**B**ENITO MUSSOLINI, while not exactly a king, is the only other ruler who has at his private disposition a talkie theater. In the case of Italy's iron man, the theater is not in his own home but in the building of the International Cinema Institute which overlooks his own garden. Several nights a week the Duce, accompanied by his wife and kids, tramps through the grass to the Institute to see a show. He is offered films in all tongues but he invariably chooses the Hollywood kind, and out of these the musical pictures, with lots of girls.

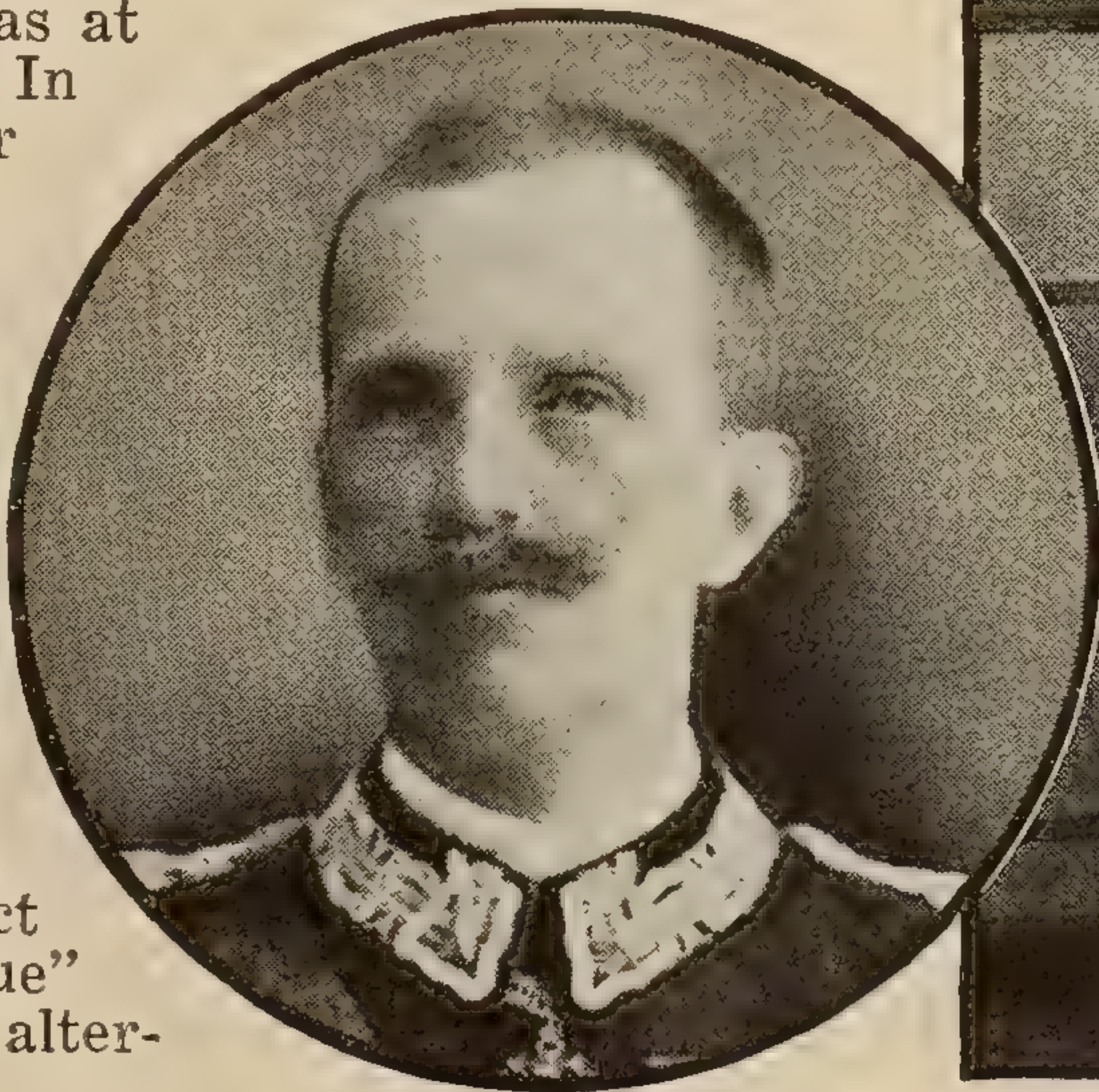
I happened to be there one evening when he was given a long list to select from. He picked "The Hollywood Revue" with a decisiveness that made any other alter-



Al Jolson in "The Singing Fool" (above) won Queen Marie of Rumania (right) to the talkies. Now she regularly goes to the movies once a week in Bucharest.



Not so long ago, King Victor Emmanuel of Italy (below) stopped a special showing of educational films to demand a royal viewing of a Bebe Daniels picture. Miss Daniels (right) is a favorite in Rome.

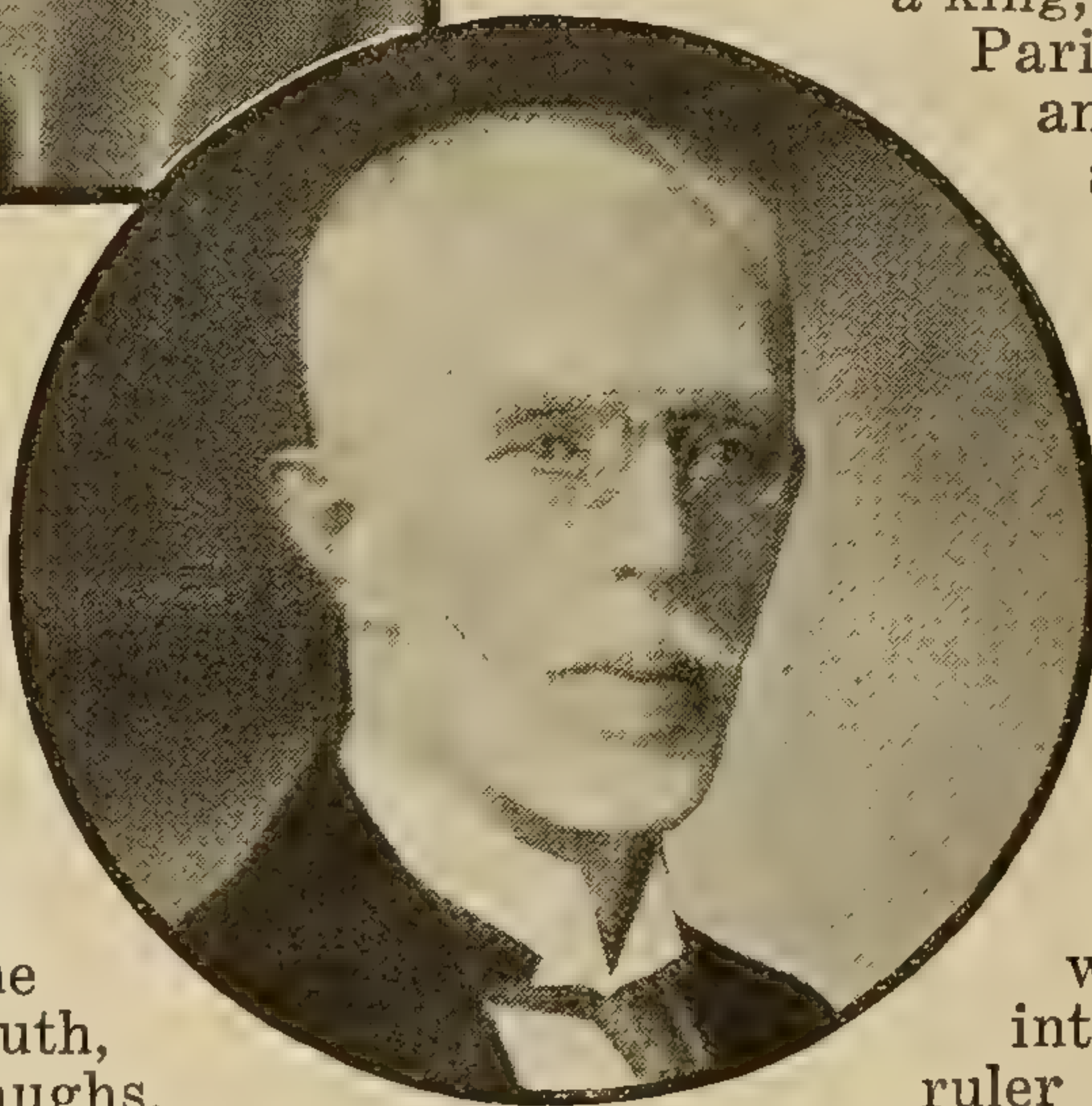




# Kings Laugh at Comics; Queens Thrill to Sheiks



Maybe the Swedish royal family isn't proud of Greta Garbo! They admire her abilities and respect her for her discretion. King Gustav V of Sweden is shown at the right.



native seem silly. Mussolini, himself the most theatrical figure in Europe, loves the theater and its twin art, the movies. He says he studies them and possibly he does, but he enjoys them, too, down to the last flicker. He glowers at the screen as if it were an assassin. He opens his mouth, and shows his teeth but he doesn't bite—he laughs. He sees the pictures as soon as they arrive in Italy, and sometimes he tells the censor he is a fool, and orders him to release a picture that he had banned. He once expressed a partiality for Anita Page, whose performance in that now ancient film "Broadway Melody," he enjoyed a great deal.

There can be no doubt that the King of Italy, Victor Emmanuel, envies the dictator his easy access to a private theater, for he, too, is a fan, of a family of fans. Recently he and the Queen went to four performances in a week, which, considering that all were in public theaters, is something of a record. At the formal opening of the International Cinema Institute, the King, after being shown a program of educational and industrial pictures, demanded a drama. It had not been intended to show one but to comply with the royal wish one was sent for and shown. It happened to be a film starring Bebe Daniels, which pleased doubly, this roguish star being the favorite in Rome.

When Boris of Bulgaria took as queen a daughter of the Italian King he laid the seeds of his undoing so far as the movies were concerned. He himself has seen only one movie, a Douglas Fairbanks picture. Boris

liked the picture but has avoided films ever since, deliberately, because he is afraid they will become an enthusiasm of his. His Italian queen, with movies in her blood, can be counted on to bring the films back into favor.

**K**ING ALBERT of Belgium, on the other hand, needs no persuasion. Which is strange in a way because before the talkies came he was lukewarm on the subject. Al Jolson converted him. The King saw the huge promise of the new art and overnight became the most rarin' of them all. When Americans are received at the palace they leave a little dazed; His Majesty seems to prefer to talk talkies than the accepted hokum about international affairs.

Albert would walk a mile to see a good movie and admits it. What is more interesting, he did so recently. He happened to be in Paris a few days after Maurice Chevalier opened in "The Love Parade." This star is an old favorite with the King. Besides, sitting in a hotel suite with nothing to look forward to save a few dreary receptions is not the most amusing occupation in the world. And so Albert unstrapped his crown, donned a derby and with his chin in his overcoat collar slipped through the lobby unobserved.

You would know, if you had ever been a king, how it feels to be alone on a Paris street, walking along like any other mortal man, unobserved, unescorted, and free to do as you please. From the hotel which stands on the Rue de Rivoli to the theater on the Boulevard des Italiens, is only a little more than a mile, and the King did it on foot, not too hastily, and got there, together with the rest of Paris, in time for the second show. There was a long queue winding its way around into a side street. Albert, ruler of all the Belges, quietly walked around the corner, lit a cigaret and took his place at the end of the line, and waited until he came abreast of the cashier, paid his twenty francs, entered, and sank into the upholstery with a sigh of satisfaction, a waiter on one side of him, a clerk on the other.

**M**AURICE clicked with the King. But Jeanette MacDonald, the wistful, negligee-toting Jeanette, went over double-double, crowding her way into the special place in his affections His Majesty had reserved for Bessie Love and Garbo. And though few may know it, what happened to Albert happened to most Parisians when they saw that picture. They came to see and applaud their Maurice but it was Jeanette they were brooding over when they departed. The King was

delighted with Chevalier but how could a mere man vie with a real queen of a girl playing the role of a queen to, you might say, the queen's taste. And what goes for Chevalier goes for the other male favorites of Albert; Lon Chaney, Fairbanks, the Beerys, and Bancroft, all more or less the raw, brow heroes of the tough-guy cinema. (Continued on page 88)

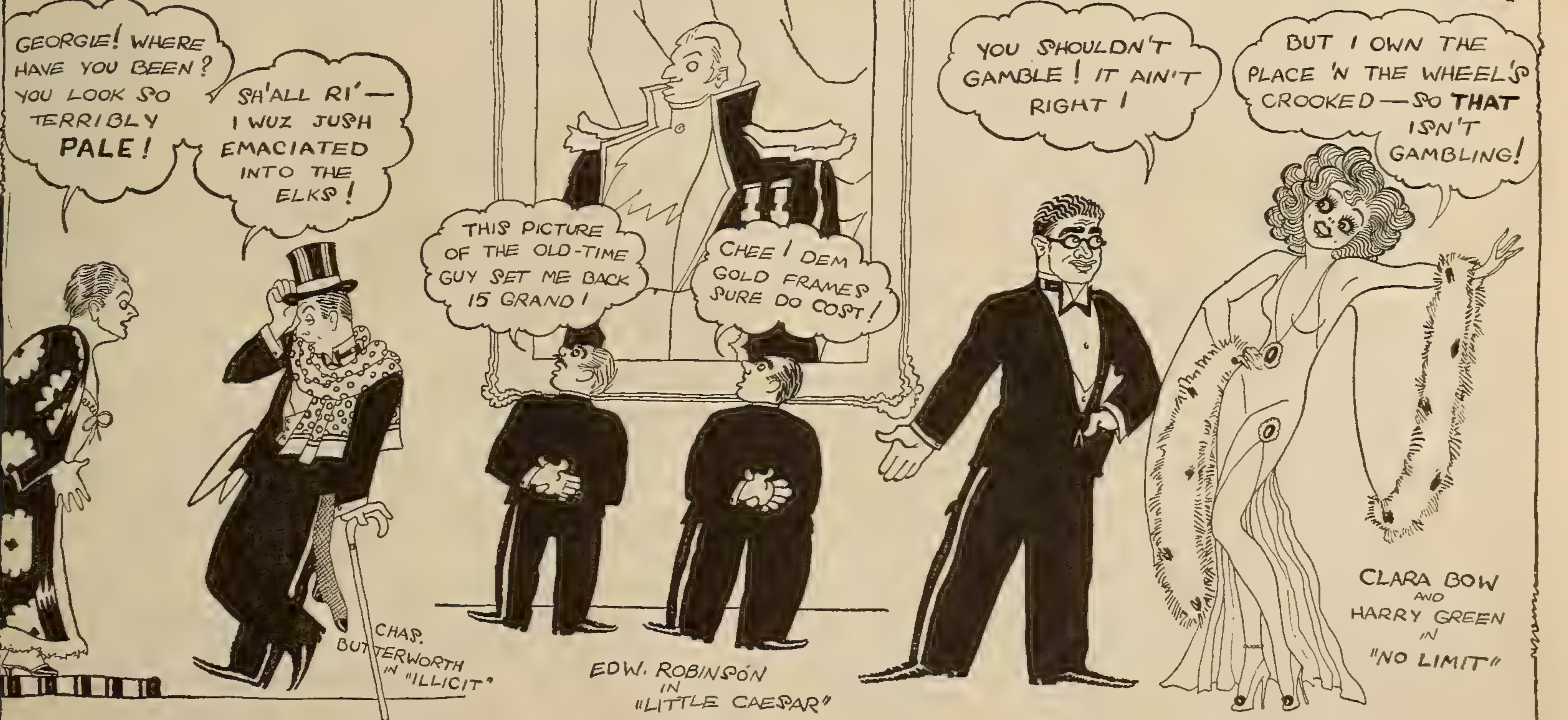
**Queen Mary of England  
laughs at Mickey Mouse;  
Queen Marie of Rumania  
sobs over Sonny Boy**



# LAUGHS of the FILMS



DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS AND EDW. EVERETT HORTON IN "REACHING FOR THE MOON"



Rosalind Hightower



# HOLLYWOOD'S



Albert Davis Collection

Mabel Normand was a young woman of extraordinary variety. She refused to let people know the real Mabel Normand. "The beauty of her inner self abashed her," says Herbert Howe, "she was so conscious of her failings. And yet I know no one of such beautiful accomplishments."

*HERBERT HOWE is going to present the great personalities of Hollywood, past and present, in NEW MOVIE. He will tell you in future issues of Pola Negri, Doug Fairbanks, Rudie Valentino and other notables of the screen. These will be intimate pen pictures of the vividest of the film great by one who knew them through the years. Each story is complete in each issue.*

"I WONDER if his personality would have seemed extraordinary without the reputation to back it up," muses Somerset Maugham of the character in "Cakes and Ale."

That is my speculation in reviewing personalities of screen history.

How many of them would appear great without their photographic enlargements?

Agreeing to pick the greatest of Hollywood, I counted as far as the little finger of the left hand, with thumb palmed, when I had to stop for a definition.

What do I mean greatest? Certainly not greatest in respect to screen accomplishment. Even in Hollywood success comes more often to people of sagacity and luck than to those of great personal charm.

Probably my best definition is supplied by Wilde: "There are individuals who, in themselves, are masterpieces of nature."

## Presenting the Film Famous of All Times. The Boulevardier First Discusses Mabel Normand, the Comedienne of the Great Heart

I am not sure I have met any masterpieces but I have known some pretty swell stories. Pola Negri is one . . . Mabel Normand another . . . Rudie Valentino . . . Doug Fairbanks. . . These four certainly rate as classics among the characters of screen history.

Scanning the pages further I find other names which for one reason or another conjure impressions of varying vividness: Nazimova, Richard Barthelmess, Wally Reid, Ramon Novarro, Marion Davies, Alice Terry, Mary Pickford, Chaplin, Will Rogers. . .

I guess I had better make it a five-foot bookshelf instead of a set of ten.

PROBABLY the writer's definition of the greatest personality would be the one who supplies the best copy, the most interesting from a story angle, be he saint or devil, mental giant or movie magazine writer.

That which issues from the mouth of man is but a fraction of his personal expression. A person may be fascinating and yet give a punk interview. "Interview" is a misnomer, anyhow. Usually it is just a bleating.

Vivekenanda, the Hindu philosopher, insists that a Man's *being*—that which he is in himself—exercises a greater influence than the words he speaks. There are personal vibrations that appeal directly, like music without words. We all set up radio waves of varying lengths. You may call these "magnetism."

One may be engrossed by a personality without giving a hoot for his ideas.

I've given lusty *vivas* for Mussolini but he could never make a Fascist out of me.

I have joined in hallelujahs with Aimee McPherson but she will never get me into her baptismal tank.

I have been stimulated by the dynamic wit of Texas Guinan but she is never going to hail me a sucker.

Greatness as I am applying it has nothing to do with churchly virtues. I myself once received a gold medal for Sunday School attendance. The gold soon wore off and exposed the brass. I am very dubious about such awards. Yet I am not prejudiced. I rate Aimee and Texas equally.

Although in the past I have used the word "soul" many times like a sloven writer, I confess I do not know what it is. I seem to have a clearer idea of "heart." Perhaps the two are synonymous. Certainly greatness of heart seems to me to be the greatest ingredient for lasting charm. That is why Mabel Normand is first with me.

I HAD heard a lot about Mabel before meeting her. Everyone always heard a lot about Mabel. I did not think I would care much for her. A practical joker, according to stories, she liked to shock in burlesque fashion. Typically Irish, I was told. Impulsive, wild-tongued. In fact, from the hearsay picture, I



# HALL of FAME

By  
HERBERT HOWE

gathered that Mabel was a hoyden, and from a hoyden I will run as from battle.

One afternoon I went with Adela Rogers St. Johns to Mahlon Hamilton's for cocktails before attending the premiere of "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse." That was years before Hollywood was scandalously headlined. There were a number of people in the drawing-room, among them several stars but no one particularly exciting. Suddenly I had the feeling that an arc lamp was flooding the room. I turned toward the door and saw a girl dressed in black, a large black hat shadowing her face, a string of tiny pearls around her throat. In her arm she carried several books which she evidently was returning. She came into the room with the shy step of a country cousin, and I noted she was pigeon-toed. Several people spoke to her but I did not get her name and no one took the trouble to introduce me. They didn't need to; I naturally gravitated. Almost at once I was immersed in the eloquence of dark eyes. I do not know whether I thought her beautiful. I was too far sunk for trivial observations.

I must have had a gaspy look, for she gave me a sort of resuscitating smile and asked me if I had read the books which she placed on a table, and did I like Stephen Leacock.

I said I was sure I would—if given a chance.

"Let me send you this one," she said. "And there is another I think you will like. Will you give me your name and address?" I gave.

IT would be impossible for me to say how long we talked. I think Einstein's theory of relativity might apply, but as to that I am not clear. Anyhow I had the feeling of having known her much longer than time. She left as shyly as she had come, giving me an amused smile and offering her hand. (Curious how little details bob up in memory: I recall her telling me later that people were always giving her gloves which she detested and never wore.)

As soon as she had gone I galloped to Adela: "Who is she? . . . I'm crazy. . . ."

"Don't be so original," boomed the un pitying Adela. "Everyone is crazy about her who ever knew her. Don't tell me you haven't recognized her! *She is Mabel Normand.*"

Well, as Texas Guinan once exclaimed when similarly shocked, "I didn't know whether to commit suicide or sing 'Baby Shoes.'"

Incredible as it may seem, I was not at that time a fan for Mabel's pictures. And I am one of the rare souls who never recognizes a star off screen.

I went on to the premiere of "The Four Horsemen" but I couldn't seem to keep my mind on the picture. It seemed disjointed. I was the only reviewer who failed to hail Rex Ingram a genius, and so Rex engaged me to do his publicity and we became very good friends.

Thus I came under Mabel Normand's fatal spell which started operating immediately to my benefit.

A few days later the Leacock books arrived with several stories marked.

**For many years Mabel Normand was one of the chief favorites of the screen and one of the idols of Hollywood itself. Until she died, however, no one knew "the great heart of Mabel," as her Father Confessor expressed it.**



Albert Davis Collection

Mabel Normand had a terrific aversion to publicity. She would elude interviewers with the agility of a quarried rabbit. But she had a voracious interest in other people. She would rather hear a life story than tell one.

M. Jomier, the favorite French instructor of Hollywood, was in my apartment that afternoon. We had started to talk French but soon lapsed into an English discussion of Mabel. I found he was among those obsessed like myself. We were talking of Mabel when the telephone rang.

"Do you know who this is?" asked the voice.

"Yes," I said.

"Why, you big liar!"

"Thank you for the books," I said.

"How did you know my voice? . . . Listen, will you do something for me?"

"Everything."

"Not that. I don't know you well enough. But will you do my publicity? They are raising the devil with me down here at the studio."

"Everything but that," I laughed. "I know you too well for that. . . ."

I meant that I knew her reputation for loathing publicity. She ran from it like a frightened child from a willow switch. It was (Continued on page 95)





Greta Garbo was very young when Mauritz Stiller discovered her. Indeed, she was little more than a child. He was forty-five—and a director famous across the Continent. There can be no doubt that Greta Garbo's whole life and character were affected deeply and indelibly by Stiller. He was a lonely soul. He taught her solitude.



# Great Love Stories of HOLLYWOOD

III

## THE TRAGIC LOVE OF GRETA GARBO

By ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

**M**ORE and more the great Garbo shelters herself from the world. The brief days when she emerged from her solitude and moved among a few friends have ended.

She is alone. There is no romance in her life today. She lived alone—but the few who know her whisper that she lives now with memory and the thought of a dead great man who loved her for company.

Few in this country ever came to know the name of Mauritz Stiller. Yet he created Greta Garbo as surely as Pygmalion created his Galatea. They lived a strange love story, an Ibsenesque love story if you will, and one that has left its imprint not only upon the silent, solitary Garbo, but upon the American public.

Garbo does not speak the name of Stiller. Yet she crossed the ocean alone to stand beside his lonely grave. And whether her thoughts were the thoughts of love, of gratitude, of grief, or of that idolatry with which she once regarded him, no one knows.

**N**OT so many years ago, the name of Stiller was a magic one in the European theater. In Sweden he held a great place. They regarded him as a genius. In the world of the theater, he ranked above all others.

A gaunt, tall man, with an ugly face illumined by startling eyes that saw through the masks of life, saw into the depths of souls, held those he looked upon with an almost hypnotic power. He was not young. He must have been almost forty-five when he met the young Greta, still in her teens. He had never been handsome. He had no social graces, no gayety, no outward attractions. Yet many women had loved him desperately, while he loved them a little. A very little.

A strange man, marvelous and terrible. With the deep pessimism, the brooding realism of his race. To him his work was paramount to all human emotions, all human contacts.

Only in the last year of his life did he yield to the madness of love. Then he found himself trapped unexpectedly in the embraces of his own creation. He never really loved Garbo until he knew that he was losing her forever.

At the height of his career in Sweden, he sought new material as a miner seeks

virgin gold. First for his stage plays, later for his motion-picture productions. It was his joy and his satisfaction to discover raw talent and give it training and opportunity.

Upon such a quest he first met a girl we call Garbo. In Stockholm, as in most European capitals, is an

endowed dramatic academy, which gives courses of training, employment, to aspiring young actors and actresses. After three years of instruction they are ready to enter the Swedish Theater.

Every three months the students of the Royal Dramatic Academy gave a play.

Upon a certain Winter night the cast of an academy play, waiting in the wings for the rising of the

curtain, were thrown into a frenzy of nervous excitement by the whisper "Stiller is out front."

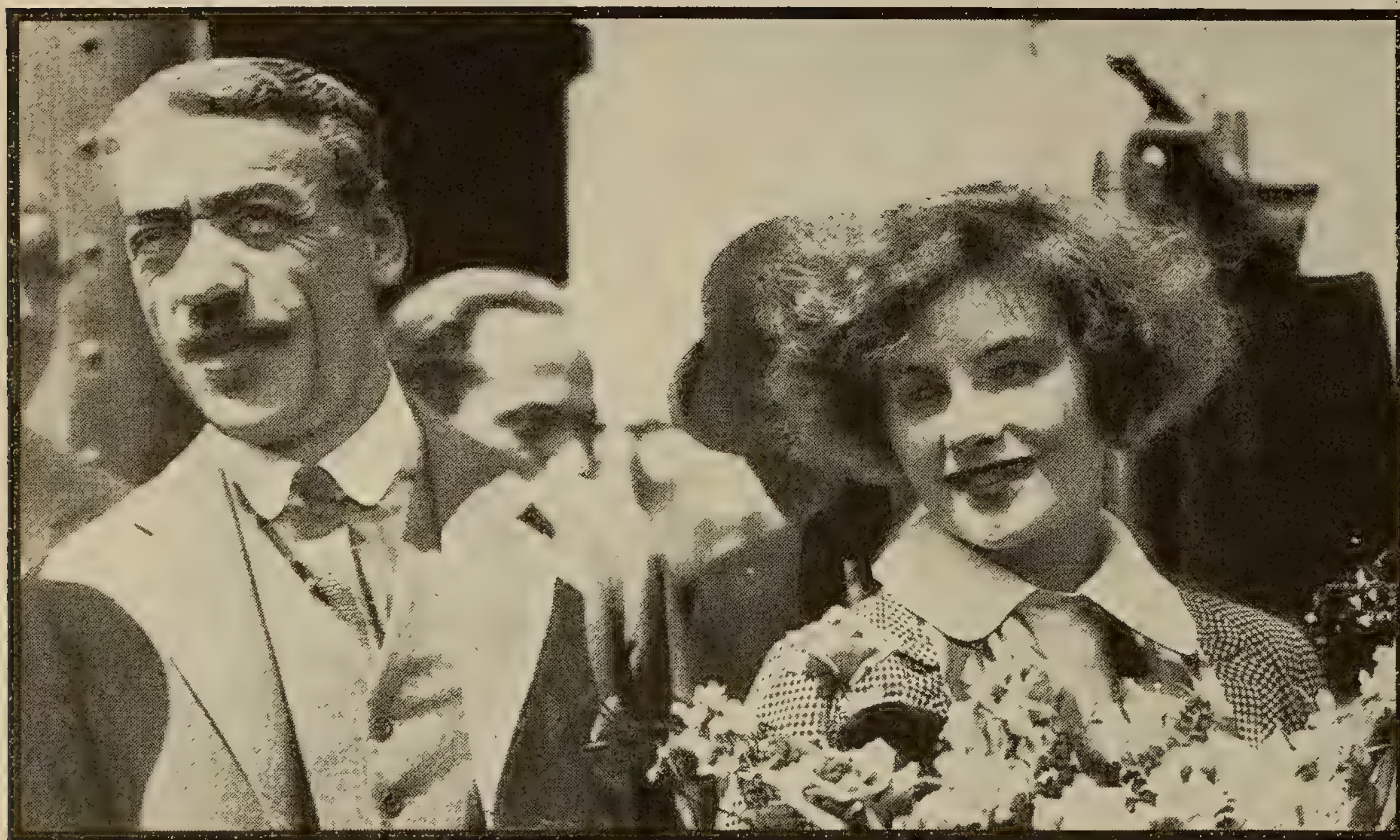
**Greta Garbo crossed the ocean alone to stand beside his lonely grave. Whether her thoughts were of love, of gratitude, of grief or of idolatry, no one knows or will ever know.**



This picture was made when Mauritz Stiller and his protégée, Greta Garbo, arrived on the S.S. Drottningholm in 1925. Strange fates awaited them. To the famous Stiller came disaster and a broken heart. To the girl came fame such as few women have known.



# He Created a Film Galatea—and Broke His Heart



When the great Stiller arrived in Hollywood, the Swedish colony turned out to welcome him. His protégée, Greta Garbo, shared in the reception. Who could guess that the unknown girl was marked for enduring fame?

nary, pretty-pretty, young thing, to please briefly. This girl would be great or she would be nothing. She came from the soil. She was real, burning, strong. With what he could teach her, she could do anything. They could conquer the world.

Three months later, he

The Great Stiller had come to see the performance. It was as though someone had told a group of college thespians that David Belasco was in the audience. The chance of a lifetime confronted each of them. If Stiller noticed them, if he approved them, success was assured. The slim, beautiful leading lady. The much-talked-of character actor. The suave heavy. They stared at each other, wondering which might be the chosen one.

They worked as they had never worked before, trying across the footlights to catch a glimpse of that ugly, brilliant face.

After the performance they waited. Would he send for any of them? Would he praise any of them? He was talking to their director. What would come of it.

At last the word came back. Stiller, on the morrow, wished to see a girl. Garbo.

**G**ARBO? Oh, surely not. It wasn't possible. Why, she'd had only the merest bit in the play. They stared at her. A tall, silent, peasant girl, who spoke to no one, whom no one knew anything about. They had never even noticed her.

The following afternoon, Greta Garbo presented herself at the luxurious apartment of Stiller. Six thousand miles from Hollywood, which had then never heard of either one of them, began the strange romance which was to give to the American screen its most popular actress.

The girl was trembling with nervousness, voiceless and cold with fear. Silent, she stood before him, utterly overcome. No one had ever paid any attention to her before. At the academy she had battled her way, by sheer dauntless determination. Not a soul had taken her seriously. She had none of the facile ability, none of the ease and grace, of the other girls. Many times she had almost given up in despair, to return to that mysterious place from whence she came.

Looking at Stiller, she beheld in him a veritable god. He was The Master. She was in the presence of The Master. He had called her. She didn't really see the man at all.

Briefly, coldly, he studied her.

"There is no use doing anything or saying anything," he stated brusquely, "until you take off that fat. Go away. Lose some weight. I will send for you again."

**H**E did send for her again. Those hypnotic eyes of his had seen the power, the fire, the fundamental woman, beneath the awkward girl. Here was no ordi-

summoned her and she came.

In those three months, Greta Garbo hadn't eaten a square meal. Ruthlessly she had denied her healthy young appetite. Every morning she had walked miles and miles in the country around Stockholm. When she appeared before him the second time, she had lost twenty-five pounds.

"So," said Stiller, "you have done it. That is good. It is good not only for the thing itself, but because it shows you have courage, determination. Very good. Are you willing to work, work hard? Are you willing to give up everything else? Are you willing to think of nothing but your work? Can you stand pain, criticism, endless study, endless sacrifice? If so, come with me now. I will make you a good actress. You shall play in my pictures."

**H**ER first picture with him was "Gosta Berling." They worked in Stockholm, in Germany, in Constantinople.

He labored with her for long hours. He taught her the minutest details about acting. He created for her a personality, showed her how to express herself. Slowly, the charm, the beauty, the buried talents began to emerge. But very slowly.

They drifted, naturally, into love. But it was a strange love on both sides. There was no equality between them. As they were separated in years by a quarter of a century, they were separated in position, in mentality.

Garbo was, like all Northern women, slow to awaken. She was, then, a child in years and a child in experience. To her, Stiller was simply the greatest man in the world. She idolized him, obeyed him, served him. His slightest wish was her law.

To him, she was then the clay he was molding. He loved her as man loves his own handiwork. He was selfish at times, he ignored her often, neglected her occasionally, took her for granted always. They were seldom apart, yet they were never really close. He didn't love her. He loved her work and he was fond of her. At times he was miraculously kind to her. At times he was heedlessly, thoughtlessly cruel. It made no difference. He was Stiller. The Master could do no wrong.

**T**HERE can be no doubt in anybody's mind that Garbo's whole life and character were affected deeply and indelibly by this man. He was a lonely soul. He taught her solitude. There was brilliance in his mind, but no lightness. Society bored him. The ordinary



Greta Garbo as she is today. More and more she shelters herself from the world. She lives alone. There is no romance in her life. The few who know whisper that she lives upon memories.

pleasures which a girl of twenty might have naturally sought had never appealed to him, and at his age he regarded them as trivial, useless. Often he had moods of deep melancholy, when he stared with pitiless eyes at the human race and saw life as a formless, terrible monster.

During those years, Garbo was his reflection and his shadow.

In 1925, Louis B. Mayer and his wife and daughters arrived in Berlin. The story of their meeting with Stiller and Garbo is well known, but it must be told as part of this history of their love.

Mayer sought out the great Stiller. He considered him a genius and believed that he could do great things in the American film world.

"Will you come and make pictures for us?" he said. "We can offer you great opportunities."

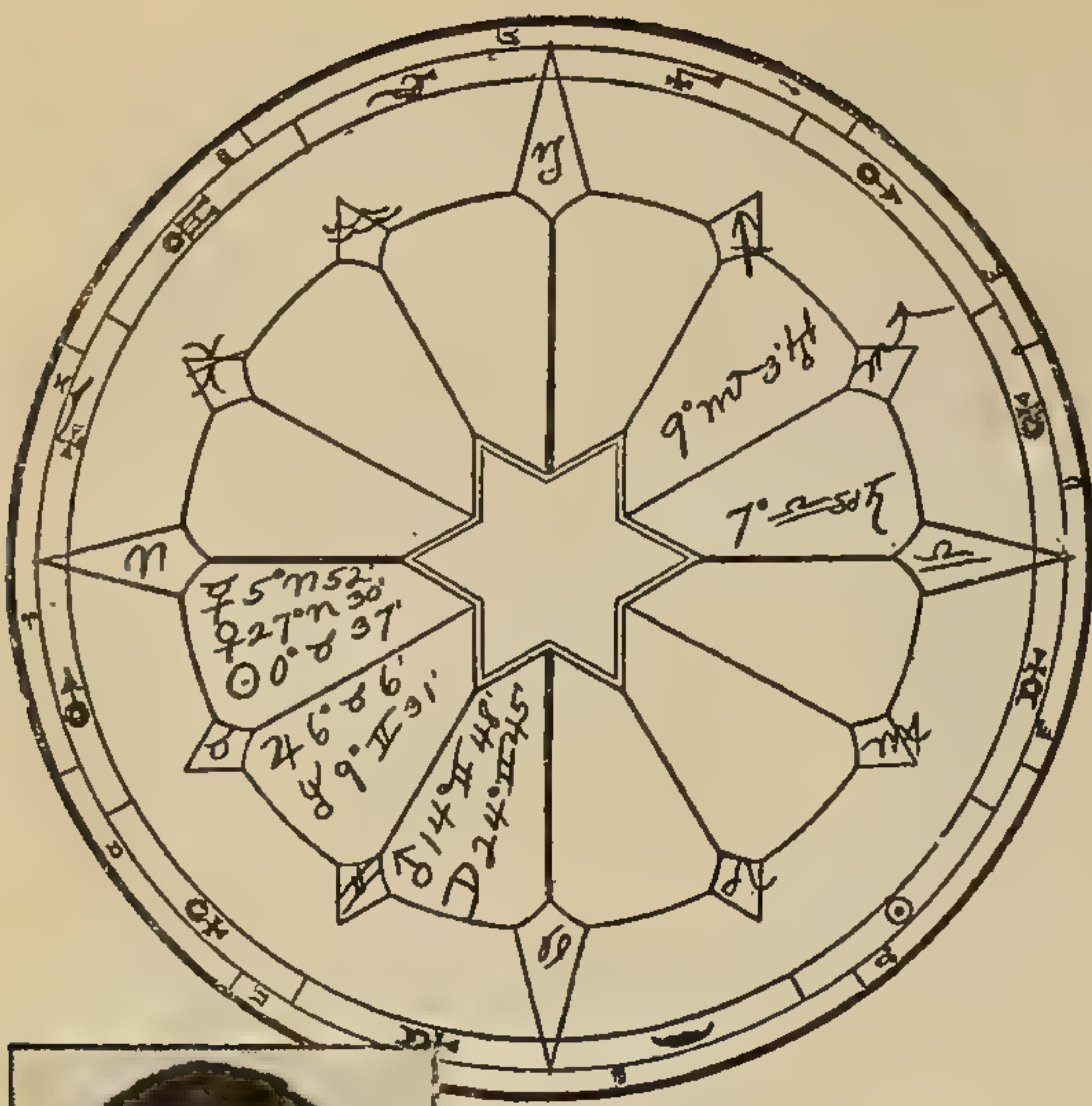
"I will come," said Stiller. "I bring with me Garbo. I wish to direct Garbo. She will one day be the greatest of all your actresses."

So Mr. Mayer and his daughters were taken to meet Garbo.

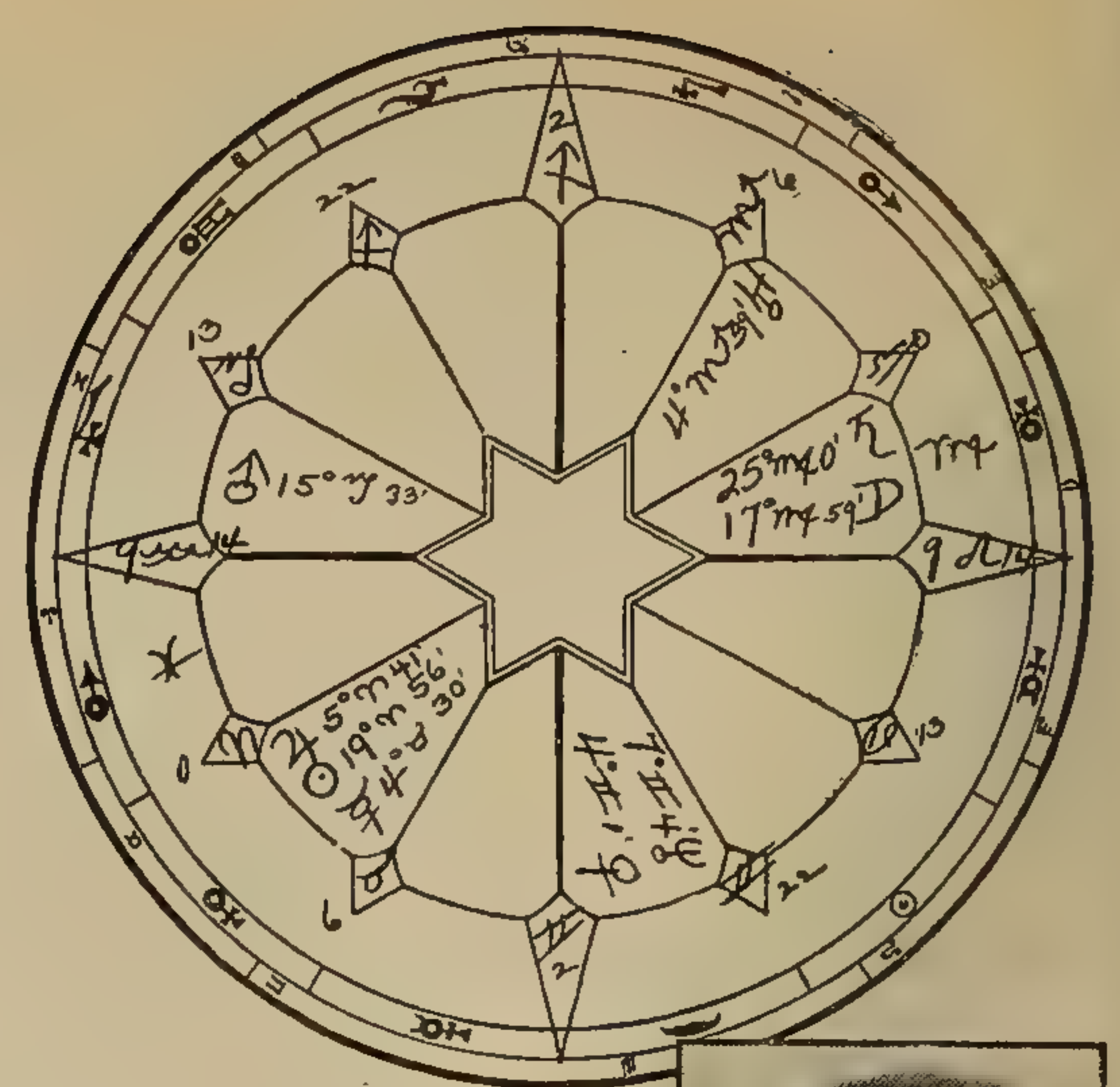
They saw a big, quiet, expressionless girl, wrapped in a big coat, with a hat pulled down over her eyes. She  
(Cont. on p. 126)







Harold Lloyd, born April 20, 1893. "Not only an architect but a builder."  
Charles Chaplin, born April 16, 1889. "Should always remain in silent films."



Mary Pickford, born April 8, 1893. "Under contradictory aspects and extraordinary vibrations."

# Why APRIL is the

## The Celebrated Astrologer Explains Why Most of the Great Film Stars Are Ruled by the April Sign of Aries

THAT is the question the editor asked me. And it might have proved a very embarrassing one. He asked it because so many of the leading stars were born in that month—or rather, in the month beginning March 22nd and ending April 20th, which is the period ruled by Aries, usually called the April sign. But supposing there hadn't been any answer to the question. Supposing there had been nothing in the stars to indicate that April's children would be successful in appealing to the public. Then I would have been in a fix. And so would astrology. For some skeptic would be sure to say:

"There can't be anything in this thing, anyhow!"

But skeptics are seldom very inspired people. And they almost never have the stars with them. In this case, they would have been especially doomed to disappointment, because Aries, the first sign of the Zodiac, the leader in the great pageant of the heavens, is primarily the sign of leadership on earth. Aries is the Alpha of the astrological alphabet, the "A" of the celestial "A-B-C's." Aries is the top of the heavenly heap—and its sons and daughters on earth reach the top, too.

Not just in movies! Always; before movies were born; since they were born, in other lines, in every line. The list of the Aries great reads like an all-star cast. J. P. Morgan was an Aries man. So is Charles Evans Hughes, Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court. So is Secretary Mellon, the world's richest politician. So is George F. Baker, the world's richest banker. So is Nicholas Murray Butler, the world's best known college president. So were John Burroughs, the world's greatest naturalist and Houdini, the world's greatest magician.

IS it any wonder that the same sign of the Zodiac should produce Mary Pickford, the screen's best known star, and Charlie Chaplin, the screen's greatest artist?

Is it to be wondered at that Harold Lloyd and Lon

Chaney and Thomas Meighan and George Arliss and Wallace Reid and Mary Brian and Constance Talmadge and Warner Baxter and Joan Crawford and Gloria Swanson were all Aries children?

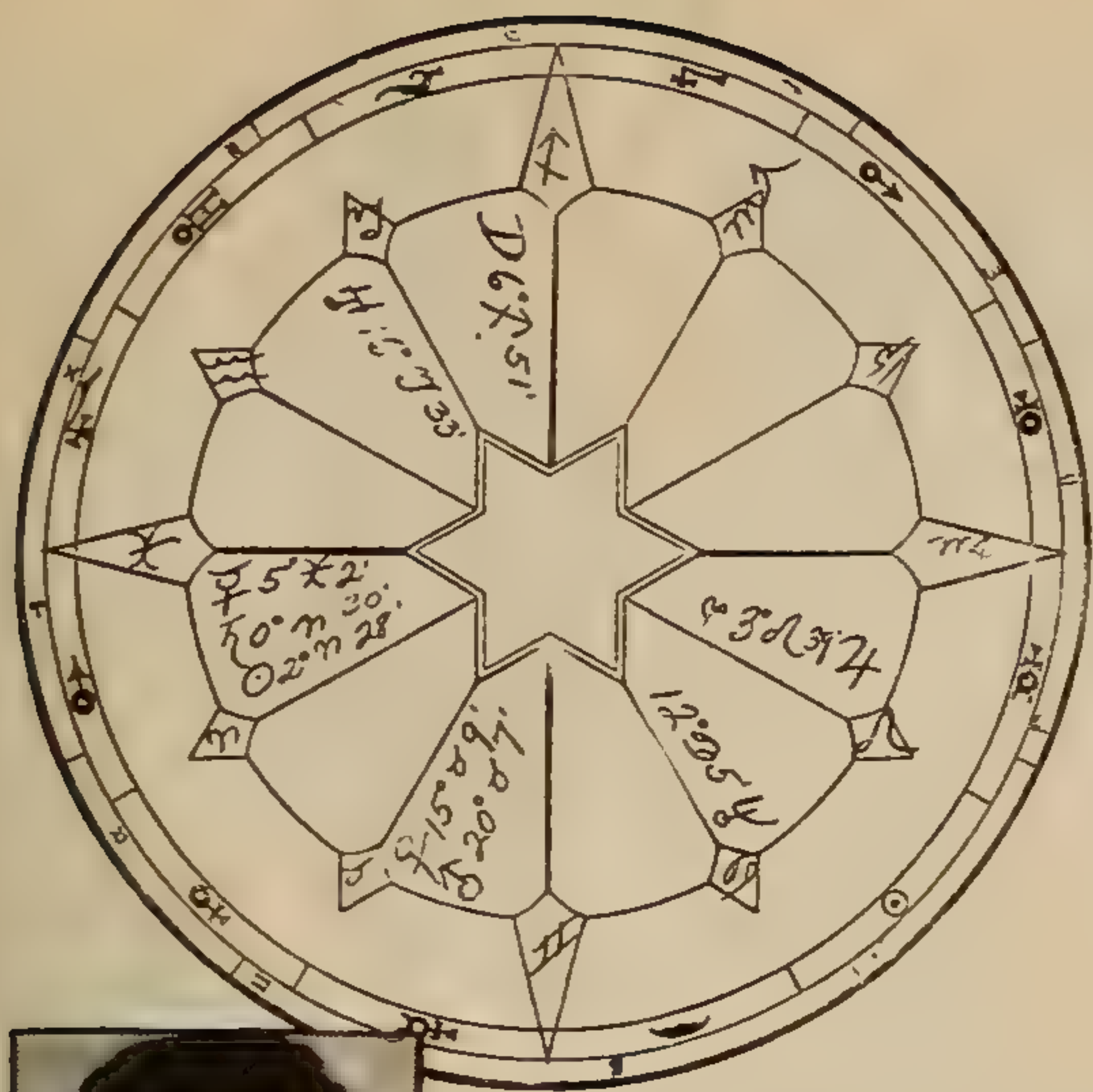
Aries, in astrological language, is symbolized by the Ram—and you can't keep a good ram down!

But there are other reasons, of course, besides Aries' general penchant for leadership, why his sons and daughters should attain the peculiar kind of fame which is the bone and sinew of the picture star's success. Aries is a cardinal sign, a fiery sign, a spectacular sign, a publicity sign. Compare it, for instance, with its neighbor, Pisces, which is watery, gentle, modest, retiring, self-effacing. A Pisces man is arrested for driving his automobile too fast or, let us say, passing a light. Nobody ever hears of it. All he gets out of it is a five dollar fine! An Aries man does the same thing, and he gets headlines on the front page. Sob sisters make him out a martyr. The tabloids take up his case and demand an investigation of the police department. At the next election, the politicians demand that he run for mayor. Within a year he has signed a fabulous contract with the movies to teach the fine art of motoring on the talking screen!

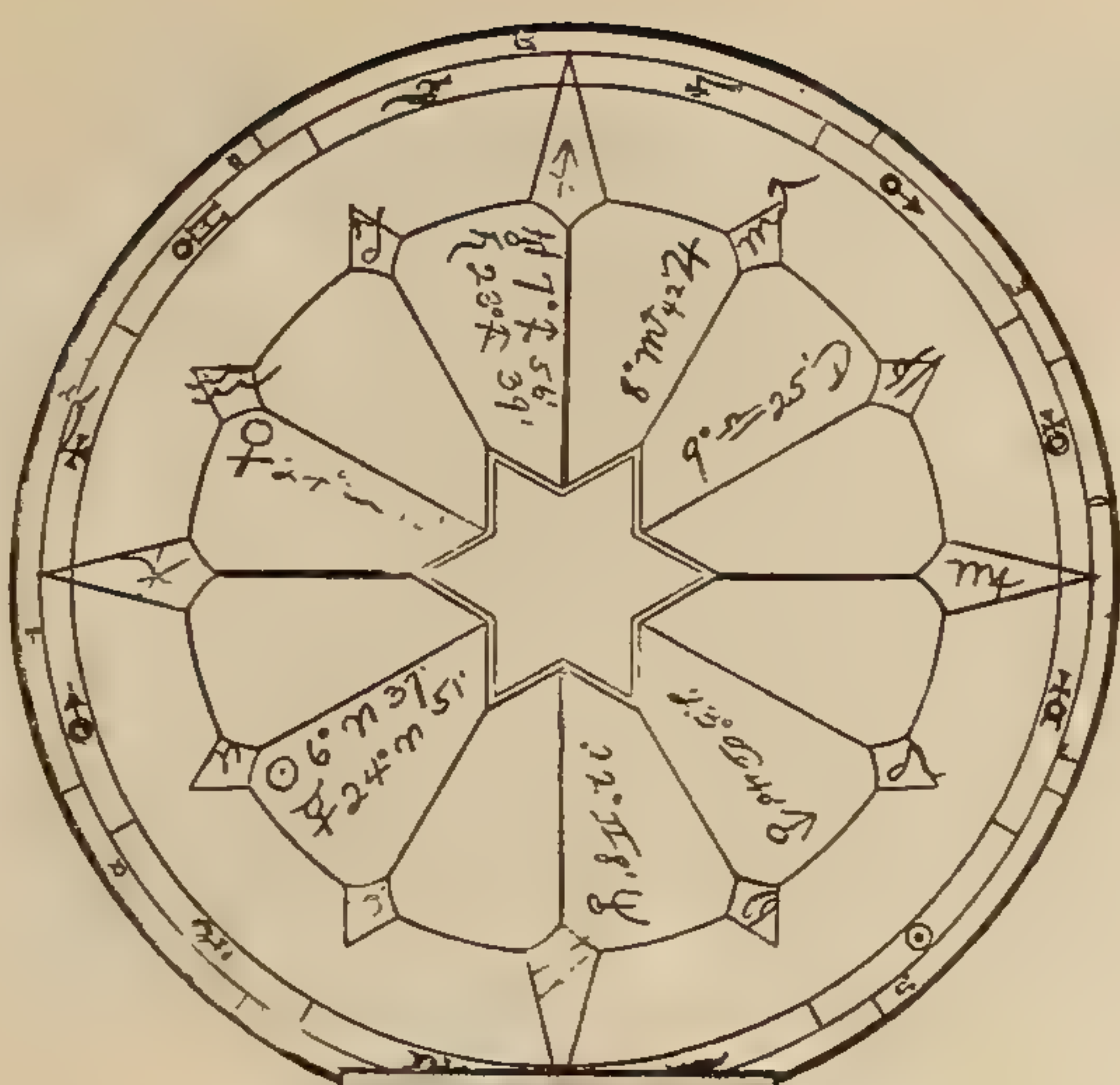
I CAN give you all the examples you want of how this thing works. What college president has the longest biography in "Who's Who"? Who, indeed, but Nicholas Murray Butler. Is he the president of the oldest college in the world, or the biggest, or the best known? No, he is just Butler—Nicholas Miraculous Butler, as Roosevelt used to call him—a typical publicity-getting Aries man. (President Butler not only has the longest biography in "Who's Who" of any college president, but of any human being. That's Aries for you—one hundred per cent!)

King Albert of Belgium is an even better example: for if ever there was a man who seemed doomed by temperament, manner, mental equipment

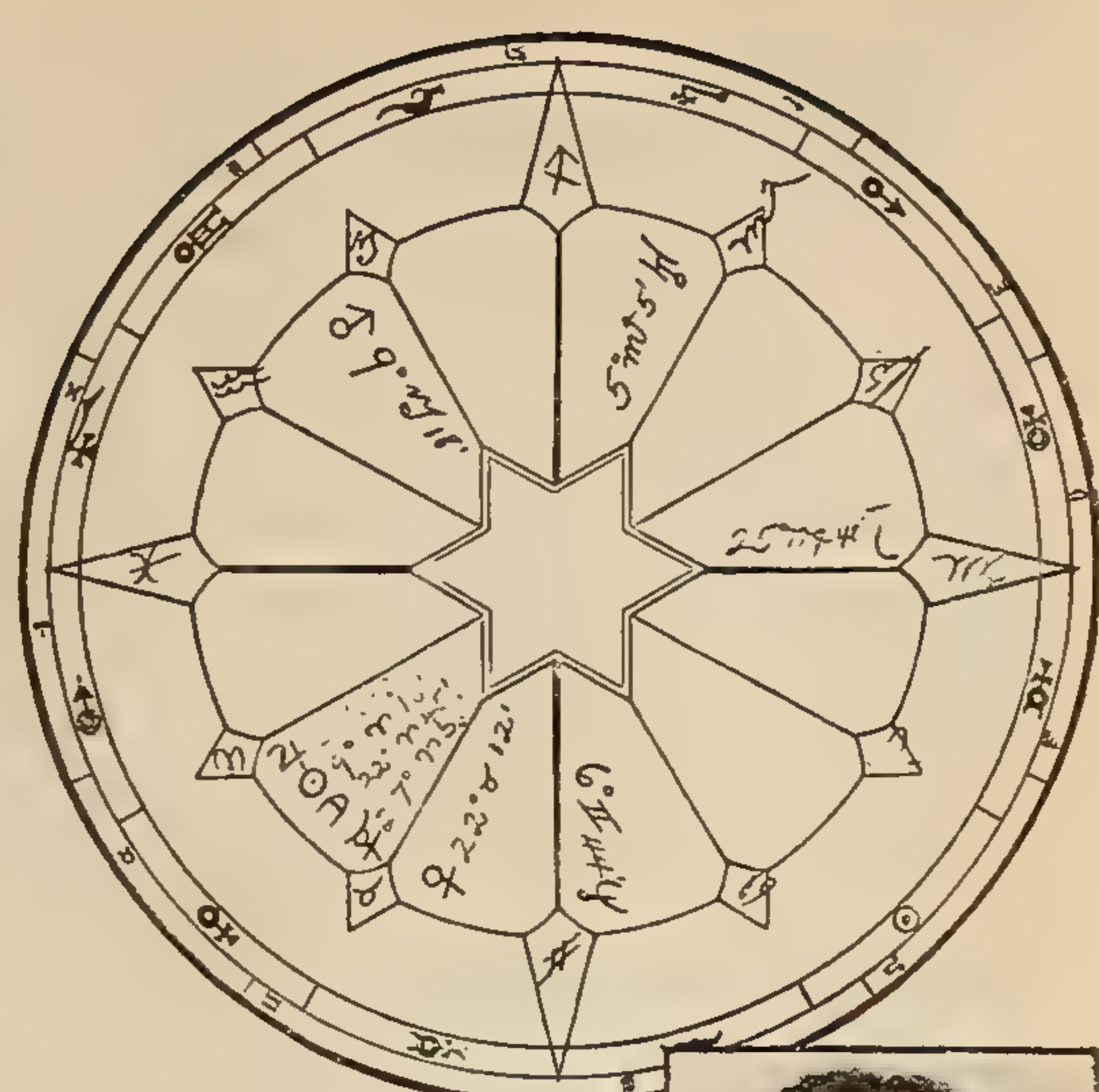




Joan Crawford, born March 23, 1908. "Her horoscope is most favorable to the talkies."



Gloria Swanson, born March 17, 1899. "Her great fame may come as a writer."



Warner Baxter, born March 29, 1892. "One of the few super-Aries people."

# Lucky Movie Month

By EVANGELINE ADAMS

and political position to comparative obscurity in the king business, it was Albert. He has the tastes and interests of an average, small-town merchant; and most of that gentleman's virtues; he is clean, honest, just; but he is far below the small-town standard in either "pep" or shrewdness. Left to himself, he would resign his job tomorrow and retire to his Flanders farm. And yet, simply because the Great War burst on Albert like a flood of fire and brought out into the limelight his Aries qualities of courage and stubborn, dauntless idealism, he will probably go down in history as his country's greatest king—the most widely publicized figure to come out of the Great War!

I am not saying that President Butler hasn't great ability, or that King Albert was lacking in solid worth; nor would I say that Mary Pickford has not deserved the affection in which she has been held or Charlie Chaplin the acclaim that has been his. Of course, they deserved the high places which they attained. The stars can't make bricks without straw any more than the Children of Israel could. At least, they don't. But they can see to it—and in the case of the Aries-born they generally do see to it—that some people get all that is coming to them, sometimes a whole lot more!

I COULD go on. For example, Mars is the ruling planet of the sign Aries. Mars is electric, forceful, active, aggressive. It gives courage, initiative, "punch." It governs the sex organs. It gives "it." But do I need to go further? Isn't it evident from these first scratchings of the astrological surface that people born under the April sign not only have extraordinary capabilities for success with the public, but an even more extraordinary gift for cashing in on those capabilities through personal appeal and popular acclaim?

I'll assume that it is evident that astrology, for about the millionth time in my experience, has proved itself once more what it has always been, infallible, inescapable. And now, I will tell you some of the "special" reasons why these particular stars succeeded.

Take Chaplin. No Aries person ever lent himself to publicity more naturally than this eccentric comedian. But it is necessary to look further into his horoscope to see why he couldn't help being the original, unique person that we all know him to be. And there it is, as plain as the stars in the sky: Chaplin's Moon, ruling the public and his Mercury, ruling the mind, are in

conjunction friendly to Uranus, the god of originality, the planetary apostle of the unique. But the interesting thing about Mr. Chaplin's horoscope at this time, when he alone is holding out against the talkies, is that both of these planets which have to do with his career are also friendly to Saturn, the god of practicality, of conservatism, "the feet on the ground"

planet. And I believe that the wisdom born of these latter influences was never better shown than in his resolution to remain what he has always been: unique. I am further led to that belief by the fact that Mr. Chaplin's Jupiter, ruling money, is in direct opposition to Taurus, ruling the throat!

JOAN CRAWFORD'S chart, on the other hand, is most favorable to the talkies. She has Venus, the goddess of entertainment and the presiding genius of all the arts, in the talkies' own sign Taurus. It is a good chart any way you look at it. The past two years must have been rather hard. The successes that she won—and she certainly did win them, didn't she?—must have been accomplished under difficulties. But 1932 should be a great year for her. (Continued on page 92)



# She's Phoney That Way

The Idol of the Films Felt Smothered With Nice Patrician Roles, So She Played a Rough, Tough Burlesque Belle. Maybe Hollywood Wasn't Startled

BY STEWART ROBERTSON

Illustrated by Everett Shinn

**S**PRING had come to Hollywood and the Galaxy Studios in particular where, in a miraculous display of April showers followed by golden bars of slanting sunshine, a slim, patrician bit of femininity was being crushed against a gentleman's tuxedo in a manner that outlined her profile to the best advantage. The very crocuses that starred the velvety lawn seemed to be watching them, jonquils and tulips nodded prim approval, and deep in the foliage of the magnolia that arched above the lovers a thrush sent forth his liquid, joyous song.

Then, with the stealthy insistence of a bad habit, the haunting melody of "Kiss Me Again" floated through the air, whereupon the magnolia, scoffing at the calendar, released a cloud of petals upon Miss Margaret Shaftesbury and her adorer, while Mr. Omar K. Speonk, supervisor extraordinary, wept copiously into a heliotrope handkerchief.

"I may be a slave driver," he moaned when the scene had coasted to a poignant finale, "but besides and in addition, boys, I'm a sucker for sentiment. Maybe you think that love passage was a fake, and the answer is yes or no, as my lawyer is fond of saying. That's love as it should be—sprigged muslin, violets and high-class restraint in the clinches. No vulgar struggling about, which is the best us ordinary mortals can do. Get me? It's the unattainability of what Lady Margaret stands for that puts a dent in my subconscious. Ahhh, I feel as shaky as a Communist's credit."

**H**E resumed his blissful gazing, quite unworried by the sight of the rain and sun manipulators removing their apparatus or the thrush impersonator at grips with his atomizer. Still in the center of the stage, the star had stretched her lissom blonde loveliness on a garden seat and now was looking up at the leading man. Miss Margaret Shaftesbury, "Lady" by grace of her aristocratic life both on and off the screen, was not only *distinguée* but her eyes were laden with the sophistication of one who has looked at life and found it of no more interest than a page of The Congressional Record.

"How ever do you do it?" breathed Mr. Hilary Kingston. "I know it can't be me, for you've refused me often enough, but every time we play a love scene I start hoping. But now you're asbestos once more. How do you do it?"

"Quite easily," said Miss Shaftesbury in a voice that was as crisp as a Winter's day in Winnipeg and just about as tingly on the ears. "You're all very well, Hilary, old deah, but I simply think of someone else, that's the secret."

"Me, too," nodded Mr. Speonk, trotting toward them. "When I go home to my family and maybe register faint dis-

taste when I view 'em, my wife will think it's because I don't like the creamed shrimps, so she'll give me a bawling out. What can *she* know about love, with her nine children? I just sit there and dream of you, Lady Margaret, the same as every male who's ever watched your emotions commotioning."

Miss Shaftesbury's sultry brown eyes burned into his. "Why not have supper with me?" she throbbed. "Hilary, too; I've something I want to talk over with you."

"Just business, I s'pose?"

Mr. Speonk inquired unnecessarily, seeing that he resembled an intelligent

woodchuck in convex lenses.

"Strictly business," said Lady Margaret in her starchy, high-bred tones. "You're going to hear the confession of a tortured soul tonight, Omar, and you'd better be there with the remedy or you'll see more dramatics than that time I was caught by the U. S. Customs."

"That doesn't sound like you," interposed Hilary before the startled Mr. Speonk could unlimber his jaws. "You must be overwrought, honey; you'd better rest a bit."

"How do you know what sounds like me?" demanded Miss Shaftesbury rudely. "The real me, I mean." Her voice suddenly came out of its customary croon like the crack of a whiplash while her auditors stared. "Overwrought, says you, with your college education! Quit talking like a novel, will you? Burned up, says I, and still smoldering!"

**T**HE ghastly silence that reigns after one has seen one's wife at seven A. M. for the first time enveloped the two gentlemen, and for the next hour they exchanged apprehensive glances with each other and timid smiles of assent with the irritable Lady Margaret. With the serving of dinner Mr. Speonk, absorbing courage along with the pickled walnuts, ventured out on the thin ice.

"There's a million guys would cut my throat for the privilege of sitting here," he declared, "and I certainly appreciate the risk. Trot out the troubles, precious, and let me have a piece of sample."

Miss Shaftesbury, regal in eggshell satin, smiled bitterly. "I'm utterly tired of playing a lady," she announced. "I must have a new brand of picture, Omar, because I want to be rough and tough. Don't commence that 'but' business, now! Tough, I said. What are you going to do about it?"

"Play a lady! But you *are* one."

"Just what do you think I am?"

"The leader of a new cult of suave expresssion made possible only by the advent of the talkies," recited Mr.

**A lively yarn of Hollywood, where the stars' publicity reads as though they had lived their first twenty years in a vacuum.**

**Across the page you see the lovely April interlude between Margaret and Hilary as the public viewed it on the screen.**

**Turn the page and you will see this same scene as the studio viewed the romantic moment in the making.**









EVERETT SHINN



Speonk glibly. "After five years of stardom on the legitimate stage, you couldn't resist the plea of Hollywood to transfer your art to the screen, and between ourselves, precious, you're about the only New York star who didn't flop and go back East singing that surefire Broadway melody, 'They Harried Me Act in Californy.' Because you're real, that's why. You, with your rep for brilliant plays and faultless diction, bear the hallmark of quality. A Shaftesbury vogue has swept the country! A—well, you're there with both feet."

"You must have been looking over the publicity man's shoulder," snapped Lady Margaret. "And you, Hilary, why are you always proposing to me?"

"Why, we speak the same language for one thing," said Mr. Kingston who was an unassuming, chestnut-haired young man. "There's no dual personality rot about you, Margaret, like so many of the girls here, and you're always so sweet and natural that I can't help adoring you. I'll admit I never had any real stage experience, like you, because I've been out of Princeton only three years, but I know the real thing when I see it. What in the world has come over you?"

"MEMORIES," said the hostess tragically, resting her elbows on the table and speaking with her mouth aslant. "So I'm a lady! Perhaps I am, in this vale of vanity, where the finance companies keep their eyes on the furniture until it's paid for, but I'm going to be tough. I tell you frankly, Omar, if I draw another single one of those awful country house comedy-dramas I'll poison the next English author who has tea with me."

"B-but you've never been identified with off-color parts," wailed Mr. Speonk. "How do we know you can play 'em? I'm not collegiate myself, because when I was a freshman the faculty decided I was too low for Lehigh, but even so, I got perception. You're too refined."

"Flap your ears at this: Before I climbed the ladder I waved the neatest hip in burlesque for the old Passionate Pilgrims! Now, do I know enough to play coarse parts?"

"Your studio biography don't say a word about it," protested the unbelieving Omar.

"Why should it—don't some of the others read as though the first twenty years had been lived in a vacuum? Let me tell you two pop-eyed persons that under all this blanket of Parisian gowns, nice manners and perfumed security pulses a free soul, but it's being smothered! Not only do I have to play lacquered dummies, but the real ones, from Pinehurst to Pasadena, have made me their darling. 'Oh yawss,' they say, 'she is an actress, my deah, but so cultyawd!' That kind of language is pretty infectious, you know, and I'll never be cured if I don't revolt now. Oh, I often think how gorgeous it would be to stumble over the cobblestones to some stage door—Boston, Louisville—anywhere but here."

"I don't understand," said Mr. Kingston. "Life as a chorus girl preferable to this? Ridiculous!"

"What do you know about life?" flared Miss Shaftesbury, balancing on a vocal tightrope between two accents. "This Princeton sheepskin's got you insulated from it, that's why you're such a stick as an actor. Huh! Inside a year all you'll need is two slices of bread to become a sandwich, and I'll let you guess what kind. Ah, *Mon Dieu!* I stifle!"

"Pssst!" implored Mr. Speonk. "Think of the servants. Think of me—I can get all the battling I want at home,

**"I'm hungry for reality after being on this treadmill of banquets and yachting parties and looking wise at stupid art exhibits," she sighed. Read the astonishing and hilarious events that followed her attempt to re-live her old burlesque chorus days.**

**Everett Shinn's drawings for this story are the most striking illustrations ever published for any motion picture story. They show how a scene looks while it is being made and as it appears on the screen.**

and anyhow, I came here to get food, not fury."

"Guzzle and gulp to your heart's content," said Lady Margaret generously, "and I'll attend to you later. Listen, Hilary, mention chorus girls to most people and they think of those platinum princesses who work for Ziegfeld, but burlesquers are different. Not so much gloss, perhaps, but they're *real*. No affectations for them." Her eyes grew softly luminous. "Real," she murmured. "Real men and——"

**I** DON'T need a blueprint," said her leading man stiffly. "So this invisible lover you dream about in the clinches is someone from this dingy past of yours! Thanks for the slap in the face. You're just suffering from a good-old-days complex, but you'll feel better in the morning."

"Reahhly—I—I mean, says you," said the girl loftily, her gaze shifting to the dizzy Mr. Speonk. "What about it, Omar, will you recommend that I be taken away from the French pastry and given a hard rôle, or must I go to Honolulu with a breakdown?"

"Well," said the supervisor, "we're all lined up for that next picture where you're the Princess of Kleptomania who is wooed and won by a handsome young bathtub salesman from America, and all that usual boloney. Already I've put in a call for eight Airedale types to play diplomats, so we can't postpone it, but there's always some kind of a backstage story kicking around Solomon's Temple, and I'll do my best to get it for you next. And say, it's about time we showed you in color, too, which will help to put it over."

"Better not," said Mr. Kingston smoothly. "I've noticed that stage-yarn heroines, for no good reason, are called upon to blush once in a while."

"But I do blush, darling," cooed Miss Shaftesbury, all well-bred gayety as the butler re-entered the dining-room. "Honestly I do—quite often."

"May I ask just when?"

Lady Margaret's ravishing lips parted in a melting smile. "Any time," she assured her questioner, "that anybody sees me out with you."

**O**NE afternoon in late July Miss Shaftesbury emerged from Solomon's Temple, otherwise the office of the vice-president in charge of production, clutching the bulky manuscript of "Ladies To Let" with hands as eager as a pickpocket's at a Shriners' convention. Beside her trotted the careworn Mr. Speonk, and as he handed her into a rakish roadster he spoke without enthusiasm.

"I wonder what kind of a liar called this a man's world," he croaked. "Here's Solomon and me and all the rest overcoming our better judgment by letting you be boisterous, and I'm warning you that you might as well buy for ten cents some Paris green and commit suicide that way. Imagine you in spider-web tights! Imagine you doing the off-to-Buffalo step and singing 'Who Gives a Damn For Mary's Lamb When We See Mary's Calf'! No kidding, I'm quivering like a G string when Kreisler gets through with it."

"You old darling," said Lady Margaret joyously, "I'm not going to make a hobby of this or give up my friends. When 'Ladies To Let' still has the critics dumfounded I promise you I'll snap right back into Park Avenue purity, and then they'll be writing columns about my versatility. Don't scowl like that, Omar, you'll really enjoy seeing me be different"

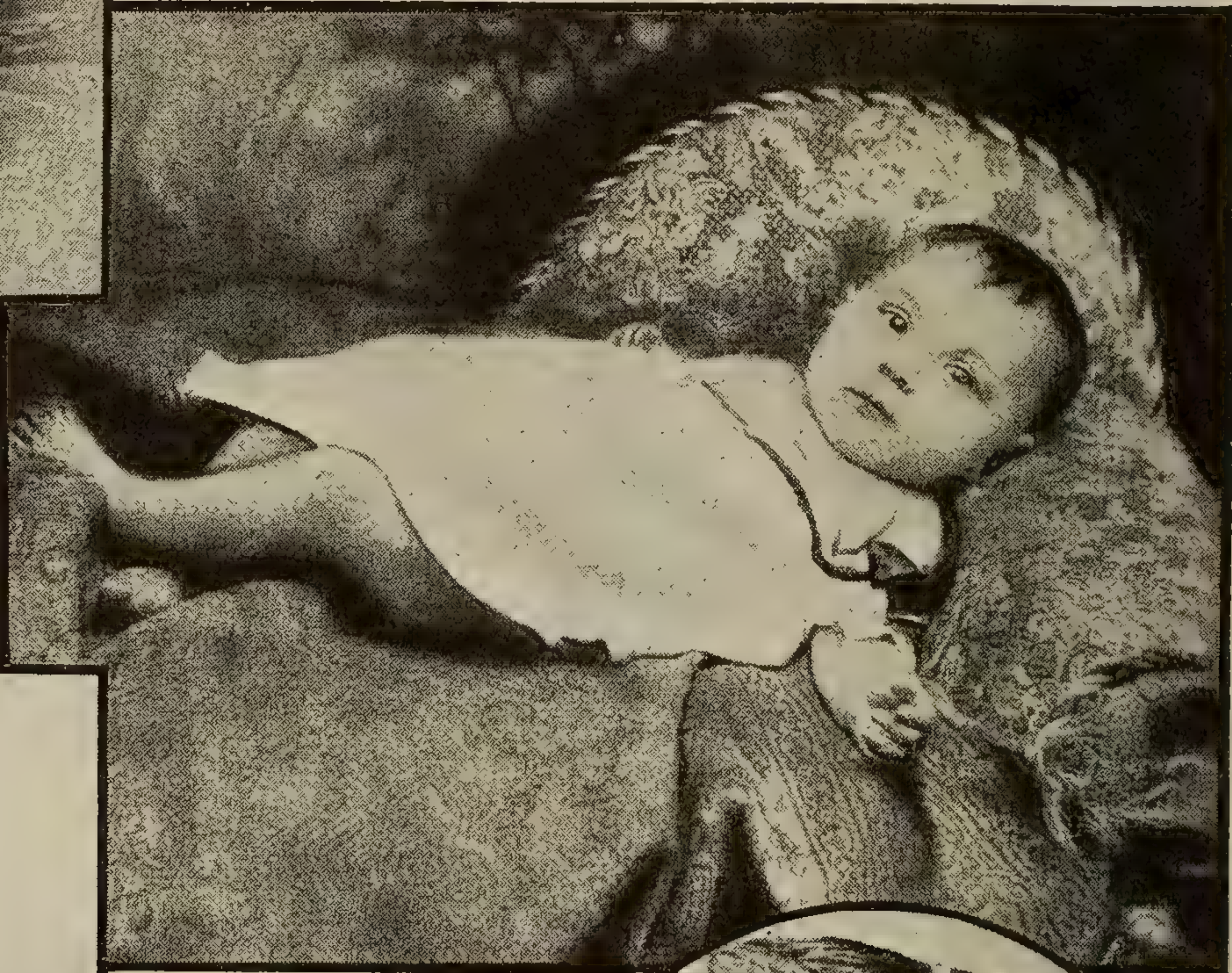
"But listen," objected Mr. Speonk miserably, "how can I supervise a stage yarn? All I know about the legitimate theater is that they charge too

(Continued on page 114)

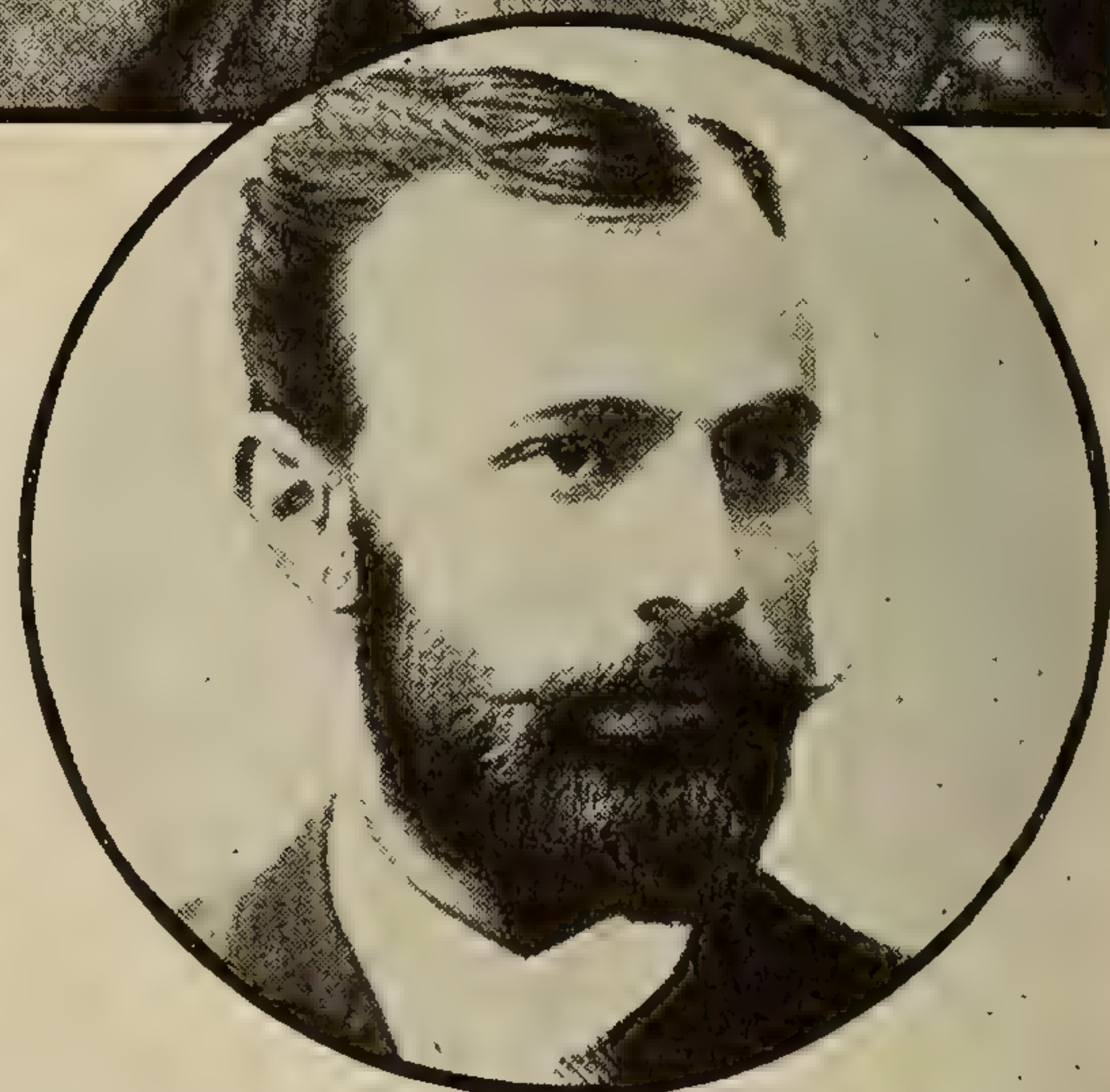




Above, Erich Stroheim—there was no Von in those days—and his brother, posed for a Viennese photographer. This brother, Bruno, is now in business in Vienna.



As a baby in Vienna, Erich Oswald Stroheim was quite willing to pose like the conventional movie vamp. He had little thought of a future screen public. Erich was born in February, 1885.



In circle, Erich's father, Benno Stroheim, who was a manufacturer of hats in Vienna. Mr. Stroheim was of German ancestry. At the left, Erich and his mother, Jenny Bondy, who was born in Prague. Erich Von Stroheim comes of a distinguished family. Edwin Franko Goldman, the bandmaster, is a cousin. So, too, are Nahan and Sam Franko, and Victor and Friedrich Hollander. Victor Hollander wrote the music of Reinhardt's "Sumurun." Friedrich Hollander wrote the music of the Marlene Dietrich hit, "The Blue Angel."



# The Great Movie CIRCUS

The Famous Columnist Tells His Impressions of the Screen Colony and Its Famous Folk

By O. O. McINTYRE

**S**OMEONE has undeservedly and flatteringly spoken of me in print as a prestidigitator with the ordinary things of life—a sort of medium for the mediocre. I like the comparison, for whatever slight talent I might possess for writing, lies in stressing the inconspicuous.

Not having the sweeping intellectual range of Wells, the stinging sarcasm of Shaw, the insouciance of Arlen or the imagination of Dreiser, I content myself with that bizarrerie of life encompassed in the commonplace—the smell of fried fish, the hand wave of the white wing, the wise-crack of the crossing cop and the very latest shirt pattern worn by Adolphe Menjou.

So I was rather pleased when the editor of this sturdy feuilleton, dropped me a note in part: "Dash off something discursive about the things, the people, the scenes and other trivia you have been impressed by in Hollywood and New York."

Such instructions warm the heart of an ink-stained wretch because he may amble along, setting down such things as pop into his head just as they pop. It is a writing informality that instantly banishes form and often, though I hope this is the exception, coherence. So taking a deep breath and pushing a dog off my lap, here goes!

**W**HILE I honestly believe that the grand Hollywood movie openings come very near to constituting The Great American Vulgarity, I also think they are about as interesting to behold as any spectacle presented to the public.

It is no exaggeration that people bring their lunches at sun up from the Beverly canyons and Hollywood hills and remain along the curbs to await the arrivals at

Hollywood first nights constitute a magnificent display of self-consciousness.



The best dressed man in Hollywood isn't an actor. He's an eminent author!

a cinema first night. Nobody is so curiously fascinated by the movie actor as the native of Hollywood. No matter his trade, he lives, eats and sleeps in the atmosphere of the studio. The wide-eyed hyena-like half-circle in front of the motion-picture gates at quitting time is not composed of visitors. Chiefly they are the residents of Hollywood.

Before dusk the blocks surrounding the theater are roped off and under police guard. The street is a white glare from giant lamps. Everybody is on tip-toe and the enthusiasm becomes contagious. You find your heart skipping a beat. A huge limousine creeps along the curb, necks crane and eyes bulge.

"**NORMA SHEARER**" bellows the megaphone and there is thunderous applause. "Gary Cooper!" And then: "Conrad Nagel, Marlene Dietrich, Harold Lloyd, Hoot Gibson." And so on.

They sweep up to the microphone and simper such greetings as "Hello everybody, it is glorious to be here," or some petted darling tremulously babbles: "We of the studio, etc., etc." It is all a magnificent display of self-consciousness carried on at increased tempo by the announcements in

the theater: "Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks going down the left aisle" and "Mr. and Mrs. Sam Goldwyn down the center aisle, Mrs. Goldwyn wearing black satin with pearls."

It all sounds circusey and it is. But it is a slice of life in close-up that will give your emotions a touseling no matter how blasé you are. I never miss a first night in Hollywood and I have attended a half hundred.

**I** SUPPOSE the private theater of Winnie Sheehan, equipped with sound devices, has been pretty well written up but it has always interested me. Winnie, you may know, is a former newspaper reporter of Park Row and to visit his Spanish castle makes lesser members of the journalistic guild think: "Why, this might happen to me!"

Winnie's theater is in the basement, a gorgeous affair outfitted in oak with deep-cushioned chairs that were

Nobody is so curiously interested in movie actors as the natives of Hollywood itself. It's strange, but true.





# SLICES OF HOLLYWOOD LIFE BY O. O. McINTYRE

made for lolling. After dinner his guests repair there, and in this luxurious ease the gentlemen puff panatellas and the ladies gold-tipped cigarettes, while a new talkie unfolds.

Attendants in correct white monkey jackets bring deliciously fashioned drinks—soft, of course—from a glittering bar. The theater seats a half hundred and is the most ideal place I know for viewing a motion picture. In this way Winnie not only entertains his friends but is able to gauge that movieized term known as "audience re-action."

AS somewhat an admirer of sartorial gee-gaws for Mi-gentleman it seems to me that the best-dressed man in Hollywood is not strictly of the movies. He writes for them at times, also books and book reviews, yet he has become one of the outstanding figures in the motion picture social life.

Mesdames and messieurs—Mr. Gene Markey. Gene is the descendant of a rich and aristocratic family in that fashionable suburb of Chicago called Evanston. He went out to Hollywood two years ago to transform one of his novels into a film play. But he stays on and on and is not only today the Beau Brummell of the town, but the favorite beau. Wherever there is a party it may be certain that Gene Markey, resplendent in Bond Street clothes with shirts and ties by Charvet, will be squiring some cinema queen of the moment.

Once it was reputed he was to marry Ina Claire and that when she married the dashing John Gilbert, Gene's heart was broken. But that was, in the Hollywood vernacular, "a bowl of cherries." Gene and Miss Claire were devoted friends but long before Miss Claire and Gilbert met, Gene confided to this chronicler that their attachment was only what the world calls platonic. So that is a fat that. Yet there are people who still have a pitying glance for Gene. So handsome, so gay, but dancing about with tears in his eyes. Heigh-ho!

To my notion the motion-picture actors who have the deepest respect of the entire Hollywood community are Conrad Nagel and Harold Lloyd. Each is a devoted husband. Their wives are not of the profession. Their lives like all strong currents have run clean. Nagel is a church usher yet he is the gayest of all at parties and neither smokes nor drinks. Harold Lloyd is the sort of fellow who knows the name and age of all his barber's children.

IF I were to choose the most popular actress of Cinemaland at the moment I would not choose any of the flashy youngsters or even the old-timers of the studios. I would select that hilarious veteran of the legitimate stage, Miss Marie Dressler. Even jealous Hollywood calls her "a peach." Miss Dressler's vogue in the legitimate had been outmoded. Her "Tillie's



The old gateman at Universal knew the birth date of any film player you could mention to him.

Nightmare" on the screen was a memory. She was in popular thought relegated to the chimney-corner rocker for the customary valetudinarian ease of the has-beens.

Yet today she comes very near to being one of the most popular and satisfying stars on the screen. She is brilliant, not as an electric light is brilliant, but she has a depth of understanding. She has been a trouser on the kerosene circuit and endured the monotony of one-night stands. When her eclipse came she took it on the chin, standing up with a smile.

When the sun shone again she was the same lovable, hilarious and sympathetic Marie Dressler. She is constantly scheming to help some obscure player along the rugged way. She is richer in ideas than most of her sisters and nearing sixty she has the wholesome vigor of a whole team of hockey girls. Sweet Marie!

I WOULD like to crowd into this vignette many pleasant memories of Hollywood, ancient and recent, but white paper is expensive and there are so many others with infinitely more important things to say. Thus I am going to set down in staccato style with the proper dividing periods a few of them briefly:

Marion Davies in her home-made frock giving superb imitations of her fellow players, especially of Charlie Chaplin . . . Lon Chaney in costume seated on an old bench remarking rather pathetically: "Sometimes I fear these tortuous parts have shortened my life." A year later he passed on . . . Lila Lee, in the flush of her career, remembering her debt to Gus Edwards who gave her her chance in vaudeville . . . Harry Beaumont's beautiful golden-haired twins . . . The fake telephone that Lew Cody's valet rang when Lew wanted to get rid of unwelcome visitors . . . Fatty Arbuckle sitting in his car in a lonely garage slowly shifting the gears after his world crumbled . . . Gloria Swanson and Mickey Neilan lunching daily at the Montmartre . . . The first showing of the picture I have enjoyed most of all, "The Birth of a Nation. . ."

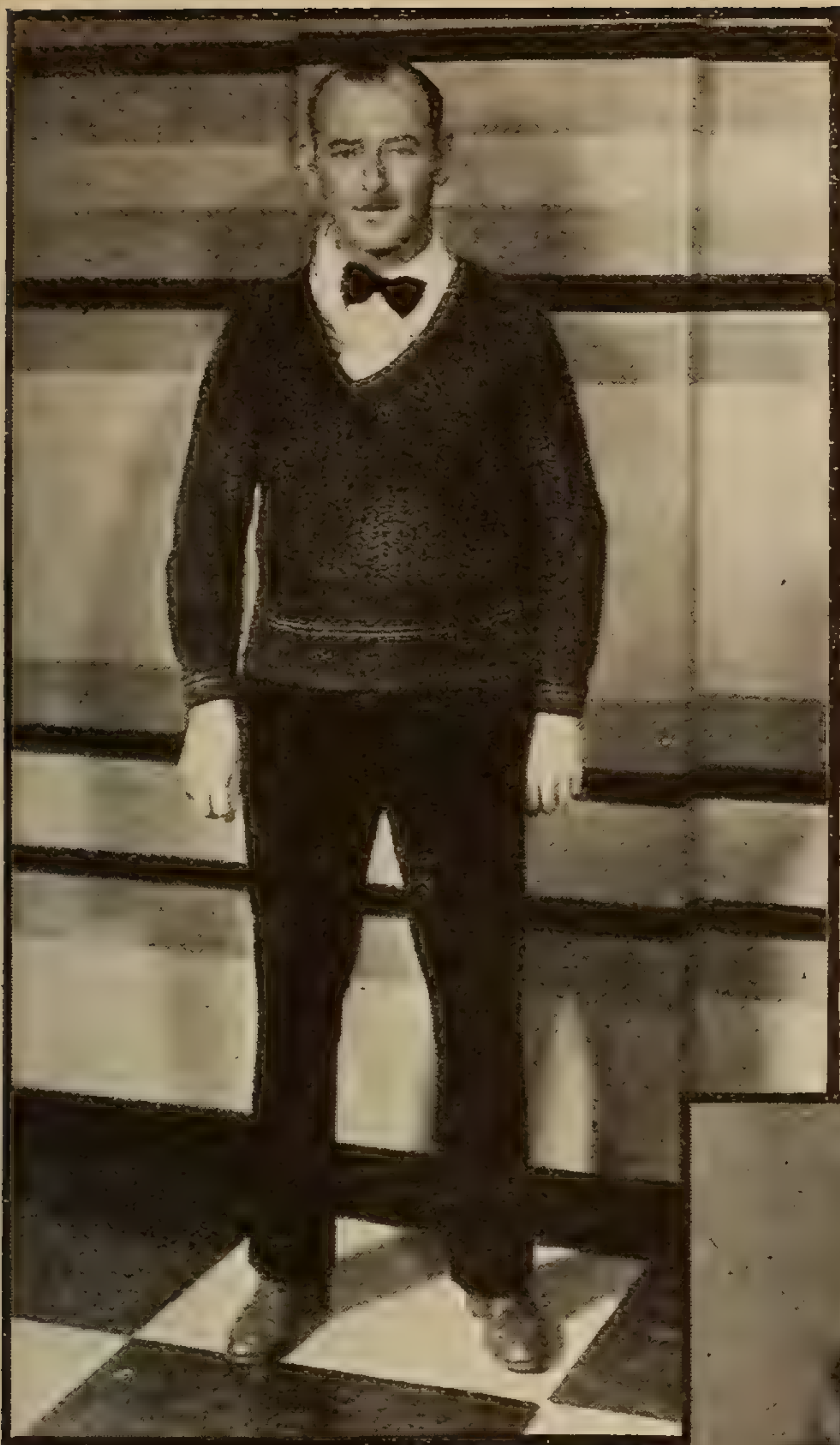
The old gateman at Universal who knew the birth date of any player you mentioned . . . The inconsequential and shabby-looking Chaplin studio . . . Introducing Jim Tully to Al Jolson at the

Ambassador's Cocoonut Grove . . . The little knot of visitors always collected around the cottage where William Desmond Taylor was murdered . . . Clara Bow, hatless, speeding along Wilshire Drive . . . Valentino and Natacha Rambova having tea tête-a-tête at a little inn near Santa Monica . . . J. P. McEvoy with his Morris Gest hat looking Hollywood over for the first time . . . Wilson Mizner's crack to a waiter who spilled soup down his neck: "Even a seal can juggle." . . . Tom Mix's drawing-room dotted with jewel-studded saddles and sprays of guns. . . (Continued on page 120)



Tom Mix's dining-room was famous for its splashing fountain, tossing celluloid balls into the air.





Above, Sammy Brinker, prop boy at Paramount, stands in for Jack Oakie. He has played many small parts.

# They Stand In

During the long intervals when lights are being adjusted and cameras are being set in position, doubles for the stars are used. These unknowns—of similar height and hair coloring—stand in the positions the stars will later occupy.



Above, Paul Perry, who stands in for Clive Brook. Hailing from Dallas, Texas, Perry lived near Mary Brian.



Center, Jeraldine De Vorak, who was Greta Garbo's stand-in. But she looked too much like Garbo in public and that brought about her release.

Left, Gloria Raymond, stand-in for Kay Francis. She came to Hollywood from Cleveland three years ago.

Right, Cherie May, who stands in for both Clara Bow and Ruth Chatterton. Both are the same height, by the way.





# The HOLLYWOOD



Dick Barthelmess, as the Chicago underworld reporter who is put on the spot, looks over Dick Barthelmess as La Paloma, the beautiful bandit of "The Lash." Wonder what he thinks?

Hollywood, Cal.:

**H**OLLYWOOD has gone hands up. The whole town has caught the spirit of gangland pervading the studios and has entered in with a rollicking realism.

"Stick 'em up!" is a common form of salutation on the side streets, and the question of the evening now seems to be, "Shall we go to the theater or hold it up?"

Those who can't find employment as gangsters in the studios are trying to make good outside, hoping, no doubt, to attract the attention of some producer while his hands are up.

**The Racketeer Raid:** The Warners were only fooling when they said "The Doorway to Hell" was the picture gangland dared Hollywood to make but the racketty boys appear to have taken them seriously. At least there has been a big influx of tourists from Chicago since the picture was shown. The newspapers excitably report Al Capone and "Bugs" Moran among the more distinguished arrivals.

**RACKETEERS THREATEN HOLLYWOOD STARS** screamed a banner line. Naturally high-strung, the stars got jittery. They couldn't very well use their doubles in such emergency and so they took to hiring body-guards. One of our virilest he-actors is said to have had one for several months, unaware perhaps of the money Rothstein wasted on one.

An actress of my acquaintance who has made some pretty good hauls herself in the way of diamonds and ducats now has a cavalier with a sawed-off shot-gun on the seat beside her chauffeur. Thus far she has refused to tell me whether he is a body-guard or an accomplice.

Such is the confusion in Hollywood.

**Evangelist Capone:** There is the report that Al Capone will appear in a gangster picture designed to show that racketeering doesn't pay. That ought to be a great comedy. Some truth in it, at that, when you consider the way the government is socking the boys for in-

come taxes. They are the only high financiers who haven't received any tax refund this year.

If Al makes the picture he will donate his two hundred thousand emolument to a fund for the unemployed. In Chicago he maintains a soup kitchen for the jobless that costs him around a thousand a day or more. Capone should fit into the role of Murrieta, the old California bandit, who robbed the rich and gave to the poor. I am not implying that Al is a charity worker. Charity workers show no discrimination; they stick up everybody.

**Bandit Barthelmess:** Dick Barthelmess is doing a story around the character of Lingle, the Chicago reporter who consorted with racketeers and was put on the spot. This should be liniment to his reputation after "The Lash."

Following my calliope solo last month in honor of Dick's talent and judgment I was embarrassed to see him come capering forth as *La Paloma*, the beautiful bandit, in "The Lash."

Dick must be forgiven these periodic busts. Even Cal Coolidge dresses up like a cowboy on occasion. If it hadn't been for harsh criticism he might have been tempted to play a gaucho and do a tango.

Dick's bandit suggests a solid but little burgomaster who, after too many beers, has gone on a lark in the Western Costume Company.

**Definition of Success:** Studios have been buying up stars' contracts at fancy prices. M.-G.-M. is reported offering one of its stars five hundred thousand dollars to tear up his.

My idea of success is to be such a failure that someone would offer me half a million to quit work.

**The Royal Family:** Ina Claire was released by Pathe (with a bonus of \$75,000, I am told) and tramped over to Paramount where she immediately triumphed in "The Royal Family of Broadway."

"The Royal Family," as you probably know, is considered a fictional version of the Barrymores. When the play was produced on the stage there was some fear that the Barrymores would object, but they only yawned. So many actors have impersonated them that it is an old story. Most every young actor has his period of imitating John, and not a few actresses see themselves as Ethel.

Doug Fairbanks, Jr., and Joan Crawford seem to be in the Barrymorish thrall just now.

Drawings by  
Ken Chamberlain





# BOULEVARDIER

By  
HERB HOWE

**Samaniegos Find Employment:** Ramon Novarro took me to see the Spanish version of "The Call of the Flesh," which he directed. The boy makes good. It is distinctly a Samaniego triumph.

Noted for being good to his family, Ramon gives them all jobs in this picture. A considerable gift in these days of unemployment. Ramon in the past guarded his family against publicity with all the dignity of a don, hence it is something of a privilege for the public to see his mother, his two sisters, his sister's baby, his uncle and the family parrot.

Upon the completion of the picture Director Novarro was presented with a handsome tribute by the entire caste including a couple who were no relation.

The Barrymores should look to their honors. The Samaniegos look like a Royal Family.

NO reflection on his family, but when Ramon had finished the Spanish and French versions of his picture he exclaimed, "I never realized before what wonderful people the Americans are."

**Death's Sting:** "Outward Bound" depressed me more than any picture I have seen. According to its thesis, death offers no escape. When you reach the other shore you are given your old job back and even your wife in case you committed matrimony while alive. You don't even know you are dead when you take the boat. You have no idea where you are going. But your suspicion is aroused when the Great Examiner comes aboard and offers a drink. You know very well you are not entering New York, where the examiners not only fail to offer drinks but confiscate any that you have in your baggage.

In spite of this convivial touch I prefer the old time religion. I believe that if I lead a good life here I

The scene is Hollywood. The boys are getting in from Chicago on every train, all set to uplift the screen drama with a machine gun or a bomb. "Stick 'em up!" is the common form of salutation out there now.

## Hollywood Has Gone Hands Up and the Chicago Racketeers are Flocking to the Film Colony—Coming: An Avalanche of Gangster Films

shall go to Paris when I die.

**Sex Title:** As you know, a sexy title is important. Paramount was in a quandary over titling its Labrador picture. The love life

of whales didn't seem to suggest anything. Then Jack Oakie walked in with the smashing suggestion, "Blubber Come Back To Me."

**Trilby Dietrich:** On seeing Marlene Dietrich in "Morocco" I Lindberghed back to Hollywood just as the Blue Angel was taking wing for Europe.

Parachuting on to the Paramount lot I gasped, "I want to meet Marlene."

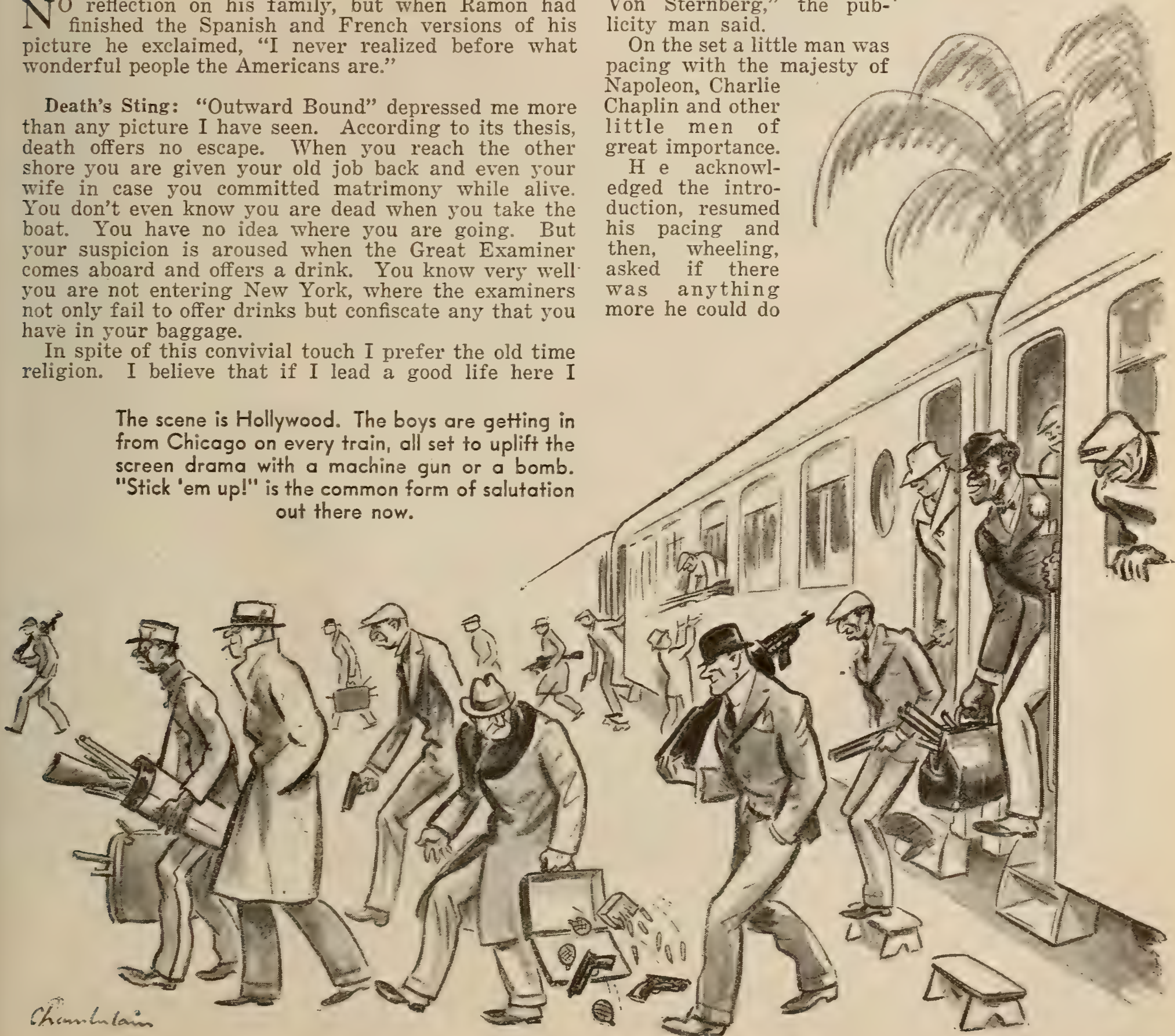
"Have you never met Von Sternberg?" asked the publicity man.

"No," I said. "I want to meet Marlene."

"I will introduce you to Von Sternberg," the publicity man said.

On the set a little man was pacing with the majesty of Napoleon, Charlie Chaplin and other little men of great importance.

He acknowledged the introduction, resumed his pacing and then, wheeling, asked if there was anything more he could do



Chamberlain



# Herb Howe Says the Public is Tired of Underfed Cuties

for me. The answer of course was, nothing at all. I faded into the surrounding shadows and the awed silence of the tomb.

"Has Miss Dietrich been called?" asked the little man.

"Yes, sir," piped one of the shadows.

Just then a door boomed to. A beautiful wraith in aviation togs slithered on to the set.

"She never says good morning," muttered a shadow next to me.

Miss Dietrich (for it was she) conferred with Mr. Von Sternberg *sotto voce*. Miss Dietrich nodded. The microphone swung overhead and hung low like an elephant's ear.

Miss Dietrich raised a gun from her hip and pointed it into the camera. "You may sprout wings to-night," she said in soft significant tones.

Over and over she repeated the line, accenting a different word each time. Each time she was prompted by Mr. Von Sternberg who fixed his eyes on hers and encouraged with a touch of the hand.

The picture they were making was called "Dis-honored."

If they hadn't told me I would have thought it "Svengali."

**Svengali Dietrich:** I am not so sure that Marlene is Trilby. She has the appeal of submissiveness, an appeal to the master in man. This is in contrast with the assertiveness of the modern American gal. Claiming none of man's prerogatives she is free to concentrate on woman's.

I am inclined to think that Trilby and not Svengali is the real hypnotist.

**French Peppers:** According to a publicity note Miss Constance Bennett acted as technical director of "Sin Takes a Holiday" because of her familiarity with French locale.

What about those pepper trees in front of the chateau, Miss Bennett?

**Mother Marie:** The enthusiasm with which we applaud Marie Dressler as America's new sweetheart indicates a reaction. It is like the applause that greets Al Smith when he appears on the screen. We are resenting an old love about whom we are disillusioned. In the capacious good nature of Marie we find refuge from those pretty preening manikins who have monopolized the screen for so long. We feel we can nestle to Marie without being scratched by bones or smeared by lipstick.

We are sick of four-flush, of which these cinema actresses are the best exponents. Our reaction to these hags, bones and hanks of hair is a back-to-mother movement.

Off-screen most of the vaunted beauties are scrawny, under-fed, wretched with the pathos of plucked fowl. For them there is no beauty in nature. They starve off



Out in Hollywood they say that Director Josef Von Sternberg is the Svengali to Marlene Dietrich's Trilby. He instructs her in every detail of every scene—and even gives her interviews.

their flesh until they look like boys. They color their hair and smear their faces. They shave their eyebrows and hang on false lashes. The Lord, in their opinion, didn't know how to make a woman.

Well, "Vengeance is mine," the scripture says, and so Marie is now the Sweet Woman.

We love Mother Marie. The others were just a flirtation.

**Robustious Rambeau:** Marjorie Rambeau in "Min and Bill" was an eye-and-heartful. Soft, luscious beauty, what matter the age? And what an actress! If Irving Thalberg doesn't find her a great story I'll be thinking that Irving is walking the floor too much at night with Junior.

**A Tight-full of Beauty:** Nita Naldi once exclaimed in indignation, "I'm not fat! I am a woman as God made her! I can go out to the Metropolitan Museum and look any of those classic dames in the face without blushing?"

And not only in the face, Nita.

I, for one, yearn back to those good old days of the beef trust when legs were limbs and not mere twigs.

**Doing Right by Gary:** I have served for some time as a voluntary mahout of Paramount producers, prodding them for the poor stories they have been giving Clara Bow and Maurice Chevalier. Hence I feel some satisfaction in their choice of "A Farewell to Arms" for Gary Cooper. He is exactly the man for the part. In fact Cooper is by all odds the most promising young male in Hollywood. He acts like an adult.

**Et Tu, Herbie?:** Our president, Herbert Hoover, has a full page in a recent issue of *Variety*. Can it be that he, too, like so many movie stars, is considering the stage when his contract is up?

**Let's End It All:** I don't understand why so much fuss was made about the monkey picture "Ingagi" being a fake. It isn't the first time that men have played apes. And locales are being faked right along by the Dunning process.

But even I was disillusioned when Mack Sennett confessed that he didn't use real custard pies in his comedies but just confections of paper and paint.

Has Hollywood no honor?

**An Eyelash Athlete:** I am informed by my spies that the person who derricked Miss Dietrich's eyelashes into place was paid one hundred and twenty-five dollars a week. I don't know how much the Sandow is paid for affixing Miss Garbo's. Or Miss Compson's. But anyhow there seems to be a future in this line, and I am subscribing to Strongfortism.

**Hard Times For Stars:** Producers are slashing star salaries. Since the talkies (*Continued on page 125*)





Photograph by Gene Robert Richee

MARLENE DIETRICH





Photograph by Hurrell

ANITA PAGE





Photograph by Elmer Fryer

MARIAN MARSH





Photograph by Kahle

VIRGINIA CHERRILL





Photograph by Hurrell

RAMON NOVARRO





Photograph by Otto Dyar

JUNE COLLYER





Photograph by Otto Dyar

RICHARD ARLEN



# Spring Is Here!

A Preview of the New Hollywood Fashions

By ROSALIND SHAFFER



WITH the overwhelming changes in fashions that have taken place during the past year, women have been jarred out of all the pleasant paths of fashion in which they have been accustomed to walk. On all sides is the wail, "The new fashions are pretty, yes—but what can a woman of my type wear?" There is an easy answer to that question. Go to the movies, and with the advice of three of Hollywood's most famous designers, you may look at the mode on the screen that will answer your questions for you. Just what suits your type; what are the pitfalls for your type in the present fashions, and just what details in fashion will set you off to the best advantage, the movie designers will tell you, referring to stars on the screen.

Max Ree, famous as the man who first dealt with the problem of how to gown Greta Garbo, who has designed at three studios, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, First National, and now at RKO, we consulted on the subject of the importance of lines in the new mode. As Max Ree is essentially an architect, who designs sets and buildings as well as clever clothes, lines are a fetish with him. A nice sense of proportion guides all Ree's designing; the relation between the length of a skirt and the type of sleeve to be worn with it operates according to definite rules that apply to all modes.

WHEN Greta Garbo was first entrusted to Max Ree, for her first picture in America, the problem of a tall slender girl with a swan's neck added to her height, was met by the beautiful and striking Elizabethan collar Ree made for her. It added the horizontal balance needed for the long gown. Ree explains that the present mode of long bouffant gowns has brought with it the puff sleeve, inevitably, as a balance is needed for the fulness of the skirt. These underlying balances of lines, he says are at the base of every beautiful gown; unconsciously the eye is soothed by harmonious line, and the style is a success.

This is the credo of Max Ree; the lines must be right or no effect of color or material can compensate for the lack of proper balance in the lines of a gown.

"By means of the proper manipulation of lines," says Max Ree, "any style can be adapted to any woman. While some women are at their best in certain styles, sometimes for variety, or to add piquancy, it is possible to gain interesting and beautiful effects by contrasting the personality to some degree with the mode. We are all familiar with pictures of very sexy beauties, taken in the habit of a nun. The effect is striking.

"On this same principle, a woman with the personality of Billie Dove, who is feminine and alluring, and whose beauty is in her soft curves, can be still more attractive in a tailored mode. The effect of the severe

suit, with the warm vibrant beauty of Miss Dove, is like that of a tall, cool, green vase with a lovely rose blossoming forth in all its warm glorious color. But the lines of such a suit off Miss Dove would have to be adapted and would not be as severely tailored as those for a more mannish type of

Bebe Daniels, who is classified as an exotic type, wears a gown designed in particularly flattering lines. The skirt has a "hitched up" effect in front, emphasized by three wide flounces. Not for the tall, angular girl.



# Outstanding Features of the New Mode are the Bolero, the Puff Sleeve, the Long Bouffant Skirt, the Princess Line, and the Empire Style With Its High Waistline

beauty with a straight line figure and cold reserved personality.

"Lingerie touches, or the introduction of more detail of pocket, lapels, belts, and accessories, would suit her type best in the tailored mode.

"The lines of the mode, then, must be adapted to the personality of the wearer. Personalities are involved in the physical proportions of the woman, of course.

"I WOULD say that women group themselves as conservative and glamorous and exotic and vivacious, for want of better terms. In the first class, the ladylike type is meant: Corinne Griffith, Mary Astor, Irene Rich, Norma Shearer, are examples. In the second grouping, the glamorous ones, come Greta Garbo, Lilian Tashman, Dolores Del Rio. The exotics, typified by their curved slenderness and dark coloring, include Estelle Taylor and Bebe Daniels. The vivacious or sport type, those girls with straight-line figures and of short height, include Dorothy Mackaill, Alice White, Dorothy Lee.

"The conservative ladylike type can wear the long, slender lines of the mode most successfully. The sweeping trains, the trailing drapes, accent their dignity, their gracefulness, their 'slow motion' personalities. These modes give a ladylike quality to the wearer. A short woman can not wear these things, as they would make her look ridiculous. Personality can vary this rule this far: a short, slender woman, as Norma Shearer or Glöria Swanson, can with care wear this type of gown, for their movements are studiously graceful and flowing, and they are clever enough to use their head-dresses to carry out the tall effect. You can watch the hair of both of these women carefully to notice how they gain this taller effect in the way they dress it.

"For a short, peppy girl with quick, jerky movements to wear such a mode would be all wrong, as her movements would disarrange the drapes and make her look like an Isadora Duncan dancing the Charleston.

"The glamorous girls, like Tashman and Garbo, may wear the

most sophisticated modes. These girls may wear extreme fashions because both their perfect figures and their personalities display spectacular modes to advantage. Further along, I will discuss the exotics and the vivacious types.

"Outstanding features of the new mode are the bolero, the puff sleeve, the long skirts, the Princess lines, the



For tall, slender, luxurious ladies is this hostess gown worn by Kay Francis. It is of peach silk chiffon velvet and its voluminous folds fall in cape-like sleeves and terminate in a train. Only the sedate, the serene and the poised can get away with a train.



# Let the Motion Picture Screen Show You What



Empire mode, and the Grecian mode for evening wear. The high waistline, is part of the Grecian mode, though it is also Empire; we must remember our history here and recall that during the Empire, there was a revival of everything Greek. Hence, Empire is adapted Greek.

**T**HERE are both dangers and advantages in each of these new features of the mode. Because of the latitude of choice, choosing becomes just that much more difficult.

"The bolero is a very dangerous thing. The small, slim girl must not suppose that here is something cute, to be slipped on in a minute with no thought. It takes the tall, slender figure, almost of perfection, to wear a bolero successfully. This is because it does two things; for the short girl it is bad, because it gives her a horizontal line cutting across her middle, which shortens her still more. For the taller woman, who has not a slender waist, and trim slender hips, it exposes her in those two places unmercifully. Only perfection can afford to be so displayed. The length of the bolero must

be studied with great care, as for every one there is a different length that is just right; guessing wrong on the length spoils the whole effect.

"The short girl should think of the bolero as the head of the tassel, and of her skirt length as the fringe. When the head of the tassel is too long for the length of the fringe, the effect is out of proportion. The short girl in a bolero would look like a shaving brush. The bolero, then, is for the tall, slender woman, of the conservative, or glamorous type. It is not for the short type, nor for the well-rounded figure of the exotic type.

"The Grecian mode is beautiful and interesting, but here, too, the short girl, who has been the darling of the mode for so long, is at a disadvantage.

On this page are two types of tailored costume. This suit, worn by Rita La Roy at the left, is the correct and fashionable thing for Spring. Notice that the accessories add that touch of elegance. Below, Kay Francis wears a more formal black and white ensemble. This Spring, black velvet, edged with ermine, is one of the luxuries of the new mode.

The vivacious type is lost in the swirl of classic draperies, and becomes ridiculous. The conservative and the glamorous type both can wear Grecian modes to advantage, supposing of course that they make the most flattering personal adaptations of the details.

"Outstanding points of the Greek mode are the high waistline, the draped





# to Wear and How and When to Wear It

bodice, with the cowl-like collar sometimes worn, and the tiny pleatings sometimes used in the skirt draperies. This tiny pleating comes to us from the garments on the figures in the frieze of the Parthenon, in ancient Greece. When used on the skirt of a gown, these pleatings act like elastic, moulding the figure in a very revealing way. This suggests the inadvisability of a too generously proportioned figure using such a mode. The Grecian mode suggests a pure coolness, ideal for the conservative type, and interesting and contrasting for the glamorous type.

"The exotic type, with its curved slenderness which is in contrast to the straighter lines of the conservative and the glamorous, and with its strong suggestion of sex, is best clothed in the Egyptian mode, always revived side by side with the Greek, for the warmer type of beauty. Billie Dove, Estelle Taylor, Bebe Daniels, would do well to prefer this to the Grecian. The Egyptian mode brings the pleatings or drapings into a

Mary Brian goes in for simplicity, which is as it should be. Notice the trimming carried out in crystal in a key design to harmonize with the Grecian lines of this gown.

Sharon Lynn is so slender that her costumes must be adapted to give her those fashionable curves. Sophie Wachner designed this gown, which has a fitted bodice, with jewel ornaments and a very bouffant skirt with horizontal banding to give her wide lines.



panel down the front, and ties with a snug scarf about the hips, in front. This scarf outlines the hips revealingly. The sash or scarf tied directly in front is an accenting feature of this erotic mode. It is interesting to see how human psychology is eternally the same, for in Egypt and India from earliest times, the temple girls always wore the belt tied in front. Gloria Swanson too, can wear these exotic things. Her vibrant dramatic personality carries them well. For the average woman this style is best left alone; it can only be handled by a sophisticate.

"IN this matter of remembering how important correct lines are in dress, women should bear in mind the great importance of a headdress to accompany a gown. It should complement it; a Grecian gown without a suggestion of Greek in the coiffure would be utterly ruined.

"Lilyan Tashman cleverly designed for herself a Grecian headdress of flat curls arranged in a semi-circle around the ears. Her inspiration was a beautiful head on an old Greek coin. This she wore with a Grecian gown carried out in white, with silver sandals lined in green velvet.

"Gloria Swanson, with the handicap of a head much too large artistically for her body, has adopted a way of doing her hair snug to her head, with a roll behind. This minimizes the apparent size of the head and, with high heels and the cleverly done lines of her gowns, she balances her head size and gains apparent height. If her gowns are not worn extremely long, she is almost sure to have a floating panel that achieves the long



# What is Your Type?

# Are You Exotic, Vivacious,



effect. Swanson is always worth studying on the screen, for both her hairdresses and for the ways she achieves height with her gowns.

"IN the class of the slender small girl whose charm is her vivacity, we find Dorothy Lee, Sue Carol, Dorothy Mackaill and Alice White. These girls are at their best in sports clothes, for daytime, and for evening, without too long a skirt, without drapes so that their vivacious, alert, abrupt movements will not be impeded by the flowing lines of their garments. For such girls, pleats, inset panels, and other mediums that allow for freedom of movement, yet return to the slim, flat line when the wearer is at rest, are much to be preferred. The evening mode for these girls may be charming, but should tend towards informality and away from grand effects.

"The tailored mode has returned this year with renewed popularity. I believe that this is the one mode, that with adaptations, can be universally becoming. It has much to recommend it both from the standpoint of economy, and of fittingness, for a woman is garbed correctly from breakfast till dinner for any occasion in a tailored suit. The study of lines in this case is highly important. Accessories are also most important,

as they may produce a severe or feminine or luxurious effect, all with the same suit. Blouses, lingerie touches, lapel bouquets, handkerchiefs may vary with their type the effect of the suit.

"Now as to lines in the tailored suit. The girl who is very tall and slender will do well to employ a belted line on her suit coat, perhaps also a yoke on the skirt to cut the up and down line; a short jacket will provide still another way of introducing a horizontal line for the tall and slender one.

"The medium height and build may wear the severe tailored mode with few variations, while the plumper type should wear a jacket of three-quarters or seven-eighths length. Vertical seams, diagonal seams that tend more towards the vertical than the horizontal will aid in the slenderizing effect on this long coat for the tailleur. Lines of the material handled vertically,

V joinings on the side seams, groups of tucks and stitched pleated panels add to the variety of slenderizing effect obtainable."

A correct, practical and becoming street dress for the tall slender girl, worn by Marguerite Churchill. The full upper arm of the sleeves gives a good shoulder line and the bolero waist gives width to the figure. Below, Loretta Young wears this formal tea gown. The shirring, which extends from the waistline to the knees, is an unusual feature of the costume and might be adapted to other types of dress. The sleeves and train are really merely a large square of chiffon artfully draped on the figure.

GILBERT ADRIAN, designer for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, approaches the matter of the modern mode for this interview from the angle of suiting the personality with its own style. While, like Ree, he realizes the importance of lines, his advice on the adapting of the modern mode to the individual's own personality is most interesting. Lati-





# Sedate, Glamorous or a Slim Sport Type?

tude in this regard—of adapting the mode to one's own personality—is broader for the woman with a good figure than for those not so blessed, of course; but here is Mr. Adrian broadcasting:

"Women should realize that the most important thing they possess is their personality. This is what makes them interesting and gives life and importance to their beauty. There is no real cause for distress in viewing the new modes; in all the ages, women have been divided into the same types that they are today. Clothes are made for women, to beautify them. Modes change, but types do not. All modes are adaptable. Impractical things, of the extreme sort, are often regarded as the mode; this is wrong, for what makes a mode successful is its universal becomingness. Eccentric modes may influence the fashion; they never lead it.

"In the new mode, the puff sleeve and the bolero both are charming; but aside from the problem of how these lines affect the wearer's apparent height and weight, I would

If you have a really beautiful, clothes-proof figure, study this gown worn by Claudette Colbert at the right. It has an old-fashioned, tight-fitting basque bodice and a long circular skirt banded luxuriously in kolinsky fur.

A gown for the young and vivacious Sue Carol (shown below) and therefore a good model for dark, snappy and sparkling girls. It is of flowered taffeta, made with a bolero jacket effect, and accented by a perky bow at the waistline.

Designed by Max Ree.



stress that these modes are not for everyone. The puff sleeve is very naive; it is most suitable for the debutante type, the ingenue, anyone with a youthful, fragile charm. Lillian Gish I think of as ideal for the puff sleeve.

"The bolero has a dashing, vivacious imputation; youth and sparkling vitality, a breezy, effervescent nature is reflected in the bolero. Joan Crawford with her slender, slightly tall figure has the right lines for a bolero, and her personality is ideal for it.

"Pleats, too, prominent in the mode, are not for everybody. Pleats like the bolero, suggest a breeziness, a youthfulness and vivacity in the personality; the reserved personality, or the nature type, will avoid this suggestion of sports wear in her afternoon garments. The heavy figure is accented in pleats, because they bulge, and also because the pleated line is short, unless carried from the shoulder to the hem. A fine pleating is more advisable rather than the wide sports pleat.

"THERE is a great richness in the mode for this year; with metallic brocades and cloths, heavily embroidered velvets, fur trimmings done lavishly, and many exquisite fabrics. Sequins and heavy beadings are to the fore again. These things should never be worn by an immature young girl, and preferable only by women with a queenly regal air. Lilyan Tashman, Kay Francis, Gloria Swanson, wear these things (*Continued on page 104*)





Photograph by Gene Robert Richee

THAT JACK OAKIE SMILE/





Little Mitzi Green gives a party. Here you see the cake ceremony with Marion Smith and Lois Jane Campbell seated, and, left to right, Mitzi, Billy Butts, Nancy Crowley, Phillipe De Lacy, Dawn O'Day, Leon Janney and Junior Coghlan.

# HOW HOLLYWOOD ENTERTAINS

BY  
EVELYN GRAY

**H**OLLYWOOD'S youngest generation breaks into the entertainment column every now and again for kiddies do like parties just as well as their elders.

The latest social event was a birthday party given by Mitzi Green, at her home in Beverly Hills. Mitzi is just nine, but she proved a very gay little hostess and invited eight of her friends to enjoy the afternoon.

Of course, the chief things about a children's party are the games and what young Leon Janney, one of the guests, called "the eats." Which, after all, isn't so different from the grown-ups, is it?

The house was very prettily decorated with big bowls of bright flowers and of course no one was allowed in the dining-room until time for the combination tea and supper.

Mitzi wore a dainty little frock of vari-colored chiffon, made in a series of pleated ruffles, each a different shade of pastel.

The first game was the oldest of all favorites—pinning the tail on the donkey. And what a donkey it was. Not satisfied with (*Continued on page 123*)

Hostess Mitzi won the ring-throwing contest. Philipe De Lacy and Billy Butts are acting as judges.





# Then and Now

On the second floor of this unpretentious house at No. 857 73rd Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., lived the Bows in 1922. Clara Bow was then a school girl. Her father worked in Coney Island. Her mother was a bed-ridden invalid. The little red-head mailed a cheap postcard picture of herself to several motion picture magazines then conducting a contest. The winner was to be given a screen opportunity. Clara Bow won. Below is the rear entrance to the house, still owned by Mrs. Onorina Berni. Clara Bow used to sit on the second step on sunny afternoons, read of Norma Talmadge and Anita Stewart and conjure up mad fancies of stardom.



Below is the bedroom once occupied by little Clara Bow. Tiny Rita Bagnucca is pointing to the bed where the future star dreamed of far off Hollywood. How remote that seemed in those days.







Above, the home of Clara Bow in Hollywood today. A long step from the tiny flat on 73rd Street in Brooklyn. With it has come fame and much money. Also heartaches, the pain of disillusionment and the ache of tattered romance. Little girls in quiet streets of many towns now dream of her golden fortune.



Right, the ornate bedroom of the IT girl in her Hollywood home. Here alone is Clara Bow safe from the gossip mongers bent upon tearing good fortune from her grasp. Here no doubt she herself dreams of those dingy but untroubled days in that half-forgotten Brooklyn bedroom.

Brooklyn Photographs  
by Arthur Pileri



# Ask DAD, He Knows



Upper-left, Phillips Holmes and his father, Taylor Holmes. Dad is a well-known stage actor. Born in New Jersey, he began his professional career as an entertainer in vaudeville when he was twenty-seven. He is married to Edna Phillips. Dad is an accomplished pianist and has a home in Los Angeles, although he spends most of his time in New York.



Center, Bill Powell and his father, Horatio W. Powell. Dad was born in West Middlesex, Pennsylvania. He attended Duff's Business College and later worked in an office for an agricultural implement house. He met Mrs. Powell in Pittsburgh, married her and moved to Kansas City. Until he moved to Hollywood with his wife three years ago, Mr. Powell was associated with the First Mortgage Farm Loan Company of Kansas City. He is now retired from business.

You have heard a lot about Bert Rogers, father of Buddy. He was born in Olathe, Kansas, and for nine years was a school teacher in Gardner, Kansas, ten miles from Olathe. Later, while school superintendent, he married Maude Moll, with whom he had gone to school. After nine years of teaching, he became a reporter on The Olathe Mirror, and later took over the publishing of the paper. Now, with his wife, he lives in Hollywood with his famous son.





## You Hear a Lot About the Hollywood Mothers. Here's Something About the Fathers

Center, below—June Collyer and her father, Clayton J. Heermance, of New York. Mr. Heermance was born in Glens Falls, N. Y., attended Union College and studied for the law. He was an attorney for twenty-five years. Mr. Heermance is a prominent Elk, being Past Exalted Ruler of No. 1 Lodge. One of his hobbies is the organ.



Upper left—Gary Cooper and his father, Charles H. Cooper, who was born in Bedfordshire, England. Charles Cooper came to America when he was seventeen, and worked in a shoe store in Wisconsin, in a railroad yard and in a Helena, Montana, bake shop. During this time, he studied law at night. He became an attorney and steadily advanced until he was named judge of the Supreme Court at Helena in 1918. He retired from the bench in 1926, when he came to Hollywood with his wife to live with the famous Gary. Mr. Cooper always has been a Shakespearean student.



Little Mitzi and her dad, known to vaudeville as Joe Keno, are shown at the left. Born in New York City, Joe Green began life as an errand boy in a real estate office. Always an active athlete, Joe succeeded a man named Keno in the variety act of Keno, Welch and Montrose. Thus Joe Green became Joe Keno. He later appeared in many musical comedies and with his wife, Rose Green, became a vaudeville favorite. Keno and Green no longer tour the variety houses, for they live in Hollywood with the famous Mitzi. Little Mitzi, by the way, has an older brother attending school in New York.





Photograph by Earl Crowley

## MARY BRIAN

After playing the sophisticated younger daughter of the mad Cavendish in "The Royal Family of Broadway," Miss Brian returns to the saddle again in "Gun Smoke," in which she offers the love interest opposite Richard Arlen.



# Call it LUCK

But Monroe Owsley Says it is  
Eight Years of Hard Unrelenting  
Work Behind the Footlights

By HARRY N. BLAIR



**T**HE long arm of coincidence. Reaching out to pull the strings that sway our actions—and destiny. Thus it came about that I found myself interviewing Monroe Owsley, the world-weary young brother of "Holiday," whom I had last seen a dozen years before, when we were both kids in the same neighborhood in Philadelphia. In those days he answered to the name of "Buck," which his intimates still call him.

Right now, in case you don't know, this Owsley boy is sitting pretty much on top of the world. He can take his pick of offers from both stage and screen producers. The fact is all the more amazing when you consider that just a year ago he landed in Hollywood without a job. He is rightfully resentful when the unthinking remark on how lucky he has been. They rave about his "lucky break" without realizing that back of his success are eight long years of hard work in the theater.

It is his proud boast that during the entire time he has paid his own way, despite absurd tales of a wealthy and indulgent parent. "I've never been 'in the red,' either," he admits. "Always, when down to my last dollar, something was bound to turn up." During one of these off periods Owsley decided to give up the stage and indulge his flair for writing. He enrolled for the journalistic course at Columbia University, at the same time doing some coaching of semi-professional theatricals on the side.

**A**T this stage of the game he was living in a modest boarding house on West 88th Street. Included among the boarders was a very blonde and capable stenographer who one day announced that she had given up her job to become an actress. Here coincidence first played a part in his career, for the girl was Ann Harding and Monroe some years later appeared in "Holiday," in which she was the star. No one is more enthusiastic about the former stenographer's success. "Ann always was a grand person," he exclaims, with enthusiasm.

He also is tickled over the success of Bob Montgomery, with whom he often "ate beans," not so long ago, when both were making the rounds of the Broadway casting offices, hoping for a break.

Back in the old days, when all the other boys were planning business careers, "Buck" Owsley knew that he wanted to be an actor. Needless to say, this idea rather

Monroe Owsley scored as the world-weary young brother in Ann Harding's "Holiday." That hit has established him on the screen. Born in Philadelphia, Owsley had a tough time getting started on the stage. Not so many years ago he was living in a New York boarding house, out of a job. Another boarder was Ann Harding, then a stenographer.

disturbed his parents since there had never been any previous theatrical leanings in the family. In seeming submission, he started to prepare for Yale, upon completing High School. Meanwhile, he tried his hand at journalism by acting as cub reporter for *The Philadelphia Ledger*. He's not ashamed to admit there was also a brief period when he served as gas station attendant. He also used to burn up the roads between Kalamazoo and the Quaker City, driving in cars for the Roamer automobile sales agency. Wallace Reid was starring in a racing series around that time and, no doubt, the stage-struck youngster used to imagine himself in his idol's place. Surely he never dared to dream that one day he would be playing featured roles in pictures.

When the urge to act could no longer be put off, he hopped a train for New York, instead of going to Yale, as his parents had planned. Daily visits to the agencies, extending over weeks, netted him little encouragement. Finally, when he was down to the proverbial last dollar, there came a chance to play in a tent show, about to tour the South. The result was one hundred and twenty one-night stands in small hamlets, playing in "The Meanest Man in the World." It was an experience that would have discouraged the average stage-struck youngster, but it merely served to heighten Owsley's ambition for a Broadway career. He remembers only the amusing part of it now and tells how, in rainy weather, he was obliged to hike up the white flannels required for the part, while making a bee line through the mud, from the dressing tent. "And it rained most of the time," he adds.

**H**E next understudied Glenn Hunter in "Merton of the Movies." It was around this time that he played a tiny bit in "Jim the Penman," at the old Whitman Bennett film studio, outside of New York. "The strange part of it is that Lionel (Continued on page 119)





# MOVIE BOUDOIRS

## KAY FRANCIS

All the furnishings of Kay Francis' boudoir are of the Louis XIV period. Green, cream, orchid and canary yellow are the colors incorporated in the hangings, upholstery and carpeting.

Miss Francis is shown at her writing table at the top of this page.

At the left is Miss Francis' Louis XIV dressing table. The table and chair are done in a restful shade of green. An orange-colored design adorns the two pieces. The top of the table is gray marble. On the table are two marble and gold candlesticks, two marble and gold powder containers, two black and gold perfume bottles, a crystal powder and perfume set, an atomizer, and a gold cold cream container.







Top, a corner of Miss Francis' boudoir, showing the canopied bed, the French night tables with their modernistic lamps of glass and yellow chiffon, the green brocaded chaise longue, and dark green, hand-carved screen, the green desk and the lace and green taffeta draped windows.

The bed, which is a fine example of Louis XIV art, is upholstered in green moiré and painted with yellow roses. The drapes are of dusty orchid, which exactly matches the color of the carpet. Right, a closer view of the chaise longue with Miss Francis herself reclining upon it. The framework of the chaise longue is enameled in cream, accented with gold leaf. The upholstery is of pale green brocade, and the pillows are of orchid and gold.

Note the elaborate treatment of the windows, with curtains of cream lace and overdrapes of apple-green taffeta. Narrow ruffles border the overdrapes.



PHOTOGRAPHS  
BY OTTO DYAR





Photograph by Otto Dyar

CAROLE LOMBARD



# APRIL



ENGRAVED BY  
JOHN  
HELD JR

M	W	Lunations, Facts, Advice, Prophecies, etc.	M	W	Lunations, Facts, Advice, Prophecies, etc.
1	Wed.	1883: Lon Chaney born in Colorado Springs, Colo. 1899: Nita Naldi born in New York. 1900: Mary Miles Minter born in Shreveport, La.	17	Fri.	1909: Mary Brian (Mary Louise Dantzler) born in Texas. New moon tonight.
2	Thurs.	First day of Passover. Full moon tonight. What about that Easter hat?	18	Sat.	1913: First efficiency man is imported to Hollywood.
3	Fri.	Good Friday.	19	Sun.	1775: Battle of Lexington. 1900: Connie Talmadge born at Brooklyn.
4	Sat.	1921: "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari" startles movie fans.	20	Mon.	1913: First Hollywood efficiency man looks worried.
5	Sun.	Easter Sunday. Pray for clear skies, so that your new dress won't be harmed.	21	Tues.	1898: Diplomatic relations between United States and Spain broken. 1903: Dorothy Sebastian born at Birmingham, Ala.
6	Mon.	1910: Nancy Drexel (Dorothy Kitchen) born in New York.	22	Wed.	1913: The first efficiency man imported to Hollywood retires to a sanitarium.
7	Tues.	1901: Gavin Gordon born in Chicora, Miss.	23	Thurs.	1791: James Buchanan born in Pennsylvania.
8	Wed.	1513: Ponce de Leon lands in Florida in search of the fountain of youth. 1893: Mary Pickford born in Toronto. 1930: Daughter Dolores born to Mr. and Mrs. John Barrymore.	24	Fri.	B.C. 753: Beginning of the Roman Era. 1898: War declared on United States by Spain. Regretted later.
9	Thurs.	1865: Lee surrenders at Appomattox. 1879: Thomas Meighan born at Pittsburgh. Moon in last quarter.	25	Sat.	1920: Pretty Clairine Seymour dies during the making of "Way Down East." Moon in first quarter tonight.
10	Fri.	1868: George Arliss born in London, England. 1898: Agnes Ayres born at Carbondale, Ill.	26	Sun.	Confederate Memorial Day in Alabama, Florida, Georgia and Mississippi. 1899: Guinn (Big Boy) Williams born at Decatur, Tex.
11	Sat.	1814: Napoleon abdicates. 1891: Marshall Neilan born at San Bernardino, Cal. 1914: Eclectic Film Company announces Pearl White in "The Perils of Pauline."	27	Mon.	1822: Ulysses S. Grant born in Ohio.
12	Sun.	1861: Fort Sumter fired on. First overt act of "The Birth of a Nation."	28	Tues.	1893: Harold Lloyd born at Burchard, Nebraska.
13	Mon.	1743: Thomas Jefferson born in Virginia.	29	Wed.	1931: On this day give a thought to Sigrid Holmquist, "the Swedish Mary Pickford," Olga Petrova, Mary Miles Minter and the Lee Twins.
14	Tues.	1860: First pony express arrives at Frisco from St. Joseph, Mo. This was a 9-day jaunt. 1865: Abraham Lincoln shot by J. Wilkes Booth. 1897: Claire Windsor born at Cawker City, Kan.	30	Thurs.	1789: Washington inaugurated President. 1902: David Manners (David Acklom) born at Halifax, Nova Scotia.
15	Wed.	1865: Death of Abraham Lincoln. 1890: Wallace Reid born at St. Louis, Mo.			
16	Thurs.	1889: Charlie Chaplin born in London.			

Watch for This Feature Every Month

Birthstones for April: Ancient, the Sapphire. Modern, the Diamond. The diamond is said to betoken innocence.



# REVIEWS

**Y**OU are in danger of being satiated with covered wagons during the next month or so.

For instance, there's Paramount's own epic, "Fighting Caravans," an attempt to re-awaken that fine early Lasky pioneer spirit of "The Covered Wagon." However, despite the obviously heavy expenditure, the elusive old spirit doesn't revive.

Once again the camera portrays those hardy folk who braved the dangers of the plains and the perils of redskins to settle the far West. This time, of course, there's dialogue, war whoops and other sounds.

The hero is a gaunt, fearless young scout (Gary Cooper), while the Parisian accent of Lily Damita is explained by making the heroine a pretty French-American from Vincennes. Tully Marshall and Ernest Torrence, the comic relief of "The Covered Wagon," are back again as those thirsty old pals, Jim Bridger and Bill Jackson. Once again—with sounds, of course—they unsteadily shoot beer mugs off each other's head.

To be honest, "Fighting Caravans" is rather dull. And those two old scouts turn out to be dreadful bores.

## The Problem of the Hero's Wife

**A** LITTLE better is Radio Pictures' "Cimarron," based on Edna Ferber's novel. This presents the lengthy and episodic panorama of the adventurous career of Yancey Cravat, who takes part in the 1889 Oklahoma land rush, helps settle the boom town of Osage, wanders off in search of new adventures, rides with Roosevelt at San Juan Hill and then comes home to die, a tattered derelict.

The real story of "Cimarron" is the tragedy of the wife, Sabra Cravat, who builds her own lonely success. Indeed, "Cimarron" seems to point the moral that the good old pioneers were fine historical figures but tough to have—and keep—around the house.

Richard Dix is the incorrigible Yancey, a difficult, florid role that totters along the edge of being too actory for belief. Dix, however, does well with the part; Irene Dunne, a newcomer, is satisfactory in the part of the wife, subordinated for stellar reasons; while George E. Stone steals a real hit as a young Jewish peddler who grows up with Osage to become its leading merchant. This is a sincere bit. Fine, too, is Edna May Oliver as a garrulous pioneer matron.

## Miss Garbo Gets a Vote

**T**HE picture this month destined to arouse most of your interest is Metro-Goldwyn's "Inspiration," starring Greta Garbo. The plot of this story of the Latin Quarter isn't anything to surprise you. Miss Garbo is Yvonne, who has been something more than the inspiration of quite a few of Paris' best artists and sculptors. She gives it all up for a handsome young chap, her first real love. When he learns of her past, he fails to understand and walks out.

There is much more to this story but it does not matter. Miss Garbo is quite breathtaking as Yvonne. She advances many strides in surety with her English dialogue and does the whole thing superbly. Maybe it is not the function of a critic to decide between Miss Garbo and Marlene Dietrich, but, after "Inspiration," I cast my vote for the glorious Swede.

Miss Garbo's support is excellent. Robert Montgomery is the priggish lad who never makes up his mind about Yvonne and there are excellent bits by Lewis Stone as an elderly patron of the arts and by Kavan Morley as his studio light o' love.

Scenes from pictures reviewed in this issue, top to bottom: "Fighting Caravans," "The Right to Love," "Beau Ideal," "One Heavenly Night," "The Bat Whispers" and "Paid," all prominent film productions of the month.

**Presenting Constance Bennett**  
**"THE Easiest Way,"** Metro-Goldwyn's talkie of Eugene Walter's old play once done so movingly behind the Belasco footlights by Frances Starr, turns out to be an "Inspiration" before an American backdrop. This time the heroine, Laura Murdock, becomes the inspiration of an elderly boss of a big advertising agency, only





# Comments Upon the Important New Motion Pictures and Film Personalities

BY FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

to give up her ornate futuristic apartment because of her love for a poor young newspaper man.

The popular Constance Bennett is Laura Murdock and she suffers graphically and charmingly in cloth of gold pajamas. Here again Robert Montgomery is the young man who upsets indolent young ladies' lives. Adolphe Menjou is the big advertising daddy.

It seems to me that "The Easiest Way" does not equal its stage original. Too much time is spent explaining why the heroine had to adopt her easy path. The original Laura Murdock was just a decorative weakling. And the ending will surprise old timers. In the film, Laura stands in the snow outside her married sister's house, watching the Christmas tree decorating in progress within. In the play, she slammed the door on her elderly patron, remarking that she was on her way "to Rector's or to Hell."

## Another Tough Killer

**M**ONTH by month we grow a bit more calloused in our acceptance of the gangster. He crowds the front pages, he adorns our novels, he sneers through our films. First National's "Little Caesar" was the novel of that name by W. G. Burnett. It traces the rise and fall of one Rico Bandello, who works his ugly way upward, as zealously as Horatio Alger's old-time newsboy heroes, from ordinary, small-town gangster to almost challenger of the big boss of the big town. In the end, he dies behind a billboard, mowed down by a police machine gun, but not until he has shot his way to power.

This hardboiled film has a lot of suspense and force. Some is due to Mervyn LeRoy's shrewd direction but most comes from Edward G. Robinson's remorseless playing of the homicidal bandit, squat, sinister, vain, completely savage in his quest of power. Here is a bloody but unforgettable portrait.

There are two swell lesser performances in "Little Caesar." One is the Tony Massara of Doug Fairbanks, Jr. The other is the hysterical, doomed gangster of Willie Collier, Jr.

## Trick Photography

**P**ARAMOUNT'S newest Ruth Chatterton film, "The Right to Love," is a farmland tragedy that plods along rather tediously. Its point of novelty lies in the way Miss Chatterton plays both mother and daughter with the aid of the Dunning process. This enables characters played by the same person to pass each other across the whole field of scene. For instance, Miss Chatterton, as the mother, pins a locket on herself as the daughter.

"The Right to Love" is based on Susan Glaspell's novel, "Brook Evans." This tells the story of Naomi Kellogg's marriage—with the bridegroom's knowledge that she is to have a baby by another, now dead. The child, Brook, grows up and comes to think she owes everything to the man who has been a father to her through all the years. The clash between mother and daughter on this question of sacrifice is the drama of "The Right to Love."

It is interesting to watch Miss Chatterton, as the mother, steal scene after scene from Miss Chatterton, as the daughter. Otherwise the story is dour and drab.

## Joan Crawford Advances

**A**LTHOUGH Joan Crawford returns to jazzy step-ins in her next Metro-Goldwyn film, she is excellent as the unhappy, emotional heroine of Bayard Veiller's old melodrama, "Within the Law," transformed into a talkie called "Paid."

Back in 1912 "Within the Law" was a sensation. It related how Mary Turner, a department store clerk, had been sent unjustly to prison. After three years, she is released. Then she sets out to keep within the law and yet wreak vengeance. She becomes the leader of a gang of racketeers, arranges that the son of the man who railroaded her to prison will fall in love with her—and then discovers she is in love with him herself.

The melo- (Continued on page 99)

From top to bottom are scenes from the new motion pictures: "Little Caesar," "Kiss Me Again," "Illicit," "Reducing," "No Limit," and "Once a Sinner," reviewed in detail by Frederick James Smith and Lynde Denig







Photograph by Otto Dyar

## Quincy, Ill., Knew Mary Astor as Lucile Langhanke, Daughter of the Local German Instructor

Mary Astor's father is Prussian. Her mother is Portuguese. Miss Astor's real name was Lucile Vasconcellos Langhanke. From babyhood, Lucile's life was shaped towards a successful career as an actress, a musician or a dancer. Her parents left nothing to chance. Step by step, her life was completely and carefully planned.

Beauty she had, but other girls of more striking beauty have gone no further than a typist's desk or the young matron's round of bridge parties. She had personality, a smile for everyone, wonderfully expressive eyes that were reddish-brown at times and hazel at others, and a wealth of soft, curly hair the color of rust with high lights of burnished copper. Still, beauty is not rare in the show business and, alone, it is often a deterrent instead of an aid to success.

FROM her earliest childhood Lucile's life was governed by the clock. She arose and breakfasted with the regularity of a West Point cadet. Her day was completely filled with orderly and carefully planned routine. There were music lessons, elocution lessons, dancing lessons, physical culture work and training in etiquette. Even her menu was scientifically planned. Her parents realized the necessity of a good foundation to a career as an actress.

Behind Lucile Langhanke's rapid rise to stardom looms the indomitable will and determination of her parents. From the day of her birth, possibly even before that, she was destined to a career on the stage and screen.

In the early 1900's, Otto Langhanke, Prussian lineage, migrated to the United States to seek his fortune. Because of his versatility and education he was able to try his hand at many occupations, studying in every spare moment. He became adept as a display card writer and window decorator but aspired to become an educator—a professor of languages. It was while young Langhanke was working in Chicago that the opportunity came for him to study the latest system of teaching German. He mastered his course quickly, and, because of his early education, was qualified to become an instructor.

There were few teaching positions available in Chicago and Otto Langhanke moved westward to seek less crowded fields. Always in demand as a display card artist, he found work in Topeka, Kansas. And it was in Topeka that he found Helen Vasconcellos, a beautiful Portuguese girl, whose family claimed descent from royalty. It was a strange match, but the black hair and eyes of Helen Vasconcellos found favor in the blue eyes of the blond Prussian youth, and a brief courtship assured them they were meant for each other. They decided not to marry, however, until Mr. Langhanke could find more lucrative work. Miss Vasconcellos continued the study and teaching of dramatic art and her German lover waited for a chance to better himself.

EARLY in 1905 that opportunity came. A men's clothing house in Quincy, learning of Langhanke's ability, made him an offer. He accepted it and he and Miss Vasconcellos journeyed to St. Louis, where they were married. They came to Quincy on their honeymoon.

In the dusk of a wintry evening the newly married couple arrived in Quincy from St. Louis. They made

### THE Little Girl who Lived by the Clock.

That is the title her home town bestowed upon Mary Astor, the Cinderella of the Middle West, whose perseverance carried her from poverty to wealth and fame in the films before she was twenty.

She is still little Lucile Langhanke to the folks in Quincy, the Illinois city perched high on the eastern bluffs of the Mississippi River, where she was born twenty-four years ago on May 3 last.

And back in her childhood home everyone knows that the secret of Lucile's success is a rigid program of hard work.



# HOME TOWN STORIES of the STARS

BY DAVID C. TUFFLI  
of The Quincy, Ill., Herald-Whig

their way through insistent cab drivers and walked up the long hill that leads to the business district of the city. Their finances were low and they knew that they must save at every turn until they could get established. The beauty of Quincy impressed them that evening and Mrs. Langhanke believed they had chosen wisely in coming.

The Langhankes found room in a modest flat in the business section of the city, and they were happy in spite of their financial worries. Mr. Langhanke's windows and display cards won praise, but he wanted more than praise—he sought progress. Urged by his wife, he made application to the school board for a position as an instructor in German. He qualified for the position and was placed on the staff of instructors at Quincy High School. Although efficient, Mr. Langhanke was never a popular teacher. He was a strict disciplinarian and based his rules for conduct on those enforced in the German schools. From the outset he antagonized many students, but none could say that he was not a conscientious instructor.

Up to this time the Langhankes had made few friends. Because of his extra work Mr. Langhanke had very little time for social activities. And Mrs. Langhanke was preparing for the arrival of a new member of the Langhanke family. She hoped it would be a girl, for she had so many plans in mind for the child.

And the little Portuguese bride's wish came true. On May 3, 1906, a daughter was born to the Langhankes in Blessing Hospital, a tiny, chubby baby with great brown eyes and a hint of copper-colored hair. Mr. and Mrs. Langhanke were supremely happy. From the very hour that Mr. Langhanke heard its first wail that baby's career was determined. An actress, a musician, a dancer—she might be any of those, but whichever career she chose she would be a headliner; her mother would fight for her success.

A few weeks later the baby was christened Lucile Vasconcellos in St. John's Cathedral, an Episcopal church located in the same block as the home of the Langhankes. Mrs. Arnold Scott of Quincy and Mrs. Robert Wray, now

Right — Mary Astor, then Lucile Langhanke, at the age of five. One of her teachers recalls that she was "beautiful in a rather shy, sweet manner." Her most striking characteristic was a mass of rust-colored hair. Below, is Miss Astor's very first portrait. She was exactly three years old.



of Pasadena, California, were godmothers. They were Mrs. Langhanke's most intimate friends.

Little Lucile was retarded by few illnesses and grew rapidly. She talked plainly before she was two. Even as a very young child her beauty was apparent. Her most striking characteristic was a mass of rust-colored hair, a product of that strange mixture of bloods—Portuguese and German. There were red heads in the Vasconcellos family, but Lucile's hair could be called neither red nor auburn. Her mother's hair was coal black. As a compromise between the blue eyes of her father and the sparkling, black eyes of her mother, Lucile had large brown eyes. She inherited neither the paper white skin of her father nor the swarthy skin of her mother. Hers was of "peaches and cream" texture with subtle coloring.

At first the mother was Lucile's only teacher, but soon she was enrolled under the town's best instructors.  
(Continued on page 107)



# The Favorites of the Kings

(Continued from page 38)



The Prince of Wales (above) is the only member of a royal family anywhere in Europe owning his own talkie apparatus. And—whisper—one of his two favorites is Nancy Carroll (left). The other is Wallace Beery, the roughneck.

said to be becoming to royalty. Buster Keaton is a favorite of the Danish family, and appreciative murmurs at the appearance of Lupe Velez and Adolphe Menjou have been heard.

**S**TILL closer to the Arctic circle, the oldest reigning monarch in Europe, Gustaf V, of Sweden, is at the age of seventy-three perhaps the liveliest of them all. No day goes by but sees him whacking a ball on a tennis court, growling good naturedly at his partners, kidding his opponents, and generally carrying on in a most engaging and unkingly fashion. He has declined to comment on the great Swedish star, but that the royal family adores

her is one of those secrets that everybody in Stockholm knows. They admire Garbo for her art and respect her for her discretion. She is not regarded there as extraordinarily beautiful and one member of the royal family is reported to have said that it is strange that, of all beautiful and talented girls available in Sweden, America should have chosen one who is relatively mediocre.

Gustaf pulled a fast one on the Swedish movie distributors a short time ago. They had arranged, with His Majesty's consent to install a projector in the palace for one day to show talking pictures to the poor children of Stockholm. The stunt was partly publicity, partly charity and was to be a twenty-four hour affair only. The King, however, sat in one afternoon and liked what he saw so much that he (Continued on page 110)

Differing radically from the rulers of Belgium, Wilhelmina, who rules the adjacent Netherlands, doesn't like the movies a snip. The Queen shares the aversion for the movies that is characteristic of a section of the Dutch populace. When invited to a movie, Wilhelmina pleads indisposition, but the real reason for the refusal is the belief that movies, like dancing, and such things, are evil. The Crown Princess Juliana and the Prince Consort Henri sometimes go. Indeed Juliana has shown that she likes films more than a little, although out of respect for her mother does not display her preference too openly.

A little farther North, in Denmark, the gayest small country of Europe, there are numerous instances of royal attendance at the movies incognito. These have mostly occurred in the brief dark days of winter when the sun goes down at 2 o'clock in the afternoon; and never in the evenings. Christian X and other members of his family are regular movie-goers and when they attend they make no great effort to conceal their enjoyment. It is only when the lights flash on that they resume the staid mien

King Carol of Rumania (below) likes those arty, ultra modern films. But he has Hollywood favorites, too. One of them is Louise Fazenda, the comic Cleopatra who toys with the serpent at the right.

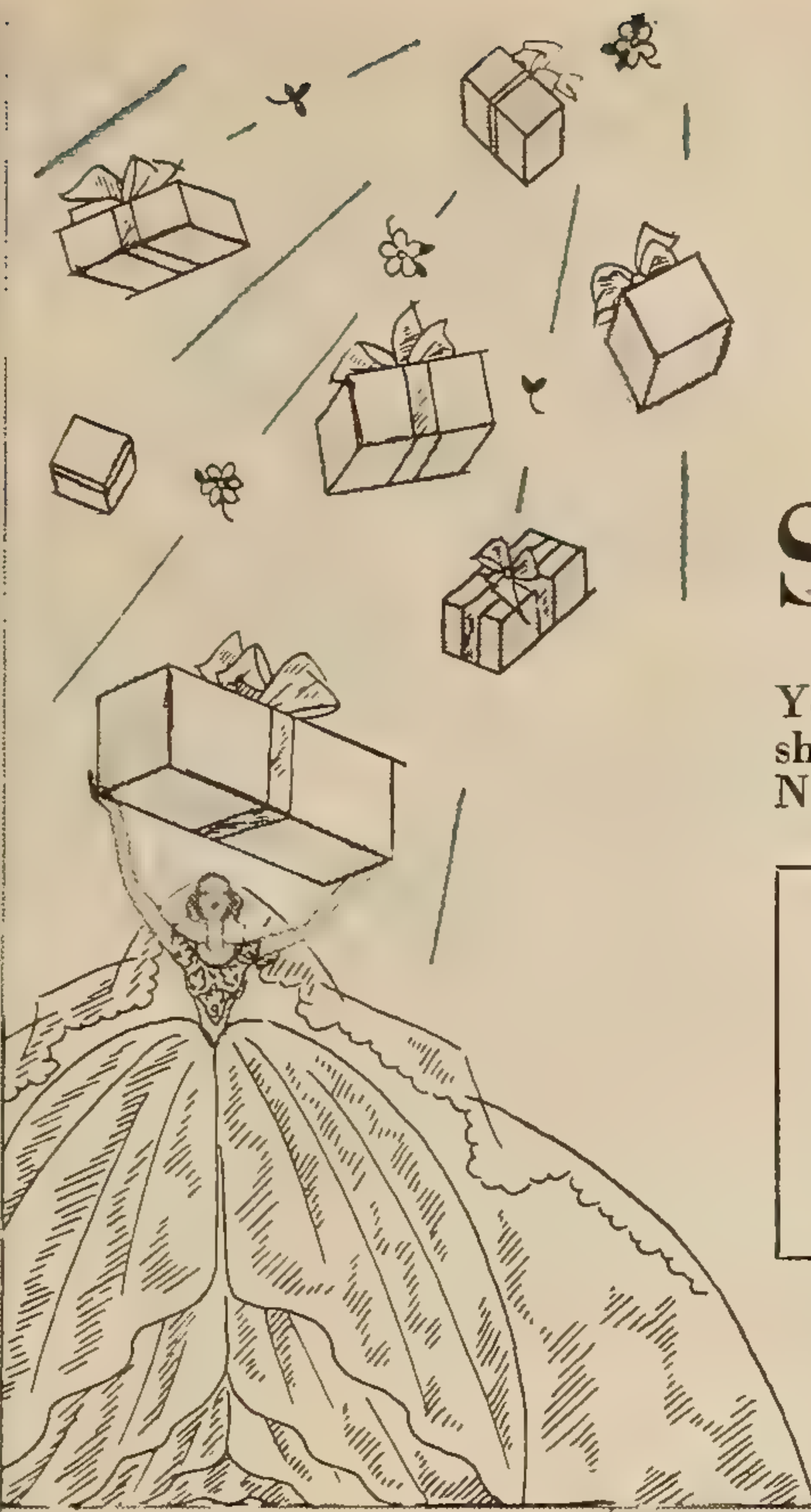






A1. A little money goes a long way if you spend it for ribbon or cretonne to make the work bag at the top, or a string sack and colored yarn for the utility bag at the right. The circular shows how to make these practical gifts as well as the handkerchief case at the left and a mending bag from a dishcloth embroidered with wool.

A3. The engaged girl will be glad to receive attractive cases for knives, forks, spoons and other flat silver of the sort shown below. You will have no trouble in making a full set if you follow directions given in this illustrated circular.

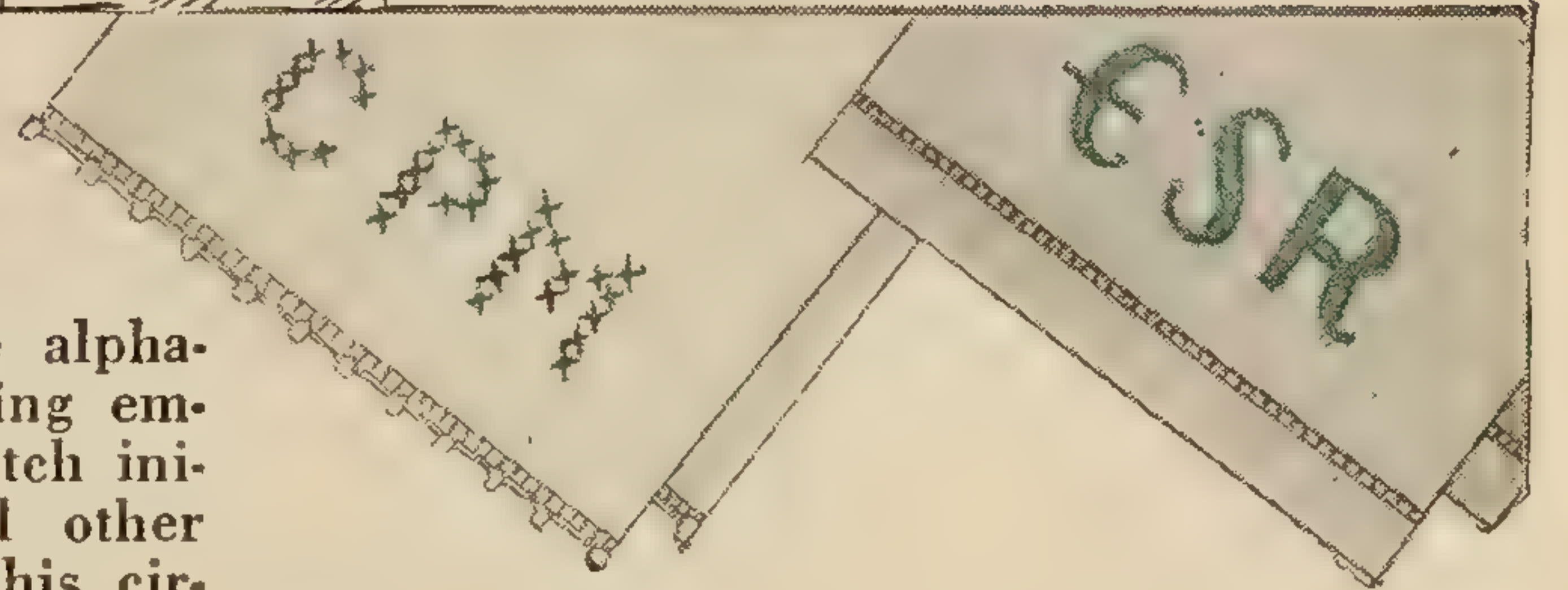


# April Showers for the Spring Bride

You can make any of the useful articles shown on this page with the help of our New Method Circulars.

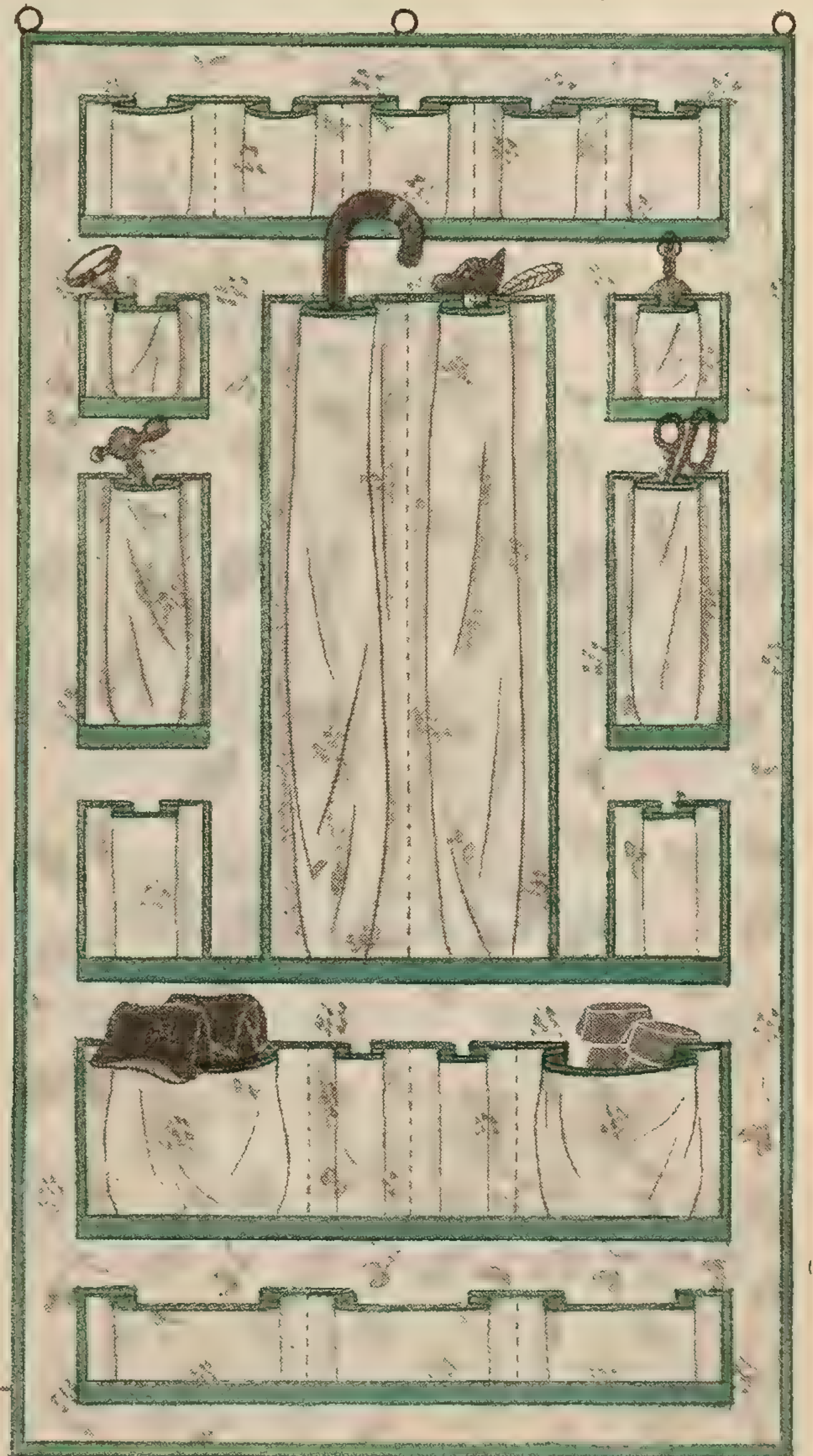
Write to Miss Frances Cowles, in care of this magazine, enclosing four cents for any one circular, ten cents for three circulars or twelve cents for all five circulars. Be sure to indicate which circular you want by the number given beside the descriptions.

A2. Three complete alphabet designs for making embroidered or cross-stitch initials on towels and other linen are given in this circular. Shown at right.

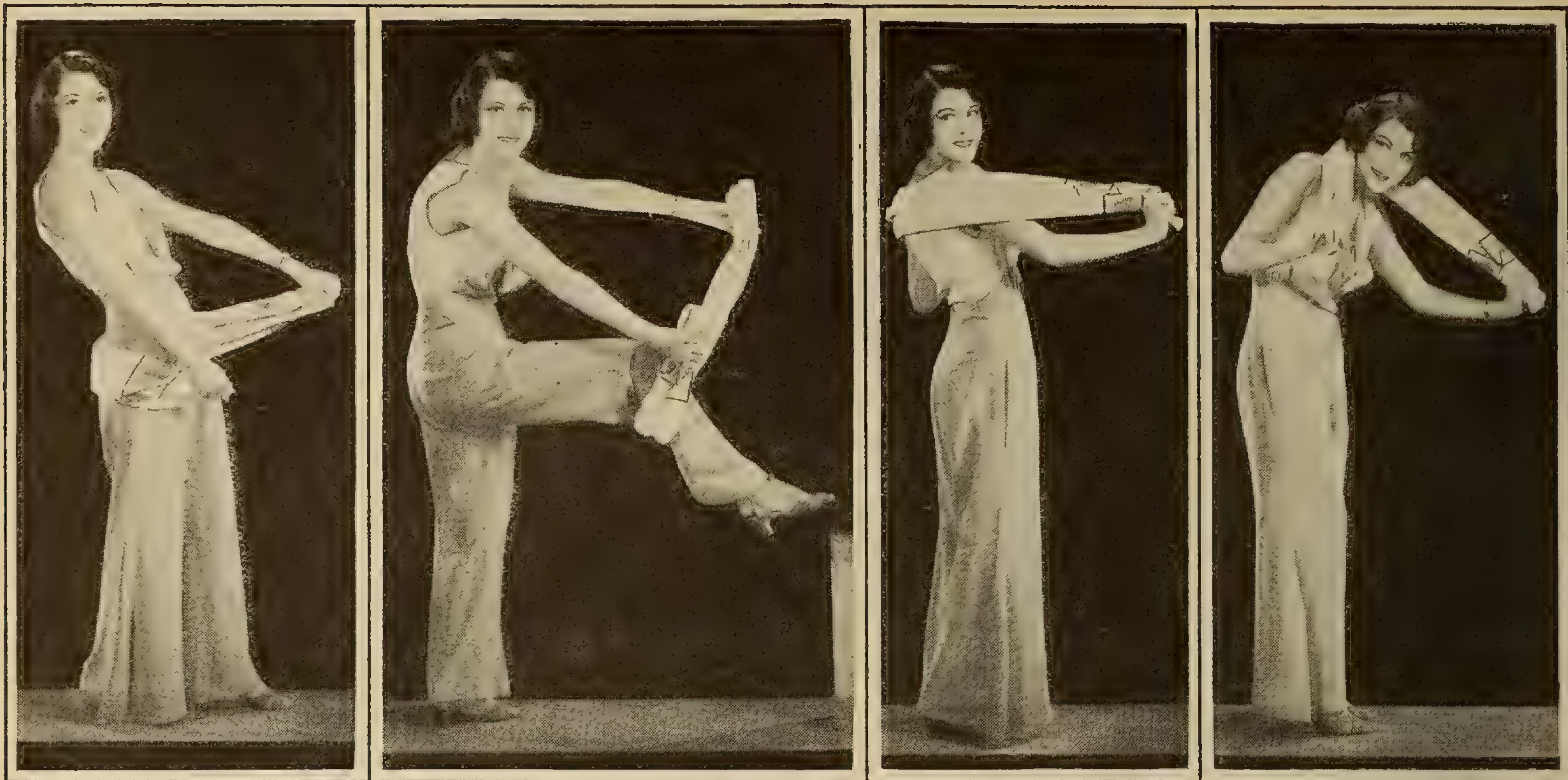


A4. Embroidered linen is always acceptable. This circular gives directions for making five of the newest sorts of table doilies and guest towels, including the examples shown above.

A5. Door bags will help the bride to keep her things in order in a small house or apartment. The circular shows how to make them, with directions for making cretonne laundry bag, shown at right, and hanging hat case to match.







Frances Dee demonstrates how to reduce with the simple aid of a bath towel. First: Place a towel folded four times about the hip line and use a rapid movement back and forth. This motion, when done vigorously and rapidly, creates circulation and breaks down the fat cells. Second: Every part of the body can be reduced in this way. Both the upper and lower limbs may be trimmed down by rapid massage. Third: Healthful circulation can be accomplished by means of massaging the shoulders with the vibrating movements. This relieves tightened nerves and headaches. Fourth: Placing the folded towel across the back of the neck and repeating the back and forth movement is rejuvenating for the face and neck.

# FIRST AIDS to BEAUTY

The Correct Way to Breathe—The Importance of Walking Gracefully—How to Develop Lovely Hands—Beauty Advice

By ANN BOYD

**Y**OUTH in our bodies! Beauty of line—beauty of movement—the poise of lithe muscles and the complete control of them.

How many girls are conscious of their bodies? Along the avenue you see one girl in a thousand walking with grace, striding along with free, easy, natural movements that only the joy and assurance of a youthful body can give. Ned Wayburn, the famous dance instructor, teaches girls first of all that the most valuable asset in the world is youth and that to have a career they must not dissipate that asset.

I receive letters from girls all over the country seeking advice in the care of their complexions and how to use make-up to further enhance their charms. Women are rapidly becoming adept in the art of applying rouge, powder and lipstick. However, beautifying oneself has not been completed with this process. You cannot pass on your face alone. The twentieth century definition of beauty implies something more than a beautiful face. Beauty is in the harmonious interplay of mind and body.

**W**ITHOUT breath there can be no life. Correct use of the lungs is more important than pure air, since one-third of the waste matter continually forming in the body is eliminated by the lungs. There are only two things required to make proper breathing a simple function—proper carriage of the body and freedom from tight clothes. Inhale deeply through the nostrils keeping the lips closed. Then push the air out through the nostrils with sufficient force to tense the abdominal muscles. The entire respiratory appa-

ratus and every part of the lungs should be brought into play. To breathe correctly all the time, the body must be held properly when standing, sitting or walking.

The true balance which makes a graceful dancer makes a graceful walker. (Observe the natural grace of Jeanette MacDonald as she enters a room when next you see her on the screen.) Hold yourself erect, but relaxed. Your heels should be three inches apart with toes pointing straight ahead. Pull torso up to full height without tensing of the muscles. It is an easy movement that slowly stretches the muscles until by the time the trunk has been stretched to its full height, the shoulders are pushed back and dropped slightly; shoulder blades are flat across the back; the spinal column is in its proper alignment; head is poised at the perfect angle; arms are hanging at the sides and the chest is raised. Try this and you will be convinced how easy and graceful the correct standing position is. Take this position and swing right limb forward from the hip and without bending the knee, set the heel down a long step ahead of the toes of the left foot, letting the heel touch lightly on the ground a second before the ball of the foot, keeping the toes pointed straight ahead. The heels should touch the floor a second before the balls of the feet do.

**S**LUMPING down in a chair is a free and easy posture that fits the free and easy manners of the present day. Yet this position forces the abdomen out and the shoulders forward; pushes the chin down toward the chest, making an ugly heavy under chin. And these beauty destroying (Continued on page 112)



# Don't let "pink tooth brush" *go on..and on..and on!*

REMEMBER the first time you noticed that your gums were yielding a trace of "pink"? A little disturbed, weren't you? And then you forgot all about it—just became accustomed to "pink tooth brush".

So many people have it! The modern menu is made up almost entirely of foods which fairly melt in your mouth. Your gums get little or no stimulation and exercise. They gradually become flabby and touchy and tender. Next step—there's "pink" on your brush.

Don't let "pink tooth brush" go on and on. It opens the way for many gum troubles—for Vincent's disease, for gingivitis, even for the less frequent but more dreaded pyorrhea. Neglect it *too* long, and it may lead to infection at the roots of teeth which today are perfectly sound . . which often means the loss of those teeth.

## *Ipana Checks "Pink Tooth Brush"*

It isn't *necessary* to let "pink tooth brush" go on and on. First get some Ipana 'Tooth Paste. Clean your teeth with it in the regular way. But afterward, put some more Ipana on your brush and *lightly massage it into your tender gums*.

Your teeth will soon recover their natural sparkling polish. And within



the month your gums will have become firmer, with a healthier color. The ziratol in Ipana—the same ziratol used by modern dentists for toning and stimulating the gums—together with the massage, speeds the circulation in the gum cells and hardens the walls.

Today—get a tube of Ipana at your druggist's. Use Ipana with massage

twice a day—and you'll see very, very little of "pink tooth brush".

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. Y-41  
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....



## IPANA *Tooth Paste*



# Why April is the Lucky Movie Month

(Continued from page 47)



Three interesting horoscopes. Above, that of Wallie Reid. Center, Lon Chaney. Right, Mary Miles Minter. Wallace Reid's fate was written in his horoscope for every one to read—if they would.



Aries' children must watch ailments of the head. Had Lon Chaney known the facts of his horoscope, he would have been warned that serious trouble with his throat confronted him in 1930.

Jupiter, the god of honor, glory, money and success, will be friendly to the Sun, ruling men, and the Moon, ruling women and the public, and Saturn, ruling work, and Venus, ruling love. That's enough for one girl—I hope it won't be too much for Joan!

Constance Talmadge is more Aries than most Aries, because she has three powerful planets, the Sun, the Moon and Mars, in this dauntless sign. Miss Talmadge has Venus in Gemini, the versatile sign. Need I say more? Her flashing film career proved this.

Gloria Swanson has a splendid horoscope. She has the Sun and Moon in Aries, a combination which usually makes people turn to literature. I shouldn't be surprised if Gloria's fame as a writer sometimes surpassed her fame as an actress. There are other things in the chart which back this belief. The Sun and Moon were in opposition when she was born, which always gives people a mission in life more than shows on the surface. She was also born on the full moon, which makes people anxious to be (Continued on page 94)

## ARE YOU A CHILD OF ARIES?

**A**RIES, the first sign of the Zodiac, governs the period between March 22nd and April 20th.

The pure Aries type is rare. Indeed, that statement holds true of all types. Each of us is a varied mixture of elements, qualities, influences. So the power of leadership which Aries gives to its sons and daughters is only part of the heritage of the Aries-born. A much more important part is the peculiar Aries trait of being able to use these and other powers to the absolute limit of worldly advantage.

Aries, the Ram, rules the head. You may be restless and butting like a ram, and hence ambitious, courageous, full of "pep"; or you may be unoriginal, lacking in initiative, "dopey" like a sheep. It is up to you. You have it within you—all Aries people have—to realize the very finest possibilities of their sign. But will you?

You have great physical energy, but not great powers of endurance. Your strength is spasmodic. You should try to make it steady and lasting. You should cultivate "continuity."

If you find that your sign has not given you the amount of persistence necessary to fight an uphill fight, let that fact be a challenge to you to prove your gameness. It is possible for you to force the fighting as well as to repel attacks. Persistence can be made habitual. Moral fibre, like muscle, grows stronger with use. If you find others unwilling to fight

with your weapons, don't get discouraged.

Don't be impatient. Don't go off half-cocked. Don't be too anxious to "obey that impulse." Don't rush into situations without preparation. Don't take up new ideas without thought. Don't start before you are ready. Don't stop before you are finished. Aries is a fiery sign. Mars is a quarrelsome planet. The combination, which is prominent in your chart, tends to make you both temperamental and temperish. Control the former. Harness the latter. Transmute the restlessness of your sign and the aggressiveness of your planet into useful energy and action.

Your natural tendencies, if ill at all, are toward headaches and other ailments connected with the head and face; also stomach and kidney trouble. After middle life, look out for symptoms of paralysis or apoplexy. Avoid excessive use of sweets. Live simply and intelligently.

In business, it doesn't make so much difference what kind of work you go into as it does the part of the work in which you find yourself engaged. Aries people must lead, must manage. You should be in the executive end. If you can't be the boss, you may be his stenographer.

Your most congenial life partner might be born under the noble Leo or the brilliant Sagittarius—but I cannot tell you anything definite on a thing like that—unless I know not only your birthday but the "other person's"!



# A NEW MOVIE ALBUM



My sister and I entered a local talent contest at one of the Loew Theatres on the East Side of New York. Just before the contest we had to confess that we were not from the East Side at all but had been born on Tenth Avenue. The management let us go on with our act, and encouraged by our reception, we got jobs in the Passing Show of 1923. In the Chorus, of course. A dance specialty led me to the leading feminine rôle in the show after I had been there three weeks. My mother refused to let me go on the road so I went in the "Topics of 1923" and appeared in one of the sketches as Madame DuBarry. After a brief period in New York I had a chance to go West and appeared in California in support of Nancy Welford in "Nancy," after which I appeared with Lupino Lane and Fanny Brice in two Music Box Reviews. It was in these that Louis MacLoon saw me and offered me the leading rôle in "Ladies which toured the Pacific Coast, and at the conclusion of this tour he cast me for the lead in "Ladies I did not feel I had any particular future in motion pictures, but after a screen test I was cast in "Must Dross," starring Virginia Valli. Then Paramount launched a search for a girl to play Rosemary in "Abie's Irish Rose." I called at the Studio to keep a luncheon appointment with a friend. Ann Nichols, who was passing through the foyer, saw me and gave me the part. My first talking picture was "Close Harmony" with Charles Rogers. I have red hair and blue eyes.

*Nancy Carroll*



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TANGEE



*"Lips must  
look natural"*

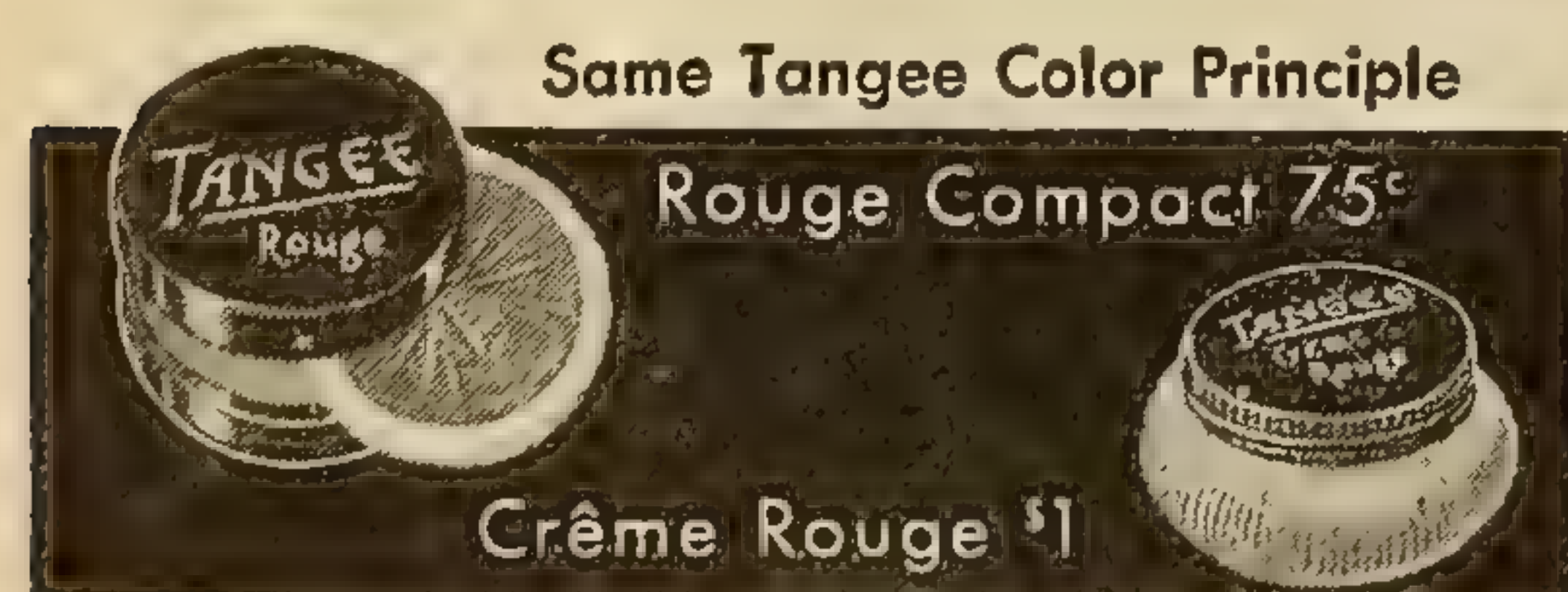
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# Why April Is the Lucky Movie Month

(Continued from page 92)

somebody in the world. She is a real person, Gloria Swanson. And don't make any mistake about it; her big time is still ahead of her.

**WARNER BAXTER** is another one of these super-Aries people. He has the Sun, Moon, Mercury and Jupiter all in this one sign. He has Venus in Taurus, one of the sexiest of the signs. (Mayor Jimmy Walker has it there, too!) And don't be too surprised when I tell you that he has Mars, the planet which makes him the daring, romantic figure that he is, in Capricorn, the sign of the Zodiac which governs Mexico, the favorite locale of the Baxter pictures.

Wallace Reid had Venus in Taurus, too—and we all remember what a boy Wallie was with the ladies. He also had the Moon, ruling his relations with women, in Pisces affected by Mars and Neptune, a combination which made him unable to resist temptation. I could tell you a lot more about Wallie Reid's horoscope. But what's the use, except to say that it shows as plainly as if it were a map with a cross on it the death which he was destined to meet?

Harold Lloyd was born on what we astrologers call the "cusp" between Aries and Taurus, so he takes from both signs. He is not only an architect but a builder. He has Venus in Aries, which is priceless as an aid to publicity, and Mercury in Aries in opposition to the solemn Saturn, which gives him the serious turn of mind which seems to be so necessary to success as a comedian. He has the Sun and Jupiter, the two most powerful of the heavenly bodies, in conjunction in the sign Taurus, ruling the throat and hence the voice and hence the talkies.

In some ways, Mary Brian has the luckiest horoscope of any of these Aries people. I don't say she has the greatest gifts. I realize that little Mary is still a mere princess among the movie kings and queens. But she stands as good a chance as any one whose horoscope I have recently read of getting the most out of what she has to start with—and what she has to start with isn't so bad. She has the Sun, Mercury, Venus and Saturn in Aries, all in aspect to Neptune, the planet which rules the motion picture industry, and to Uranus, which gives originality, versatility, and the lure of the unexpected. Her Moon, ruling the public, is in Pisces, Neptune's sign, which makes her popular with

both men and women. Incidentally she has Jupiter in Virgo, which means that she will not only make money, but—wonder of wonders in movieland!—the time will come when she will actually save it.

**GEORGE ARLISS** is just the same sweet, charming person according to the stars that we know him to be on the screen. He has a lot of Neptune in his horoscope, which not only foreshadowed his success on stage and screen, but makes him live in a world of his own. He should look out for his health this year. If he does, he should go on to new triumphs.

And so for Mary Pickford, she, too, is under contradictory aspects—mental I should say rather than physical—which should make 1931 unusual, interesting, perhaps wonderful. It is really up to her how she uses the extraordinary vibrations with which the planets are surrounding her. I won't go into Mary's horoscope in detail. So much has been written about her first and last that even the stars would seem repetitious. But the thing which has always interested me most about this remarkable woman is the position she has carved out for herself, not only as the best known woman in Hollywood, but as the wisest. Why should this chit of a girl—for that is all she is today—be the oracle to whom both stars and magnates go for advice on all matters of major importance? It has long been an axiom in Hollywood that nothing can be done until Mary Pickford has put her O.K. upon it. You remember how Will Rogers wouldn't have his appendix out until Mary had agreed to it!

Well, there's nothing strange about all this once you look at Mary Pickford's horoscope. She has Mercury, ruling the mind, in Taurus, the most practical of the signs, but in aspect to Uranus, the planet of inspiration and vision. And as if that wasn't enough, added to her Aries mentality and gift of leadership, Aquarius, the sign which produces eighty percent of the successful candidates for the Hall of Fame, was rising when Mary Pickford was born!

Aries head and Aquarius heart! No wonder Mary Pickford, America's Sweetheart, is widely acclaimed and universally acknowledged, Hollywood's Wisest Woman!

You see, Mr. Editor, you can't get away from your stars!

## You Can't Get Away from Your Stars

As the famous astrologer, Evangeline Adams, says. Next month Miss Adams will talk about the film folk born in May—and the influence of the planets.



## Hollywood's Hall of Fame

(Continued from page 41)

a bitter fate that crushed her with headlines later. When now I think of her terrific aversion I wonder if it was not a premonition. She would elude interviewers with the agility of a quarried rabbit. When caught by one she would invariably beguile him into babbling of himself, and he would leave with only a rapturous impression. This was not design on her part. She had a voracious interest in people. She would rather hear a life story than tell one. Naturally sympathetic, her instinct was for liking everyone. I recall one interviewer calling in the throes of a flu-cold. Mabel made him take a hot foot-bath, gave him a toddy, bundled him up in one of her fur coats and sent him home in the care of her chauffeur.

My friendship with Mabel was extraordinary so far as I am concerned, but there are countless others who can testify as I do. We knew she had friends everywhere, but we did not realize how many until she died. Messages came from all parts of the world. A wealthy woman in New York, prominent in society here and abroad, wrote that she had arranged for a mass to be said every month, perpetually, for the eternal rest of Mabel. I visited an Italian orphanage where the children offer their daily prayers for her. Next to me at her funeral a boy in threadbare clothes sobbed convulsively throughout the service. No one seemed to know who he was. No one, for that matter, knows how many partook of "the great heart of Mabel." I gained a faint idea when I met her Father Confessor. I quote him when I say, "The great heart of Mabel."

MABEL was endowed with intuition amounting to clairvoyance. Through her own suffering sensitiveness she understood people.

On my return from a European trip six or seven years ago, she said, "I bet you miss the good wines over there."

I confessed I did.

"Listen, my dear," she said. "You must drink none of this stuff over here. God knows I am not a preacher or prohibitionist. My friends are welcome to drink as they choose. But I have taken a pledge."

Appreciating Mabel's humor, I laughed.

"Are you a Catholic?" she asked suddenly.

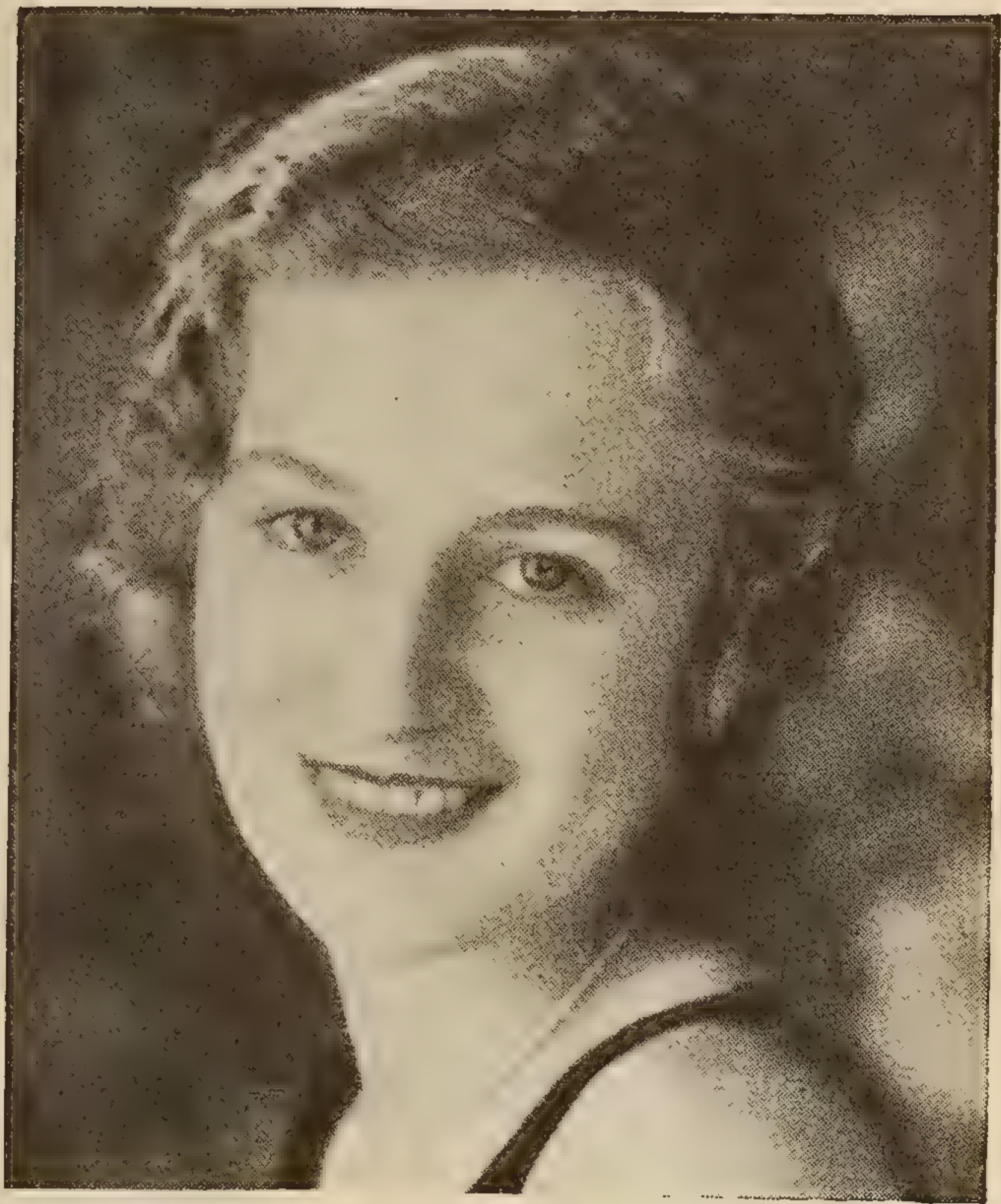
"No," I said, "but I went to school with Catholic boys."

"I am a Catholic," laughed Mabel, "but don't hold that against the church. There are good and bad in all religions. God love them all! I am not bigoted. But there is one priest who is a miracle-worker. He saved my life, God love him. I wish you would let me introduce you to Father Chiappa, a very old Italian priest. You like Italians, don't you? Well, Father Chiappa is so saintly that when you meet him you will feel you are entering heaven. Lord knows whether you will ever feel that way hereafter, so you'd better meet him."

"I would like to."

(Continued on page 96)

## Teeth..lovely to begin with deserve the tenderest care



*This thrift dentifrice is thorough  
yet so gentle in action*

How foolhardy to brush sound, lovely teeth with any but a safe gentle dentifrice which has proved itself in the hands of millions.

Before creating Listerine Tooth Paste we made an exhaustive study of tooth enamel. We examined its structure. We tested its varying degrees of hardness, case after case. We learned that people of today have less sturdy teeth than their ancestors.

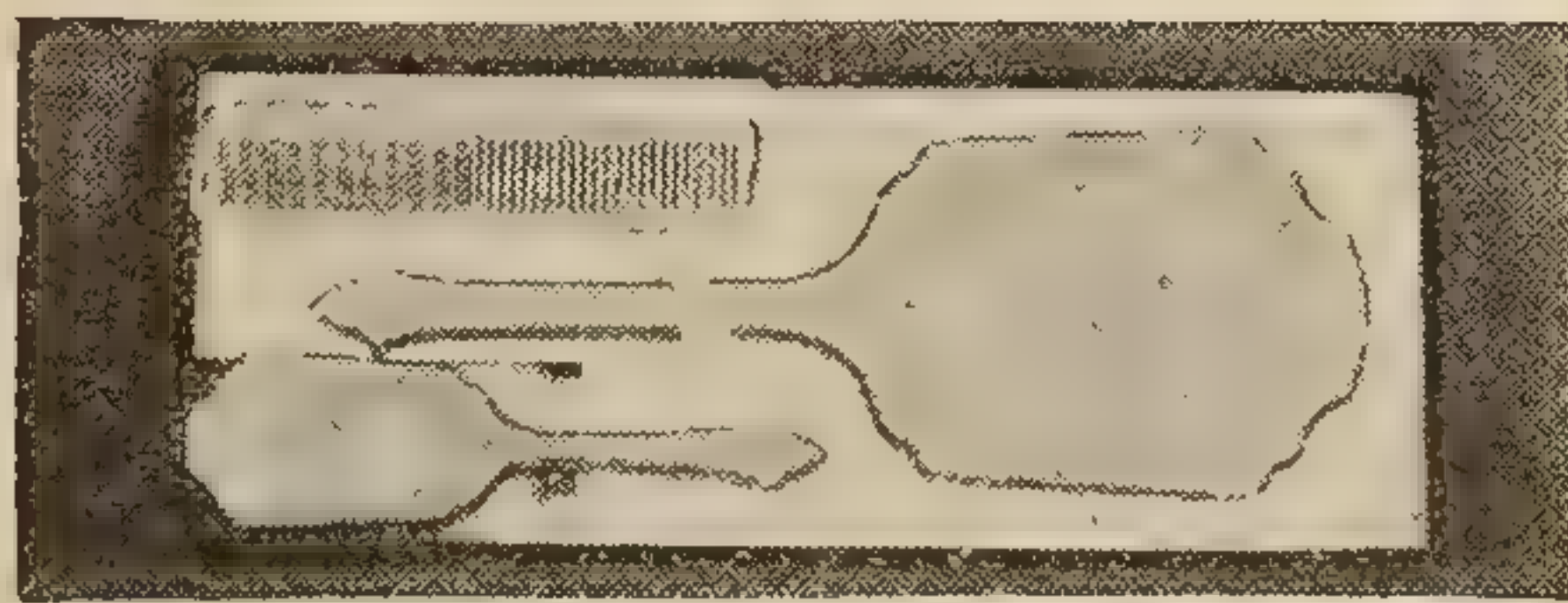
Our next duty was to discover cleansing and polishing agents that would be harmless to the precious enamel surface. At length we found and included them in

our dentifrice. Thousands have thanked us for them.

For the sake of your teeth, we ask you to use Listerine Tooth Paste. Note how swiftly but how gently it cleans teeth—erasing fermenting food particles, discolorations, and tartar. Note the lovely luster it imparts to the teeth. Observe their soundness year after year under this gentle care.

In all the field of dentifrices there is no purer, more carefully compounded one than this. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

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There are so many things you can buy with that \$3 you save by using Listerine Tooth Paste at 25¢ instead of dentifrices in the 50¢ class. A toilet set is merely a suggestion.

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### This is Mrs. White

You probably know Mrs. White yourself . . . have often remarked how clean and attractive she keeps her whole house...and her children, too...and yet always has time for other things!



### She plans her housework

And you've wondered how Mrs. White (or Mrs. Jones as the case may be) manages to do so much. Her secret? She *plans* her housework. She budgets her cleaning time. Our free book tells exactly how she does it.



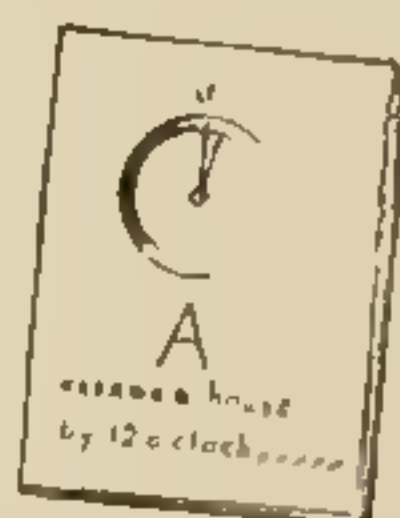
### She uses cleaning short-cuts

Mrs. White spends her minutes wisely — makes every single minute "buy" the most cleanliness possible. She uses short-cuts—like changing suds frequently, making dishes dry themselves, etc. (See booklet for many others.)



### And she is through by noon

Most of Mrs. White's cleaning is done by noon. She takes afternoons and evenings off for anything she wants to do . . . and still keeps her home, her children and herself clean and spotless...and happy! How does she manage?



### FREE booklet

Our free booklet, *A Cleaner House by 12 O'clock* tells Mrs. White's whole plan. Interesting and helpful. Send for a copy. You'll be very glad you did. Use the coupon.

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No issue of NEW MOVIE would be complete without its portrait of Gary Cooper. Here we offer Gary at the age of two and one half years.

# Hollywood's Hall of Fame

(Continued from page 95)

"Really?" She seemed astonished.  
"Really."

"He won't lecture you or ask you to take the pledge. He will just talk to you and make you love him. You can tell him all your sins and he will never spill the beans."

"How old is he?"

"Seventy-two."

"He wouldn't have time to hear them all."

Mabel laughed: "Will you go tomorrow?"

"Tomorrow."

"I don't believe you a bit. I shall call you."

THE next day we went to Loyola to see Father Chiappa. Mabel entered first, "to prepare him," she said, "as a sudden shock might kill him."

She came out throwing kisses at the old priest who protested with upraised hands, "Mabel! Mabel!"

I entered the little office and talked with Father Chiappa, a man of Christ-like gentleness over whom the earth no longer had power. When he died a few months before Mabel, I felt I had lost an unfailing friend. Such is the instant power of fine personality.

Mabel was waiting for me in her car when I came out. She could scarcely restrain her excitement and the devil was in her eyes.

"Did you like him?" she demanded.

"Of course I liked him."

"What did he say? Did he scold you? I hope he did. He didn't ask for money, now did he?"

"Certainly not."

"But you gave him some. I can tell. Now didn't you?"

"A little for your Italian orphanage."

"Why, I'll never speak to you again. How much did you give him?"

I told her.

"Well, of all the . . . ! I shall never



forgive you as long as I live. You can't afford it. I am surprised Father Chiappa would take it."

"He didn't. I left it on the prie-dieu. I happened to pry some of your secrets out of him. I learned you had built a wing on that orphans' home."

"It isn't true," said Mabel. "But tell me, what happened?"

"I took the pledge for three months."

"You are not telling the truth! What did you do?"

"I knelt down. . . ."

"Let me see your knees!" Mabel bent over and regarded the knees of my trousers on which there were circles of dust. "Well, of all . . . ! Wait until Mamie hears this!"

Mabel bounced up and down on the seat, rapped on the window for the chauffeur to drive faster and squealed with unseemly glee.

Mamie was Mabel's old white-haired Irish maid, a devout Catholic, whose devotion to Mabel was only matched by Mabel's love for her over a period of many years.

"Mamie! Mamie!" screamed Mabel, throwing her arms around her maid when we had entered the house. "Mamie, Herb has been to Father Chiappa and taken the pledge. Can you beat that? Mamie, have you a drink to give him? He deserves one."

"Shame on you, Mabel," said Mamie. "An' God bless you Mishter Howe."

"Well, anyhow, I shall buy you a lunch at my Italian friend's across the street," said Mabel.

We crossed the street to a restaurant where Mabel was received by the proprietor with genuflections such as are given the Madonna.

"This Italian is a wonderful fellow," said Mabel in an awed whisper. "I gave him five hundred dollars when he was going broke and, do you know, he paid me back!"

I had never seen Mabel in all her variety as she was during that lunch of five hours. She told me most of her life story. Mabel was the perfect clown. She could have you in tears of one sort or another all the time. I wonder what became of all those diaries into which Mabel scribbled her poems of joy and sorrow. I read some of them. They had the beauty of things not done for recognition. She could only show me a few. I think she must have destroyed them. The beauty of her inner self abashed her, she was so conscious of her failings. And yet I know no one of such beautiful accomplishments.

I could fill the whole bookshelf with anecdotes of Mabel. I do not want to speak of the world's misjudgment of her. It was the pain that killed her. Father Chiappa could have written her true story. He belonged to the Society of Jesus.



# Helen disliked the very sight of milk

*Now I give it to her a new way  
... and she loves it!*



"My little girl was underweight and I had the hardest time getting her to take proper nourishment. She hated milk, and I had to threaten to send her to bed before she'd touch it.

**DELICIOUS HOT**

"My husband's sister suggested that I mix Cocomalt with her milk. I took her advice—and how glad I am! Helen loves it—drinks all she can get. The extra nourishment has put eight pounds on her already. She's filling out like a little kewpie!"

## What every child needs

Thousands of mothers have the same thrilling story to tell!

Cocomalt provides *extra* proteins, carbohydrates and minerals so essential to the active, growing young body. Every glass a

child drinks is equal to almost two glasses of plain milk. For, by actual laboratory analysis, it *adds 70% more nourishment to milk*. And it transforms milk into such a delicious, chocolate flavor food drink, youngsters love it!

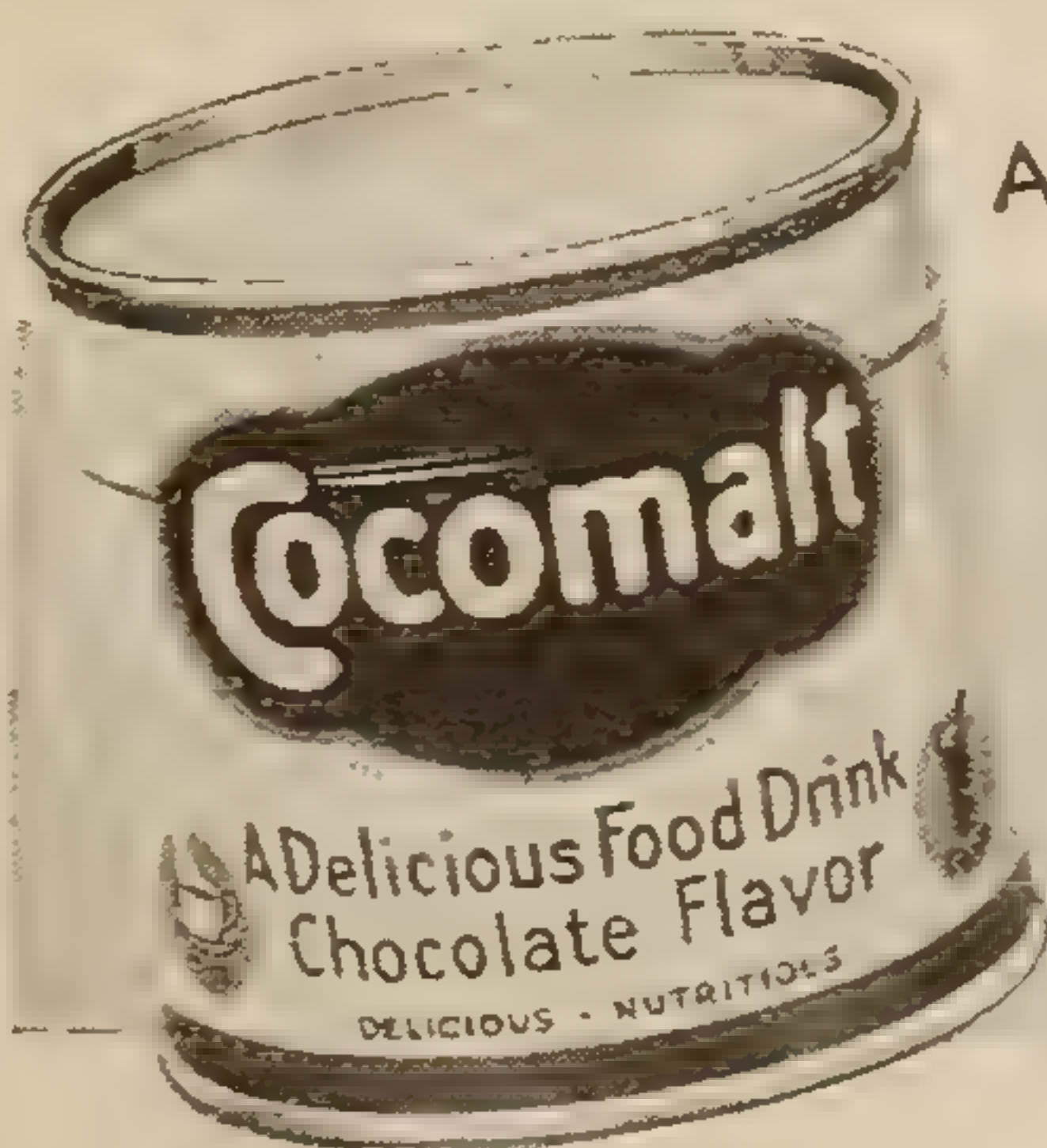
Strong, sound bodies in children are impossible without Vitamin D. This vitamin, produced by summer sunshine, is present in Cocomalt. It helps substantially to prevent rickets and to build strong bones and teeth.

## Special trial offer—send coupon

Cocomalt comes in powder form, ready to mix with milk. ½ lb., 1 lb., and 5 lb. family size. High in food value, low in cost. At grocers and drug stores. Or mail this coupon and 10¢ for trial can.

# Cocomalt

ADDS 70% MORE NOURISHMENT TO MILK.



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## IN NEW MOVIE NEXT MONTH

Herb Howe will tell you all about another glamorous and romantic figure in his Movie Hall of Fame



# Guide to the Best Films

(Continued from page 10)

## WHY DO

## A MILLION

## WOMEN USE



1. BECAUSE it stops odor instantly.
2. BECAUSE you can use it any time.
3. BECAUSE there's no "drying" delay.
4. BECAUSE it does not irritate the skin.
5. BECAUSE it does not injure fabrics.

**M**ODERN women know they must use special weapons against that tricky old enemy, underarm perspiration odor.

Today, they have their choice of a number of safeguards. And more than a million of them choose Mum!

Think of a magic snowy cream which you can use any time when dressing or afterwards. There is nothing in Mum to harm your clothing or irritate your skin!

No difficult directions to follow; no waiting. Just a fingertipful to each underarm—and there's no more need to worry for that day or evening.

Mum doesn't interfere with normal, healthful perspiration. It just destroys that disagreeable odor which every careful person so abhors. It's so soothing you can even use Mum right after shaving!

And here's another way Mum helps. Rubbed on the hands, it kills every lingering trace of onions, fish, gasoline or other clinging odor!

You can get Mum at any toilet goods counter, 35c and 60c. Mum Mfg. Co., Inc., 80 Varick St., New York, N. Y. Canadian address: Windsor, Ont.

ON SANITARY NAPKINS. Mum also gives invaluable service to women as a deodorant for the sanitary napkin.

mellow art of George Arliss. Likely to appeal to a generation born before the jazz age. *Warners.*

**Hell's Angels.** An aviation thriller that should not be overlooked. Packs a punch. Some of the stunt flying has never been surpassed. *United Artists.*

**Moby Dick.** A talking version of "The Sea Beast," starring John Barrymore. Dialogue lends additional interest to a first-rate yarn. *Warners.*

**Raffles.** The Gentleman Burglar comes well within the province of Ronald Colman who, between robberies, may enjoy making love to Kay Francis. *United Artists.*

**Morocco.** Marlene Dietrich in her first American made picture is permitted to choose between Adolphe Menjou and Gary Cooper. From beginning to end the picture is a treat. *Paramount.*

### Class B

**The Criminal Code.** For those interested in what transpires behind prison walls, Columbia Pictures contributes this appropriately grim and uncompromising drama with Phillips Holmes as the boy who gets a lot more punishment than he deserves. Walter Huston was a wise selection for the warden. *Columbia.*

**Passion Flower.** The dear old love triangle, wife-husband-mistress, gets another airing, in a suitably cast and ably acted production. If you are planning a love-trip to Paris it may be well to see what happens to Charles Bickford, Kay Francis and Kay Johnson. *Metro-Goldwyn.*

**The Royal Bed.** A fairly well-pointed satire with scenes laid in one of the tottering European kingdoms so inviting to writers of romantic fiction. Lowell Sherman as the whimsical king, Nance O'Neill as the queen and Mary Astor as the princess, give smooth performances in the leading rôles. *RKO.*

**The Cohens and Kellys in Africa.** One of the sequence of comedies introducing the congenial quartet: George Sidney, Charlie Murray, Vera Gordon and Kate Price. Plenty of rough stuff seasoned with gags. *Universal.*

**Rough Idea of Love.** A typical Mack Sennett comedy, most of the action transpiring in a night club. Pretty girls and their boy friends mixed with highballs and jazz. *Educational.*

**The Truth About Youth.** A free and easy adaptation of "When We Were Twenty-one," a once popular stage play. A charming young woman (Loretta Young) falls in love with the middle-aged guardian (Conway Tearle) of the youth she is slated to marry. Rather thickly sentimental,

but passable entertainment. *First National.*

**Hook, Line and Sinker.** Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey in a goulash of farce and extravagant melodrama served in a country hotel. Plenty of laughs for those who like this sort of thing. *RKO.*

**Mothers Cry.** A weepy picture telling the story of a mother, who, to all intents and purposes lays down her life for her children and suffers intensely. Far more than most dramas of its type, it strikes a note of sincerity to which Dorothy Peterson, as the mother, contributes even more than her share. *Warners.*

**Free Love.** Domestic bickerings, with the wife doing most of the bickering, are the cause of conflict in a plausible account of what may happen between husband and wife when the neighbors are looking the other way. Conrad Nagel and Genevieve Tobin are the home-bodies who find little to laugh at, unless it be the mirthful Zasu Pitts. *Universal.*

**See America Thirst.** Harry Langdon and Slim Summerville make a good comedy pair in a diverting comedy depending largely on stunts—falling from high places and the like. Worth seeing if you are looking for an hour of laughs and chuckles. *Universal.*

**Sunny.** A fresh and pleasing adaptation of a popular musical comedy with Marilyn Miller as fetching as ever in a welcome variety of dance numbers. She pretty well carries the picture on the tips of her toes. *First National.*

**New Moon.** This merits a place on the list of musical films in which the music is heavily stressed, perhaps a bit too heavily. Lawrence Tibbett and Grace Moore share the headline positions. *Metro-Goldwyn.*

**The Widow From Chicago.** As long as gangsters run high in popular favor this melodrama should pay its way in any theater. Edward G. Robinson, whose fame as a tough guy is well established, is the Big Boy of the gang. Alice White is the moll who gets her man with a bullet. *First National.*

**The Lash.** Colorful and romantic, but none too convincing, this contribution of Dick Barthelmess' is acceptable though by no means distinguished. The redoubtable Dick is an aristocratic Mexican of the old school. His temper is like a fine steel blade and when he hates he hates intensely. *First National.*

**Only Saps Work.** Among the leaders in the procession of screen comedies, thanks to the original and intelligent acting of Leon Errol. There are many laughs in this picture that is clean and crisp entertainment throughout. *Paramount.*

### The Problems of a Hollywood Wife

Beset by adulation and stormed with fan mail, the Hollywood husbands have a hard time keeping their heads. Here is the wives' side of the problem—told for the first time.



## Reviews

(Continued from page 85)

drama is still effective and Miss Crawford proves she can act while completely attired.

### Clara Bow's Newest

CLARA BOW'S latest, "No Limit," seems to have been suggested by this star's recent misadventure in gambling. Remember that immortal tabloid declaration: "I thought they were fifty-cent chips!"

Here Miss Bow is Bunny O'Day, movie usherette, who comes into the proprietorship of a big gambling house.

Let's hope that Miss Bow will not be required to go on providing Paramount with the plots of her pictures.

United Artists' "One Heavenly Night," co-starring the pale but classic beauty of English musical comedy, Evelyn Laye, with the more rugged Texan, John Boles, is pretty mild stuff from any angle. Samuel Goldwyn called in two Pulitzer Prize winners, Sidney Howard and Louis Bromfield, to write the story but the lads have been as far from original as any regular Hollywood scenario constructors.

### By LYNDE DENIG

**Kiss Me Again—First National:—** Providing you harbor a passion for colors; reds, yellows, blues and most of the other hues that may be expected to please the eye, "Kiss Me Again" is your picture. It carries a slight story, based on Victor Herbert's famous operetta, "Mlle. Modiste," which gave birth to the popular song number, "Kiss Me Again." The song is still good, as sung by the engaging Bernice Claire, who looks her best in colored photography. But it is not good enough to compensate for the weaker moments of an elaborate, but slow-paced production. Stage styles and, perhaps, the popular taste in music, have changed since the days when "Kiss Me Again" tinkled from the million pianos. Walter Pidgeon, true to musical comedy traditions, is a congenial companion for Miss Claire.

**The Bat Whispers—United Artists:—** The producer of this mystery thriller has erred on the side of the obvious. Through scene after scene, in a spooky house, the picture as much as says: "Now is the time for you to become terribly frightened," with the result that the spectator never forgets that it is all a show designed to give him the shivers. The dark passageways, the secret doors, the thunderstorm, the bat-like shape hovering outside the window, the screaming girl; all lose in effectiveness because of over emphasis. Then, as if to complete the exaggeration, the entire picture is shown on a magnified screen. Chester Morris as the Bat, gives an intense performance.

**Illicit—Warners:—** If you accept the argument of this love drama, you may conclude that, providing you are in love, you may as well take a chance at marriage, after all. The story, and it is a pretty fair story, too, goes to show that love never is free, regardless of legal ties. Mentally, Barbara Stanwyck is as modern as companion-  
(Continued on page 100)

# She's cooped in a shop... barred from the sun . . .

yet everyone raves over Pert's  
complexion . . . so gloriously  
"outdoors" in its tone!

**P**ERT'S idea of athletics is her daily dash around the corner for lunch and the only time she dives is behind the counter . . . Yet, to look at her complexion you'd think she spent every moment of her time out of doors! Her skin glows with health and charm and her cheeks have the youthful sparkle of a twelve-year-old school girl's.

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**OLIVE OIL** for Normal  
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and petal-smoothness of youth.  
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her any more

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ate marriage; but emotionally, she is not unlike her great-grandmother. She is ready to permit her lover plenty of rope until a rival threatens to tie him in knots. The picture is diverting. Miss Stanwyck wears a number of gorgeous gowns, but more than that, she puts feeling into her performance.

**The Painted Desert—Pathe:**—At times, this melodrama of the wide-open west, where men are cowpunchers and sheriffs, suggests a slow action movie. Everyone, from William Farnum down, seems to think at least three times before speaking, which retards the fighting and the shooting and the wild rides across the prairies. Looking for highlights in a picture that runs true to type, probably the most exhilarating moments come with the stampeding of a herd of cattle and the explosions in a mine. Bill Boyd, Helen Twelvetrees and J. Farrell MacDonald are members of a cast that is all right, save in the matter of speed.

**Reducing—M.-G.-M.:**—The revival of interest in the robust comedy of Marie Dressler appears to be well justified. There are laughs galore in this story, disclosing the experiences of two sisters who conduct an establishment designed to reduce over-developed bodies to a fashionable slimness. Polly Moran has the somewhat thankless role of feeding lines to Miss Dressler. On the supposition that the picture requires more beauty than is supplied by the Dressler-Moran team, Anita Page and Sally Eilers appear as the daughters of the argumentative sisters. Buster Collier, Jr., is a young millionaire who entertains not wisely but too well in his bachelor apartment. Miss Dressler, however, unquestionably is the heavy-weight star of the picture.

**The Command Performance—Tiffany:**—Once again, picture-goers have an opportunity to visit an imaginary kingdom in Europe where the gold supply is running low and machine guns may be tripped over at almost any corner. As usual, a princess is about to be forced into a marriage with a profligate prince whom she detests. But along comes an actor bearing a striking resemblance to the prince. Either he must go to the salt mines where men rot, or he must impersonate the heir to the throne. He woos the princess in the name of royalty, and well,—you can guess what happens. Attempts at satire are so broad that generally they spill over into the rough laughter of burlesque. Neil Hamilton is first rate in the dual role of prince and actor.

**Man to Man—Warners:**—The name of Grant Mitchell means a lot more on the stage than it does in pictures. For years, Mr. Mitchell has been giving deft performances in light comedy roles and now he comes through with a highly sympathetic and adroitly shaded characterization of a smalltown barber. Save for the satisfying piece of acting, which lends tone to the production, "Man to Man" would be an unfortunate effort to film a too obviously contrived story. The plot con-

## Reviews

(Continued from page 99)

cerns the return of Barber John after a term in jail for murder. His son, an over-proud youth, ashamed of his father, refuses to join in the home town celebration. A bank theft is a vital part of the plot that brings about a change of heart in the priggish son, capably portrayed by Phillips Holmes.

**Beau Ideal—Radio:**—Pale shade of "Beau Geste," this attempt at a continuation of the noble traditions of the French Foreign Legion is buried beneath a desert sandstorm. The sandstorm is easily the most convincing part of the picture. Two boyhood friends find their way into the Legion where commanding officers are brutes and women are seven-veil dancers. The Emir and his favorite would slay the Christian dogs, who scorn the sensuous charms of the Arabian court. But the unappreciative Legionnaires turn out to be "stout fellows," to quote a phrase used frequently. If you are familiar with this type of picture, you know about what to expect by way of mock heroics. Ralph Forbes, Loretta Young and Lester Vail are in the cast.

**The Gang Buster—Paramount:**—Just about everybody draws a share of the kidding in this broadly satirical comedy. Jack Oakie, who wears well as a comedian, steps out with a humorous portrayal of a guileless small-town youth, who walks right into a machine-gun nest of gangsters. He has an honest, one-track mind that most of the time is set on finding and rescuing the kidnaped daughter of an attorney who has become involved with a powerful gang leader. Played straight, "The Gang Buster" would be acceptable melodrama, for it has excitement; but it is the better for the comedy treatment and for the presence of Oakie. Some audiences may miss the satirical intent and accept the story as out and out melodrama. Jean Arthur is the kind of a gal that gets 'em; even gangsters.

**Resurrection—Universal:**—Lupe Velez is a genuine and a pleasing surprise in this picture. Frankly, we didn't know she had it in her. In the weepy role of Tolstoy's harassed and pathetic *Katusha*, she is distinctly appealing, particularly in the tragic sequences staged in a prison and on the weary march to Siberia. For the rest, the picture is a sympathetic presentation of the Russian novelist's sombre story. The tempo is a bit slow, as might be expected, but the dramatic action is well maintained to hold the interest. John Boles makes a handsome *Prince Dimitri*, who grows out of a life of profligate indulgence into one of noble sacrifice. If anything, he becomes a bit too noble, but that is an old Russian custom. "Resurrection" is a creditable accomplishment for which Director Edwin Carewe is, in a large measure, to be thanked.

**Dance Hall Marge—Educational:**—Mack Sennett still knows how to pick 'em. This canny producer realizes that figures are more than voices in a Sennett comedy and is just as particular as in the days when Gloria Swanson



was a bathing beauty. Harry Gribbon and Marjorie Beebe are the leads in this lively sequence of farcical situations. For those who laugh readily there are moments of merriment in the experiences of the Queen of the dance hall. Never mind about the story.

**Marriage Rows—Educational:**—Dialogue is a distinct asset to noisy farces of this type. "Marriage Rows" is a scrappy picture with Lloyd Hamilton as the center of action.

## The Ten Best Films of 1930

EVERY year *The Film Daily* invites the critics of the country to vote upon the ten best motion pictures of the year. This year close to 350 critics, representing some thirty million readers, cast their votes for the best films of 1930.

Here is the result, as announced by *The Film Daily*:

"All Quiet on the Western Front," "Abraham Lincoln," "Holiday," "Journey's End," "Anna Christie," "The Big House," "With Byrd at the South Pole," "The Divorcee," "Hell's Angels" and "Old English." These are presented in the order of votes. "The Dawn Patrol," "Sarah and Son," "Common Clay" and "Outward Bound" were close behind, in the order named.

*Der Deutsche*, a German motion picture paper published in Berlin, also conducts a comprehensive poll on the best pictures of each year. Questionnaires are sent to newspaper men, authors, film producers, actors and scientists in all parts of Europe and this country.

*DER Deutsche's* poll resulted in the selection of the following ten best pictures of 1930:

"Sous Les Toits des Paris" (French), "All Quiet on the Western Front" (German), "The Blue Angel" (German), "Westfront 1918" (German), "Anna Christie" (American), "Zwei Herzen im Drei Viertel Takt" (German), "With Byrd at the South Pole" (American), "Brand in der Oper" (German), "The Big House" (American), "Mickey Mouse" (American).

*Der Deutsche* asked the various producers this question, "What film during 1930 was your best offering?"

There was some difference of opinion among Paramount's executives. Adolph Zukor named "Monte Carlo," Jesse Lasky gave "Morocco" as his choice and Sam Katz said "Animal Crackers."

Here are some other answers, as translated by *The New York World*:

Arthur Loew, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer: "Anna Christie."

Harley L. Clarke, Fox: "Common Clay."

Hiram S. Brown, Radio-Keith-Orpheum: "'Check and Double Check,' with the two popular radio comics, Amos 'n' Andy."

Columbia Pictures: "Flight" and "Africa Speaks."

Ufa, Berlin: "'The Love Waltz' and 'The Blue Angel' have grossed about two million marks in Germany alone."

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# OLD GOLD

CIGARETTES

NOT A COUGH IN A CARLOAD

## Casts of All Films Reviewed in This Issue

*The Painted Desert*—Pathé—Directed by Howard Higgins. The cast: Bill Holbrook, Bill Boyd; Mary Ellen, Helen Twelvetrees; Cash, William Farnum; Jeff, J. Farrell MacDonald; Brett, Clarke Gable; Tonopah, Charles Sellon; Kirby, Will Walling; Tex, Guy Edward Hearn; Carson, Wade Boteler; Denver, William Lemaire; Charlie, Cy Cleary; Steve, James Donlon.

*The Command Performance*—Tiffany—Directed by Walter Lang. The cast: Prince Alexis, Neil Hamilton; Peter Fedor, Neil Hamilton; Princess Katerina, Una Merkel; Queen Elinor, Helen Ware; King Nicholas, Albert Gran; Vellenburg, Lawrence Grant; Lydia, Thelma Todd; Queen Elizabeth, Vera Lewis; Duke Charles, Mischa Auer; Masoca, Burr McIntosh; Boyer, William von Brincken; Blondel, Murdock MacQuarrie.

*Resurrection*—Universal—Directed by Edwin Carewe. The cast: Prince Dmitri, John Boles; Katusha Maslova, Lupe Velez; Major Schoenboch, William Keighley; Aunt Marya, Nance O'Neil; Aunt Sophya, Rose Tapley; Simon Kartinkin, Michael Mark; Simon's Wife, Sylva Nadina; Smelkoff, Edward Cecil.

*Fighting Caravans*—Paramount—Directed by Otto Brower and David Burton. The cast: Clint Belmont, Gary Cooper; Felice, Lily Damita; Bill Jackson, Ernest Torrence; Lee Murdock, Fred Kohler; Jim Bridger, Tully Marshall.

*No Limit*—Paramount—Directed by Frank Tuttle. The cast: Bernice (Bunny) O'Day, Clara Bow; Dorothy Potter, Dixie Lee; Ole Olson, Stuart Erwin; Douglas Thayer, Norman Foster; Maxie Mindil, Harry Green.

*Cimarron*—RKO—Directed by Wesley Ruggles. The cast: Yancey Cravat, Richard Dix; Sabra Cravat, Irene Dunne; Dixie Lee, Estelle Taylor; Sol Levy, George E. Stone; Mrs. Wyatt, Edna Mae Oliver; Printer, Roscoe Ates; The Kid, William Collier, Jr.; Isaiah, Eugene Jackson.

*The Right to Love*—Paramount—Directed by Richard Wallace. The cast: Naomi Kellogg, Ruth Chatterton; Brook Evans, Ruth Chatterton; Eric, Paul Lukas; Joe Copeland, David Manners; Tony, George Baxter; Caleb Evans, Irving Pickel; Mrs. Kellogg, Veda Buckland; William Kellogg, Oscar Apfel.

*The Gang Buster*—Paramount—Directed by Edward Sutherland. The cast: Cyclone Charlie Case, Jack Oakie; Sylvia Martine, Jean Arthur; Sudden Slade, William Boyd; Andrew Martine, William Morris; Gopher Brant, Tom Kennedy; Zella, Wynne Gibson; Pete Caltek, Francis McDonald; Carl, Albert Conti; Falkner, Harry Stubbs; Sammy, Ernie Adams.

*The Easiest Way*—M.-G.-M.—Directed by Jack Conway. The cast: Laura Murdock, Constance Bennett; Willard Brockton, Adolphe Menjou; Jack Madison, Robert Montgomery; Peg, Anita Page; Elsie, Marjorie Rambeau; Ben, J. Farrell MacDonald; Agnes, Clara Blandick; Nick, Clark Gable.

*Inspiration*—M.-G.-M.—Directed by Clarence Brown. The cast: Yvonne, Greta Garbo; Andre, Robert Montgomery; Delval, Lewis Stone; Lulu, Marjorie Rambeau; Odette, Judith Vosselli; Marthe, Beryl Mercer; Coutant, John Miljan; Julian Montell, Edwin Maxwell; Vignaud, Oscar Apfel; Madeleine, Joan Marsh; Pauline, Zelda Sears; Liane, Karen Morley; Gaby, Gwen Lee; Jouvett, Paul McAllister; Gavarni, Arthur Hoyt; Galland, Richard Tucker.

*Kiss Me Again*—First National—Directed by William A. Seiter. The cast: Mlle. Fifi, Bernice Claire; Paul de St. Cyr, Walter Pidgeon; Rene, Edward Everett Horton; Count de St. Cyr, Claude Gillingwater; Francois, Frank McHugh; Mme Cecile, Judith Vosselli; Marie, June Collyer; General de Villefranche, Albert Gran; Specialty Dancers, G Sisters.

*Illicit*—Warners—Directed by Archie Mayo. The cast: Anne Vincent, Barbara Stanwyck; Dick Ives, James Renne; Georgie, Charles Butterworth; Dukie, Joan Blondell; Margie True, Natalie Moorhead; Price Baines, Ricardo Cortez; Ives, Sr., Claude Gillingwater.

*Man to Man*—Warners—Directed by Allan Dwan. The cast: "Barber John" Bolton, Grant Mitchell; Emily, Lucille Powers; Michael Bolton, Phillips Holmes; Jim McCord, George Marion; Rip Henry, Otis Harlan; Cal Bolton, Russell Simpson; Vint Glade, Dwight Frye; Tom, Bill Banker.

*Paid*—M.-G.-M.—Directed by Sam Wood. The cast: Mary Turner, Joan Crawford; Joe Garson, Robert Armstrong; Agnes Lynch, Marie Prevost; Bob, Kent Douglass; Inspector Burke, John Miljan; Edward Gilder, Purnell B. Pratt; District Attorney Demarest, Hale Hamilton; Cassidy, Robert Emmet O'Connor; Eddie Briggs, Tyrrell Davis; Carney, William Bakewell; Red, George Cooper; Bertha, Gwen Lee.

*The Bat Whispers*—United Artists—Directed by Roland West. The cast: Police Lieutenant, Chance Ward; Mr. Bell, Richard Tucker; The Butler, Wilson Benge; Police Captain, DeWitt Jennings; Police Sergeant, Sidney D'Albrook; Man in Black Mask, S. E. Jennings; Cornelia Van Gorder, Grayce Hampton; Lizzie Allen, Maude Eburne; The Caretaker, Spencer Charters; Dale Van Gorder, Una Merkel; Brook, William Bakewell; Dr. Venrees, Gustav von Seyffertitz; Detective Anderson, Chester Morris; Richard Fleming, Hugh Huntley; Detective Jones, Charles Dow Clark; The Unknown, Ben Bard.



# LIPS men love TO KISS

*Little Caesar*—*First National*—Directed by Mervyn LeRoy. The cast: "Rico" Bandello, Edward G. Robinson; Joe Massara, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; Olga Strassof, Glenda Farrell; *The "Big Boy,"* Sidney Blackmer; *Police Sergeant Flaherty,* Thomas Jackson; *Pete Montana,* Ralph Ince; *Tony Passa,* William Collier, Jr.; *Arnie Lorch,* Maurice Black; *Sam Vettori,* Stanley Fields; *Otero,* George E. Stone.

*Reducing*—*M.-G.-M.*—Directed by Charles F. Riesner. The cast: *Marie Truffle,* Marie Dressler; *Polly Rochay,* Polly Moran; *Vivian Truffle,* Anita Page; *Johnnie Beasley,* Buster Collier, Jr.; *Elmer Truffle,* Lucien Littlefield; *Joyce Rochay,* Sally Eilers; *Tommy Haverly,* William Bakewell; *Jerry Truffle,* Billy Naylor; *Marty Truffle,* Jay Ward.

*Beau Ideal*—*RKO*—Directed by Herbert Brenon. The cast: *Otis Madison,* Lester Vail; *John Geste,* Ralph Forbes; *Ramon,* Don Alvarado; *Jacob,* Otto Matiesen; *Isobal Brandon,* Loretta Young; *Mrs. Brandon,* Irene Rich; *Sergeant Frederick,* Paul MacAllister; *The Emir,* George Rigas; *The Angel of Death,* Leni Stengel; *Col. LeBaudy,* Hale Hamilton.

*One Heavenly Night*—*United Artists*—Directed by George Fitzmaurice. The cast: *Lilli,* Evelyn Laye; *Mirko,* John Boles; *Otto,* Leon Errol; *Fritzi,* Lilyan Tashman; *Janos,* Hugh Cameron; *Liska,* Marian Lord; *Zagon,* Lionel Belmore; *Papa Lorenc,* George Bickel; *Egon,* Vincent Barnett; *Almady,* Henry Victor.

*Dance Hall Marge*—*Educational*—Directed by Mack Sennett. The cast: *Marge,* Marjorie Beebe; *Frank Van Dyck,* Frank Eastman; *Parker,* Harry Gribbon; *Mildred,* Mildred Van Dorn; *Mrs. Van Dyck,* Florence Roberts.

*Marriage Rows*—*Educational*—Directed by William Goodrich. The cast: *Elmer,* Lloyd Hamilton; *Winnie,* Addie McPhail; *Albert,* Al St. John; *Albert's Wife,* Doris Deane; *Clara, the maid,* Edna Marion.

## DEATH OF DICK JONES

DICK JONES, who has been ill almost continually since he finished directing Ronny Colman in "Bulldog Drummond" finally passed away at the Queen of the Angeles Hospital in Hollywood. He had been ill for sixteen months. He was a veteran director, at one time head of the Roach Studio, and has thousands of friends in Hollywood who will miss him.

## MABEL NORMAND'S WILL

MABEL NORMAND left an estate valued at \$73,835.00, when she died a year ago. Twenty thousand of this was a home in Beverly Hills, thirty-five thousand was jewels and real estate. The rest was miscellaneous holdings of real estate, rare books, promissory notes, etc. It all goes to her mother, with the exception of one dollar, which she left to her husband Lew Cody. Explanation of the one dollar contained in the will: "Lew has all he needs in his own name. He understands."



WISE  
in the wiles  
OF BEAUTY  
she knows the  
POWER OF A  
beautiful mouth

Others may feed him with practical food but she is the "nectar" of his life. She knows the attraction of lovely lips and keeps them ever beautiful through the daily chewing of **DOUBLE MINT**. This is a secret used by stars of the film and stage. The chewing moistens the lips, takes away their telltale lines and makes them smile.

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# Spring is Here!

(Continued from page 71)



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☐ MEDIUM BROWN ☐ LIGHT BROWN  
☐ DARK RED ☐ LIGHT RED ☐ BLONDE

well because they are sophisticated types. The average woman should not copy these women unless she is sure her personality is of the gorgeous type; she may find herself totally blotted out by her clothes. Vivacity of the youthful sort is smothered by these luxurious modes, which require a certain maturity and dignity to carry them off well.

"For the woman who can not afford many changes of costume the luxury styles are forbidden. She may have a personality which will wear the luxury mode to a queen's taste; but if she is restricted in her clothes expenditures, as most women are, she will do better to give herself only a touch of luxury on her garment, perhaps a touch of embroidery on the shoulder of her velvet gown, an applique of metallic cloth. A wrap depending for its effect on a piece of lovely material is a better choice for her than one beyond her means, or trimmed with cheap magnificence. One may be richly dressed in simple things with the right touch and cut.

"A decorative personality can be over accented; this is a real danger in dress, for the woman who makes this error will find herself more of a mannequin than a live, interesting personality. If a woman has a strong personality, such as Garbo, her charm transcends even simple garments; witness her pictorial success in 'Anna Christie,' as well as in 'Romance,' where she was clothed in such violently contrasting garments. No personality can afford to become too unreal; to keep the human appeal, the actress has to keep her personality down to earth; and this is the same with the woman seeking beauty in clothes in her own social sphere. Overelaboration or too spectacular clothes can destroy a personality.

"Cutting lines, that is, the horizontal lines, it is well known make a woman appear shorter and plumper. They also make her appear more youthful; witness the short skirt. Hence, too, the youthfulness of the bolero and the puff sleeve. The two effects should be carefully weighed, so that a careful decision can be reached as to the comparative desirability of added slenderness or added plumpness, and youthfulness."

**SOPHIE WACHNER**, designer at the Fox Studios, is most adept at those little tricks that flatter, and conceal the faults of form and figure. She handles markedly contrasting types of beauty with equal success with her deftness.

"New modes only exchange old faults for new," says Miss Wachner. "Where the old modes exposed the overlaid leg and hip, the new mode displays other faults. To be frank, everybody has some features that need to be glossed over or concealed, to give the maximum effect of beauty. The flaws in women's forms are always the same; it just depends on the changes of the mode to conceal or reveal different ones.

"When I costume Irene Rich, who, in-

cidentally, has the most perfect small figure of any actress her age in pictures, and in fact, a better one than most of the younger ones, there is only one thing I must watch. Miss Rich has a somewhat plump upper arm; I never use sleeves of contrasting color in her gowns, nor do I give her sleeveless gowns; perhaps a lace jacket, a cap or cape sleeve or scarf takes away from the bare effect."

Miss Wachner is a devoted friend and admirer of Mary Pickford, and when it came to selecting a designer for her rôle in "The Taming of the Shrew," Mary Pickford knew that the one woman who could give her sex appeal along with period costumes was Sophie Wachner. The immaturity of Mary's figure, which has stood her in such good stead in her youthful rôles all these years, demands a special sort of treatment from a designer who must show her as a mature woman with her share of lure.

Sophie Wachner knows that a great deal can be done with proper lines, but she goes right down under the laces and silks of the underwear, and tries to get the foundation of the figure as right as possible before beginning her designing. All of Miss Wachner's clients, unless they are lucky enough to have perfect forms, must wear a long fitted garment made especially for them, which extends from the underarms to the knees. With seaming and fitting, done with infinite pains, this garment becomes a second skin. It fastens with several sets of garters to the stockings to keep it from "riding up." It is not boned, as Miss Wachner feels this would give it too stiff a contour. Made of thin, pliable but strong material, it fits like the scales on a mermaid.

In this garment is placed the padding for a girl with a too immature figure. This padding must be lightly and deftly done. The same padding must be done to balance a too immature bust with over-large hips. Another way of dealing with this large hips and small bust type of figure, is, if the subject has a small waist, to give her a gown with snugly fitted bodice with a narrow waistline, or even a slightly high waistline, and a long bouffant skirt which conceals the hips. This can only be done when a woman has a small waistline; it would be ineffective with a large waistline.

Still another way of dealing with this same problem is to drop the waistline to the top edge of the hip bones (this should represent the bottom of the belt line, not the top), and make a blousy waist, snug fitting hips and long skirt.

**THERE** is a scene in "Sunny Side Up," where Janet Gaynor appears in her undies with her back to the camera, and this writer for the first time realized that the petite little star whom Miss Wachner has clothed with

(Continued on page 106)

More Striking Fashions in Next Month's New Movie



## Dollar Thoughts

(Continued from page 17)

the year's best performance in "The Divorcee." I want to congratulate Norma on this, and let her know that after seeing that picture I was of the same opinion and certainly would have been disappointed had the award been given to anyone else.

Bessie Feder,  
2272 Franklin Avenue

### For a Clean Screen

Wichita Falls, Texas

Wife and I greatly enjoy reading THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, especially as it relates to the life and family history of the Hollywood stars. My present thought, however, is about the paragraph on Page 31, February issue, containing the apparent objection to censor of "Mickey Mouse"—and why shouldn't he be censored, we ask? Good wholesome clean amusement is enjoyed by all. It is more the pity the movies digress from the wholesome and have a seeming disregard for the intellectual impression left on the minds of youth.

Percy H. Stinchcomb,  
1720—7th Street

### Give Clara a Chance

Battle Creek, Michigan

Why, oh why, can't they leave Clara Bow alone? I don't believe she's any worse than a lot of others who manage to keep their affairs more quiet. If they'd only give her a good story once, a fair chance, and turn her loose, people would keep still.

Dorothy S.

### Wants Good Musical Films

Grand Rapids, Michigan

Who said that the public didn't want good musical shows? True, we became nauseated with those numberless leg and bare-back affairs doing military steps up and down stair steps and nasal tenors trying to put over tripey theme songs. But, give us more such enjoyable pictures, as "Rio Rita," "Vagabond King," "Sally," "The New Moon," etc., and see if our shekels still don't clink in the box-office till.

Mrs. T. Burke

Next Month—

## The Reminiscences of Henry B. Walthall

The film recollections of the famous Little Colonel of "The Birth of a Nation" will be an interesting feature of the next

NEW MOVIE

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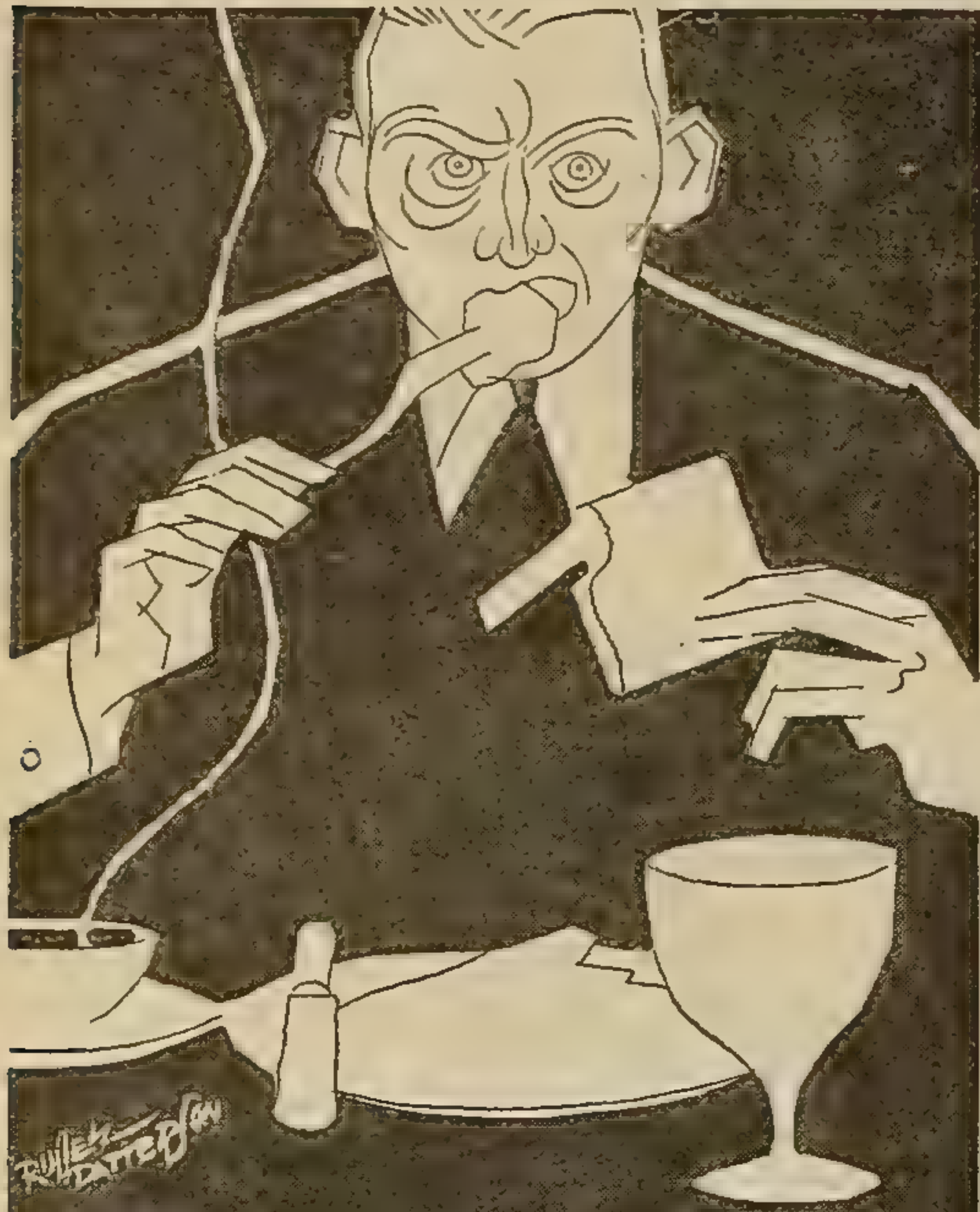
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# hurried?



when you eat  
too fast  
chew



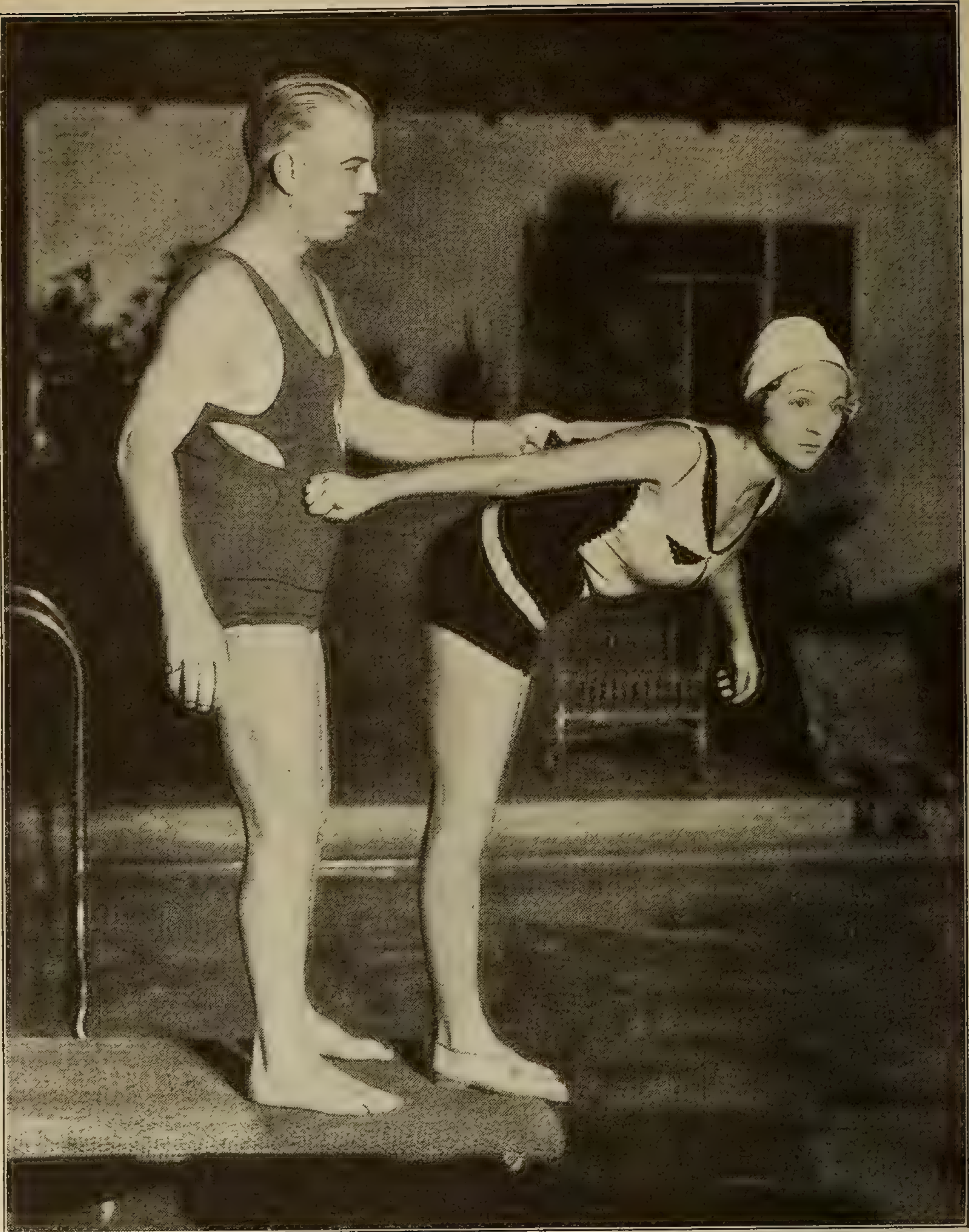
for  
digestion

**I**F you eat as hard and as fast as you work, no wonder your digestion is upset — is making you grouchy and irritable.

So do something to help your digestion. Chew a stick of Beeman's, the pepsin gum! It was developed by Dr. Beeman over 30 years ago as the most delightful way to aid digestion.

Millions of people favor Beeman's for its delicious flavor and chewing smoothness. Next time you pay your luncheon check, ask for a pack of Beeman's.

**BEEMAN'S  
PEPSIN GUM  
aids digestion**



Hoot Gibson and Sally Eilers, his wife, visit the Hotel Ambassador pool. Flo Ziegfeld, Jr., pronounced Sally to be one of Hollywood's most beautiful girls—and the film colony agrees with the famous stage producer.

## Spring is Here!

(Continued from page 104)

such skill, is possessed of rather large thighs, which, if not properly camouflaged in her gowns, would mar her otherwise charming appearance. This fault is a common one, and Miss Wachner we notice deals with it by giving long skirt lines from the natural waistline.

There is the reverse problem of the girl with the full bust and slender hips; to keep the proportions of this figure pleasing, requires different treatment. Olive Borden might be considered of this type, as also Billie Dove. For them, Miss Wachner believes a V-neck in the gown, very deeply cut into the body of the dress and filled in with nude souffle, cuts the width of the figure pleasingly. This is the perfect figure for the gown having the diagonal no-shoulder effect with one shoulder bare, and the other covered with the end of the diagonally cut bodice. Souffle is used, or perhaps some contrasting material, to get the diagonal contrast

over the seemingly bare side.

Marquerite Churchill is a distinctive individuality. Her tallness must be softened into an appropriate youthfulness. Here the answer is to supply the horizontal lines. Miss Wachner designs Miss Churchill's skirts a trifle shorter than the mode, and drops her natural waistline a bit to take from the length of the skirt. The skirt line is the long line in the figure, hence if this can be cut at the top by dropping the waistline, and at the hem by shortening the length, a much shorter appearance for the figure is gained.

This, too, is why Miss Wachner does not always consider it advisable to drop the waistline to the hips on a full figure; it shortens the skirt line and unless the mature type she is designing for is tall enough to wear a very long skirt it shortens her too much. This point must be considered in gowning the middle-aged figures of women like Louise Dresser.



# Home Town Stories of the Stars

(Continued from page 87)

Nothing was spared. The child must have the best that the community's limited facilities afforded. Her public school training was not neglected, and she was almost always a step ahead of her classmates.

Soon the daily routine became the most important thing in the life of the little girl with the smiling eyes. Little or no compulsion was used to develop her art. Her playmates remember her as a serious, but friendly and superbly happy youngster who seldom had time to play but who enjoyed it whole-heartedly when the break in her routine permitted a few minutes with her playmates.

"No, I must do my work," was the almost daily response to the calls of the neighborhood children. She had seen the star of success through the eyes of her parents. Nothing must interfere with the way to its accomplishment.

Work, work, work. Lucile seems to have found most of her recreation in the diversity of her tasks.

"She was beautiful in a rather shy, sweet manner," a girl who was in her grammar school classes said. "Her physical beauty lay principally in her gorgeous red hair and fair skin."

The girls of her class knew a little about her work outside of school. They knew her parents were grooming her for the stage. Lucile carried bits of her knowledge to some of her friends. She was being taught how to be graceful, posture and lack of self-consciousness, and sometimes she repeated her lessons to her playmates.

Lucile accepted her potential career as a matter of course. She would become an actress and, of course, a very good actress. Her statements were made without guile or boastfulness, mere declarations of foregone conclusions much as a boy in the footsteps of his dad. Strangely, she was not ridiculed. She must have been sufficiently positive to instil credulity in her companions.

To such a girl fame did not bring vanity. She was merely fulfilling her destiny.

HER playmates were a bit awed by and a little sorry for her, but she had neither time nor inclination to be sorry for herself. She was a happy

(Continued on page 108)

JIM TULLY

writes about

GEORGE BANCROFT

in

NEW MOVIE

Next Month

She threw away \$22.50 worth of soiled, old-fashioned shades and replaced them for \$3.00 with smart new...

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**EACH**

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Super-Clopay Shades in heavier weights, mounted on rollers and complete with brackets ready to hang, 25 to 50c at Department Stores.

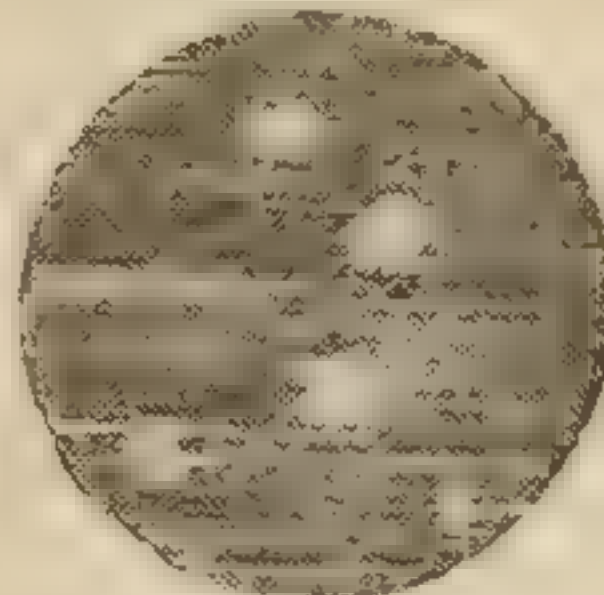
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Clopay Shade after three months wear. No pin holes, cracks or frayed edges. As perfect as the day it was hung?



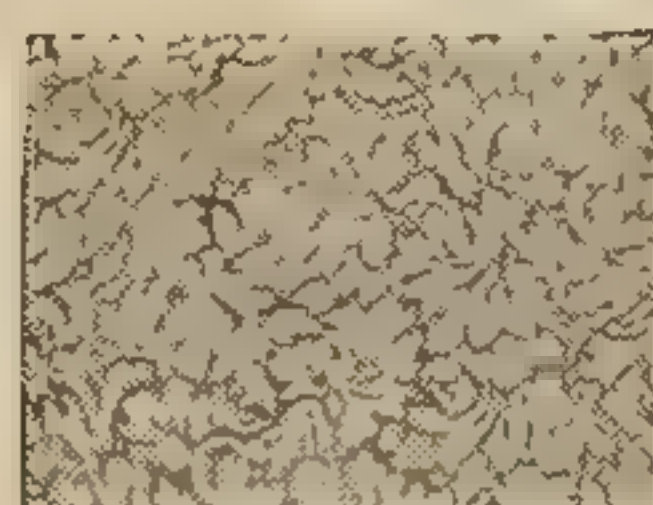
Ordinary filled cloth shade showing pin holes and light cracks which developed after three months wear.



Plain color Clopay Shades come in smart tones of green and tan.



One of the lovely chintz patterns in which Clopay shades are also made.



## CLOPAY WINDOW SHADES

(Manufactured under Patent No. 1,508,759. Other Patents Pending)

At Most Department Stores and 5 and 10c Stores



# Home Town Stories of the Stars

(Continued from page 107)



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**Colo Rinse**  
NOT A DYE . . . NOT A BLEACH  
*Makes sun bleached hair lovely again*

Just use Colo Rinse in the rinsing water after your next shampoo. You will be surprised and delighted how easily it restores the shimmering color sheen. It gives the hair new life and tone. It adds that charming, natural softness you love so much. Colo Rinse is a harmless vegetable color—twelve shades to choose from—that may be used as often as you please with the certainty of fascinating results. Made by Nestle, the originators of the permanent wave.

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youngster, with a strong body and, through close association with adults, the manners of one much older. She must have had an aptitude for making and holding friendships for not one of her old acquaintances will accuse her of any of the petty faults which most children have.

"I have my own alarm clock," she told one of her grammar school teachers one day, "and awaken myself each morning."

The embryo actress was in good hands. Nothing was a task. Her well-ordered program brought her only happiness and a desire to adhere to it strictly.

"Her duties were not work for her—they were a pleasure and she did them all cheerfully," said Miss Elizabeth Balthrope, physical culture teacher in the Quincy school where Lucile received most of her early training. "She was the most pliable child under my direction and she had the most nearly faultless manners of any youngster in the school." Miss Balthrope is one of Lucile's earliest and warmest friends. She has followed the girl's career with more than the usual tutor's interest.

"Her speech was flawless and her behavior that of a great lady even when she was very small; she was an extraordinary student because she had a receptive mind," Miss Balthrope recalls.

Time has worked no perceptible change in Lucile's habits. Miss Balthrope spent the Summer in the Astor home in Hollywood three years ago. She found Lucile the same little red-haired girl, with the happy mien, pleasant smile and the rigid routine, carefully conserving her energies for the career she has sought so ardently.

A SENSE of humor, even as a child, was one of Lucile's prominent characteristics. Her godmother tells of calling at the home one day when Lucile was bedfast with measles. The doctor had given orders that she must remain in bed until her fever dropped. As Mrs. Langhanke and her visitor chatted Lucile grew restive.

"Mother," she called, "did you hear that?"

"I heard nothing," Mrs. Langhanke replied. "What do you mean?"

"Why, didn't you hear that noise now, Mother?" Lucille insisted.

"No, what sort of noise was it?"

"Why, mother, didn't you hear my fever drop?"

A little girl with red curls and an engaging smile on her way to the school building with her mother to meet her father is the earliest recollection of most Quincy people of Lucile Langhanke. She was a child to attract attention and be remembered. In winter she often rode to the school on a sled drawn by her mother.

An additional source of income was sought that Lucile might have more advantages. The Langhankes decided to raise chickens. They moved to a small cottage in a residential section of the city. A large back yard was transformed into a poultry farm and

a special system was used, for Mr. Langhanke was methodical in all things. The poultry business prospered and Lucile was definitely launched on her career.

About the time Lucile became of school age, Mr. Langhanke decided to raise poultry on a larger scale and he moved his family to a farm just outside the northern city limits. Here, in a large, lonely, barn-like house, the Langhankes lived for only a short time. Lucile was sent to Riverside school, a rural school located a half-mile from the farm, but her mother feared she would not have the best advantages there and later sent her to Webster School, one of the largest public schools in the city. Her father took her each day when he went to the city to teach in the high school.

THE poultry farm failed and the Langhankes lost heavily. Undaunted, they moved back to Quincy and took up residence near the high school and Webster school. They centered their entire efforts on Lucile's career. Despite their poverty the girl had every advantage and Mrs. Langhanke sacrificed everything to keep up the girl's music and dramatic art lessons.

Lucile's first recital in dramatic art, under the direction of Mrs. Grace Baumgartner, now of Dallas, Texas, was a great success. She placed personal invitations in her childish scrawl on programs sent her godmothers. "I want both of my godmothers to come," she wrote, and both did attend, as proud of the little girl as her own mother. Many school friends were there and admired Lucile's personality and delivery. But none realized she was privileged to hear a budding star of the stage and screen—none, perhaps, save Lucile's mother, who was certain of her child's future.

Even then Lucile had exceptional poise and assurance. She was never awkward or bashful, and her etiquette in all things was perfect. Those who attended her first recital recall her amazing versatility. Lucile's voice was of medium timbre, inclined to be high at times. It was her voice that caused her anxiety when talkies supplanted silent motion pictures. It registers rather throaty over the microphone.

Lucile inherited a love of the dramatic and artistic from her mother. An aunt—Mr. Langhanke's sister—was an actress on the German stage, and she may have inherited some natural ability from her father. She was an adept piano student, her teacher, Mrs. Lucille Goldsmith Thompson, says.

THE world war interrupted the Langhankes' most ambitious plans. Feeling developed against the teaching of German in the public schools. The board of education was prevailed upon to eliminate the study of German and Professor Langhanke was without a job.

Mrs. Langhanke did not give up. They must go ahead with Lucile's in-



struction; no sacrifice could be too severe. Professor Langhanke supported his little family on his meager earnings as a window decorator and card writer and out of this small fund the determined mother continued her girl's education and saved for the day when they would leave Quincy.

That day came sooner than they had anticipated. Lucile had progressed as far as she could with Quincy teachers. Chicago was not far away and Mrs. Langhanke believed it might present greater advantages. They were gaining nothing by staying in Quincy longer. Despite Mr. Langhanke's protests she broke up house-keeping and the family moved to Chicago with little ceremony.

The mid-Western metropolis opened up a new and brighter vista to the girl from the Mississippi valley. She was enrolled in the classes of famous teachers, and the mother taught dramatic art by day and chaperoned at night to provide additional funds. While the father and mother worried about money, Lucile seemed to have been spared this annoyance. There ensued a heart-breaking period for the parents but the star of hope was not allowed to dim.

Fortune favored them. Mr. and Mrs. Langhanke worked long hours and lived frugally. Lucile was then about fifteen years old and her beauty and charm attracted attention wherever she was presented. Friends suggested that she try out for the movies. The parents thought little of it for a time but eventually decided to enter photographs of Lucile in a national contest conducted by several motion-picture magazines.

"Fame and Fortune" was the name of the contest—and it did bring fame to Lucile Langhanke and started her on the road to fortune. Summoned to New York for motion-picture tests, she received an award and was launched on her movie career.

THE rest of the story is known to the entire movie world and a large portion of fandom—how Lucile was given her big chance, and how the years of rigorous training bore fruit at last in tremendous success. Now, in Hollywood, Lucile and her parents have the things they could not have in Quincy. Lucile's weekly income is greater than her father's annual salary was in the Quincy schools. Still the family unit and the well-ordered life are the most important things in the red-haired beauty's existence. Social life plays no great part in her activities and wild parties are strictly taboo, but her star has not yet reached the zenith of her own aspirations. She hopes some day to have her own company.

Sorrow has struck only once for Lucile. Her happy marriage was turned into tragedy when her husband, Kenneth Hawks, young movie director, was killed in the spectacular fall of his airplane while he was engaged in filming a picture. Sorrow did to Lucile what nothing else had been able to do—it halted, for a time, her march toward the top. Now she has resumed that campaign. The talkies have given her an opportunity to use the training in elocution which was intended to fit her for the legitimate drama. The years have added to her beauty and tragedy has given her the touch that may lead to still greater stardom—the Cinderella of the Middle West has followed the destiny planned for her at birth.

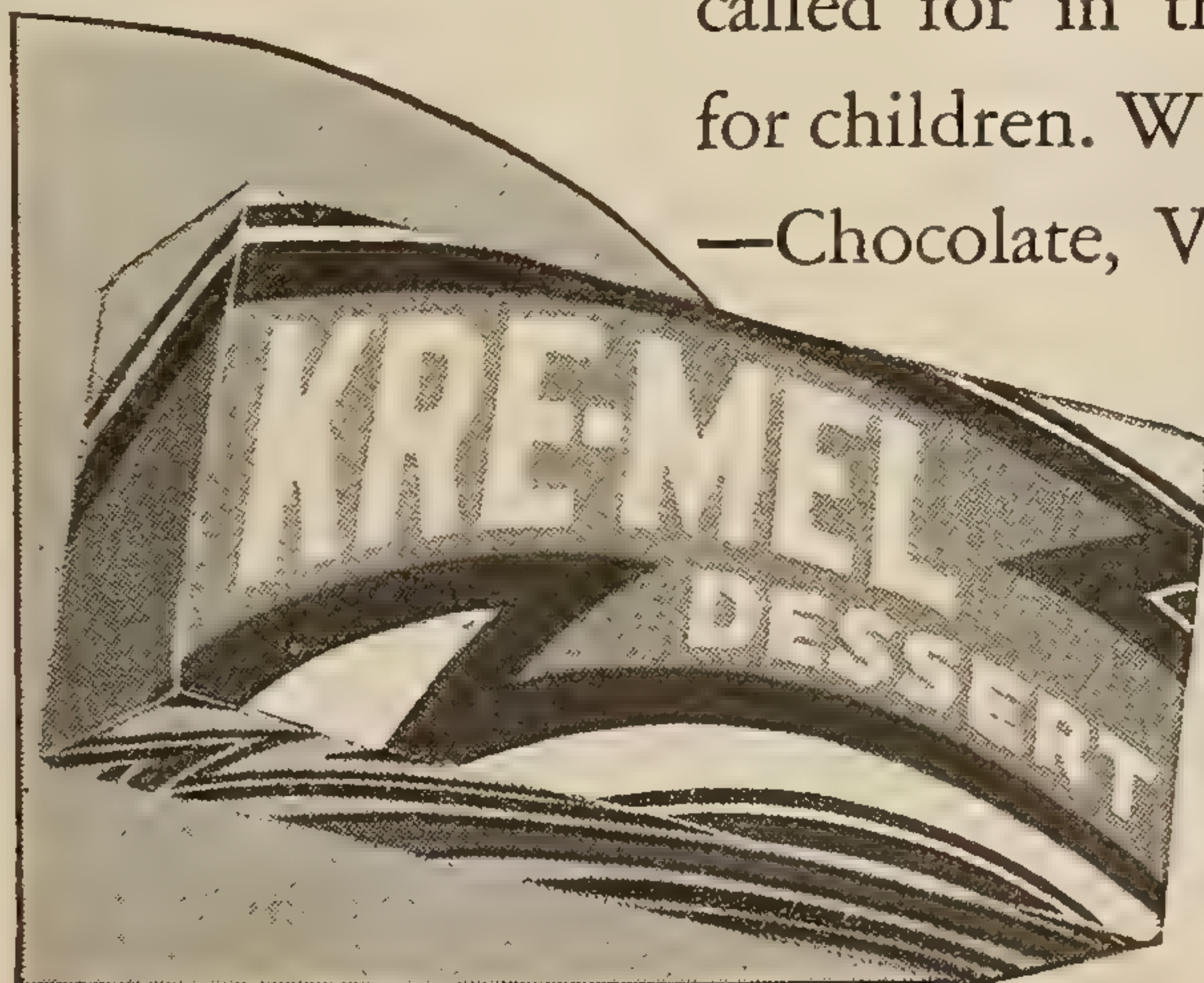


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HERE'S HOW...Mix thoroughly a package of KRE-MEL with  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup milk. Add  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups milk and place over fire, stirring constantly until it thickens and reaches boiling point. This will take several minutes.

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KRE-MEL is pure, rich, delicious—and wholesome as well. Note the amount of milk called for in the above recipe. That's fine for children. We suggest you try all 4 flavors—Chocolate, Vanillin, Caramel, Coffee.



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# The Favorites of the Kings

(Continued from page 88)

insisted that the machine remain and remain it did for nine days until Gustaf had seen every talkie the distributors' bins contained.

Until revolutions became frequent in Spain and King Alfonso began to be concerned about the Bourbon jewelry, which is to say his crown and scepter, this jolly monarch was one of the heartiest fans in the world. There was a time when he was free to spend his Summers at Deauville and there the newspaper correspondents wove many a moonlight sonata around his friendships with various of Hollywood's blond children, including Pearl White. Recently, he has been bound down to summer in San Sebastian which is, candidly, more attractive than Deauville and at best only a fast drive from Biarritz. Billie Dove, the Talmadges, and a score of other stars, male and female, inaugurated the custom this Summer of a visit to San Sebastian, which besides its beach and casino serves up a tasty bull fight.

**Q**UEEN Victoria of Spain has more time to cultivate her flair for the movies and recently, accompanied by her second son, Don Jaime, and the Infantas, climbed the stairs to a first balcony box in a Barcelona movie to see a performance of “The Love Parade,” which had been a little slow in getting to Spain. And how they enjoyed it.

For a report of the performance, I quote from a letter written to me by a friend who attended:

“The sight of the Queen of Spain watching the Queen of Sylvania was really a show within a show, and the royal family enjoyed it hugely. They are reported to have said that it sounded so clear that they might think they were in Sylvania listening to their royal colleagues.

“The diplomatic and consular corps of Barcelona were present with the writer and when the opera scene came on it was hard to realize which of the two shows which were going on was the real spectacle, the silent one or the one in sound.”

The opera scene in this film, it will be recalled, shows Maurice Chevalier as prince consort watching the opera with his queen wife, Jeanette MacDonald, while the diplomatic corps stands ceremoniously behind them in the royal box.

In Rumania, the royal family seem to be able to agree on one thing only—and that is their love for the movies. From little Michael, the Crown Prince, on up to the Queen Mother, they are all fans. Yet even on this common ground they are at variance; they differ in their preferences, both for pictures the stars. King Carol who, before he took his surprise ride into Bucharest and crowned himself, used to live in Paris, has a passion for ultra-modern pictures. Ultra-modern movies, let me explain, are, like ultra-modern paintings, interesting but difficult to understand. Carol's companions in Paris

were intellectuals for the most part and it was in their company that he acquired his liking for the ultra films. His American favorites are Chaplin, Emil Jannings and Louise Fazenda. Leaning toward the bizarre in films does not, however, prevent his enjoying the regular Hollywood output, and he goes frequently.

**Q**UEEN MARIE, mother of Carol, liked “The Singing Fool” so much she saw it twice. The talkies really made a fan of her. She was so deeply interested in the phenomenon of the talkies that she pleaded for an explanation of how the mechanism worked, and so was taken up to the projection booth where it was all made clear to her. She attends the Trianon Theater in Bucharest once a week and would go oftener were it not for the effect upon public opinion.

Carol's sister, now Queen Marie of Yugoslavia, wife to King Alexander, maintains the family tradition. In her chateau the projector used to work nightly but now that the talkies have crossed the frontier it is dolorously silent. Nor does the queen go to the public theaters. She does not stay away because of pride but because Belgrade does not as yet possess a really modern playhouse. There are rumors that the queen is considering the purchase of a sound apparatus, and these are probably well founded, for the enthusiasm for the movies of this royal couple is keener than anything hitherto recorded.

The rulers of Europe's vest-pocket countries are all fans. Charlotte, Duchess of Luxemburg, attends the public theaters on the average of twice a week. Louis, Prince of Monaco, finds himself frequently in Paris and profits by the occasion to see a few dozen movies. Not widely known outside of Monte Carlo, the Prince does not fear recognition. Franz of Lichtenstein goes to Vienna for his movies but as a fan he is rather tepid, being more interested in painting pictures of his own on canvas.

The ex-kings, all in all, have a better time of it, so far as the movies are concerned. The man who used to be King Michael of Montenegro, and he would have been the King of Portugal, and the Grand Duke Cyril, who may be czar of Russia, all indulge their tastes in the way of Tom, Dick and Harry, although none of them can be said to be rabid enthusiasts.

Of the exiles, most to be pitied perhaps is young Otto who, had there been no war, would today be Emperor of Austria-Hungary, but who now lives in stern seclusion with his mother, the Empress Zita, in Spain. Zita allows the boy few pleasures and in the little Spanish village there are no movie theaters. Recently the boy visited Brussels and there saw his first movie. And what is one movie to a youngster. That was almost a year ago, and he hasn't seen another one since.

Are You Reading The Hollywood Boulevardier?  
Herb Howe Writes Only for NEW MOVIE Magazine



# Music of the Sound Screen

(Continued from page 6)

spirit. This carries a vocal refrain with effects, and what effects! (This is a Brunswick Record.)

And who do we hear next, but our old friend, Ben Bernie, the "Old Maestro," himself, doing a noble job for the public with his recording of his theme song, "It's a Lonesome Old Town." If you have heard Ben on the air, you're familiar with this tune, and with his rendition. In my estimation, it's one of the sweetest numbers written in some time, and the "Old Maestro," did well in selecting it for his signature.

On the other side is "Au Revoir," the tune with which Ben signs off the air. Needless to say, he turns it out with perfection. Anything that says Ben Bernie on it, I buy, regardless of what the tune may be. (This is a Brunswick Record.)

And who should pop up now but Ted Lewis, the boy who made high hats famous. This time he comes with a revival of the old standby, "Somebody Stole My Gal." Of course, you are all familiar with the tune, which must be at least ten years old, but Ted and his boys whizz through in good shape in the typical Lewisonian style. Naturally enough, Ted does the vocal honors.

The other side is also a revival, and this time it's "Some Day Sweetheart," and the band tones down a bit as it is turned out in sweet style. This also has Ted as vocalist, and if you don't like fast music, it should hit you just about right. (This is a Columbia Record.)

Mickie Alpert and his Orchestra, a bunch of boys new to me, have recorded, "Hurt," and a very good job they have done, too. This number is becoming quite popular, and Mickie and his crew are contributing to that popularity in no small way. Although they may have recorded in the past, I have never run across them before but we're sure to hear more from them now.

The other side is "We're Friends Again," a tune that I like, and I think you'll like, too. This is also recorded by Mickie Alpert and his Orchestra. See what you think of the boys. (This is a Columbia Record.)

## Are you contributing to DOLLAR THOUGHTS?

Write your ideas about the motion picture plays and people to NEW MOVIE and win a brand new dollar bill. Turn to page 16 and read the details.

Mae Clarke  
Lilyan Tash  
Raquel Terr  
Kathryn Cra  
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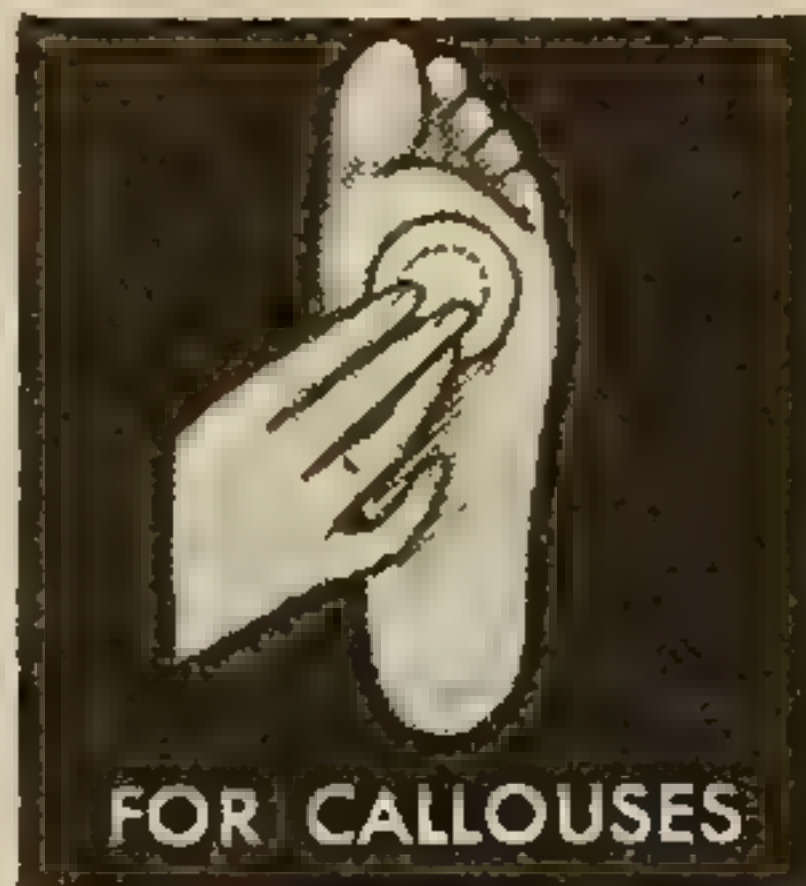


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**DR. HAND'S Teething Lotion**

# First Aids to Beauty

(Continued from page 90)

effects, this humped-up posture make correct breathing impossible. It is equally important that the torso be stretched to its full height when sitting as when standing. When you sit down, push far back into the chair until the upper part of the body is at right angles with the thighs. The spine should press gently against the back of the chair. When leaning, bend from the hips, keeping the torso erect and the shoulders pushed back. In rising from a chair, place the feet in the proper position so that you can push the body up easily.

Lovely hands are important. They are one of the most gracious possessions a woman can have. Action of the hands is usually taken for granted. We want to reach for a glass, so we reach for it without giving a thought to the manner in which the act is performed. Because we don't give conscious thought to these actions, many of us appear at a disadvantage, striking a discordant note in an otherwise attractive picture. A finished actress, such as Ruth Chatterton, knows the important part hands play in expressing many kinds of emotion.

Begin cultivating magnetic hands by relaxing them completely. Hold them away from the body, elbows bent loosely, and then shake them from the wrist. The action should be done entirely from the upper arm. Flap the hands rapidly so that the fingers fly around in all directions. Hold the hands up and play imaginary five-finger exercises in the air. Push the fingers of one hand apart with the fingers of the other hand.

It is up to each of us to work out a program of exercise and recreation which will give a youthful body that is the expression of the inner self. Surely an hour or two each day is not too much time to spend towards the achievement of this goal. Your masterpiece is yourself.

**ROSE OF CONNECTICUT** wants to know what to do about deep lines under her eyes. So often lines underneath the eyes are caused from eye strain, so I would first make sure about this. The skin around the eyes, however, is usually thinner and dryer and more delicate than anywhere else on the face, and needs more nourishment. Spread a rich eye cream around your eyes each night. Begin at the inner

corner of the upper eyelid, travel around the eye and back toward the bridge of the nose. Then pat lightly with the cushions of your two forefingers. Pat harder at the outer corners. These eye creams are rich in oils and will not only help to prevent lines, but will soften them if they are already there.

How to improve legs is the cry that comes from Mildred of Fairfax, Alabama. Here are two excellent exercises for developing the muscles of the legs. Lie on the floor, flat on your back. Bring your right knee to your chest as far as it will go, and clasp your hands about your knee to bring it as close as possible. Loosen your hands and kick your foot in the air, with your knee straight and your heel pointing up so that you feel the stretch along the muscles of your calves. Lower your leg slowly, toe leading. Repeat the exercise, alternating your legs, at least ten times each day. Be sure that your knee is straight when your foot is up in the air, and that it remains straight as it is lowered to the floor. In the second exercise, place your hands, palms down, on the floor at your side to help you bring your knees to your chest without strain. Then clasp your hands around your knees to hug them closer, and return hands to floor as you kick your feet into the air. This helps you lower the legs to the floor. Remember legs must not fall to the floor; you must control their movement every step of the way.

M. R. of Red Lion, Pennsylvania, is having difficulty arching her eyebrows. First brush your eyebrows directly up, then smooth down and shape them along the line you want. Eyebrows need to be brushed daily to rid them of the powder which has accumulated during the day. If you dip your brush each day in vaseline or olive oil after the make-up of your face, your brows will not appear ragged.

From Hazleton, Pennsylvania, comes a complaint from H. S. B. of a chapped face. You must protect your skin from extremes of temperature as much as possible and from irritating cosmetics. Instead of soap and water, try olive or almond oil for cleansing your face. Use a tissue cream or nourishing cream to massage with and leave a film of this cream on over night. And always protect your face with foundation cream under your make-up.

# Men Who Make the Movies

(Continued from page 14)

trust monopoly beaten off and with Fox films safely installed in American cities, Winnie focused his executive energies on the foreign market, especially England and the Continent, where he established branch offices. True to newspaper traditions, he was and is constantly on the watch for something new. And if it looks right, he wants it first, regardless of cost. He risked a huge investment on Movietone and found his confidence in the sound mechanism to be justified. Before the agitation over magnified screens had

progressed beyond the research laboratory, Winnie was prepared to protect Fox theaters when the time came to commercialize the new invention. Up to date, the Fox Company has not been "scooped" on anything important.

Mr. Sheehan has a home in Beverly Hills, Calif., where he spends most of the year, watching the production of Fox films ever so closely. According to his associates, Winnie is a grand boss, save that he forgets when it is time to stop working and expects a like forgetfulness in others.



# Gossip of the Studios

(Continued from page 31)

disturbed in a storage vault. It probably never will be resurrected. The pretty Pathe bungalow Gloria occupied is untenanted. When Ann Harding and Constance Bennett went under contract with the company, they seemed to be eyeing the attractive building covetously. Pathe officials, apparently sensed their thoughts, promptly built beautiful twin bungalows for their use.

**G**EORGE M. COHAN, so long the stay and prop of the New York stage, has Hollywood plans. He intends producing "The Tavern" and "Gambling" on the legitimate stage here. Film plans will follow automatically. His daughter is doing well here in films. It may be remembered that in 1929, Cohan signed a million dollar contract to come West and make films with Joseph Schenck for United Artists with Al Jolson as star.

Somewhere along the way out from New York, he decided he could not leave Broadway, tore up his million dollar contract and went back. Perhaps the experiences of his co-worker, Flo Ziegfeld, who made a film here recently according to his own ideas, and very successful ones they proved, has convinced him that Hollywood is not to be neglected.

*James Gleason has the smartest scheme in Hollywood.*

*He writes dialogue of adaptations, and slips in a rôle for himself. Writing on "Women of All Nations," for Victor McLaglen, Jimmie produced a character which no one but his inimitable self could play. He recently completed his rôle in "Beyond Victory," for Pathe, in which he wrote a grand part for himself. And he played it, too!*

*Racketeer!*

**T**HERE is something about that Bickford guy that gets 'em all. He is back to the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot after asking for a release from his contract, because he would not play in the same picture with Jack Gilbert. He is playing Cash Hawkins in Cecil De Mille's "Squaw Man," at Mr. De Mille's own request. This, after all the remarks attributed to Bickford about Cecil De Mille.

His first act was to walk up to De Mille and say, "Mr. De Mille, I want you to know that I have never uttered a word of all the things you may have heard that I am reputed to have said about you." Mr. De Mille was non-committal, but welcomed Bickford heartily.

**T**HIS machine may sound like a Rube Goldberg cartoon of Crazy Inventions, but here it is. It will make a noise like the wind, telephone, squeaky door, police siren, machine gun fire, temple block, burning fire, whistle, birds, printing press, cat, dog, cap pistol, music rack, horses' hoofs, typewriter, mallet, quail, crying baby, clock winding noise, doorbell, buzzer, ocean wave, sand block, breaking dishes and automobile crash. The owner and inventor reported its loss to the police, describing it as "the envy of all studio technicians." It was stolen from an

(Continued on page 127)

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28x5.25-18"		2.95	1.35	34x4	3.50	1.15	
30x5.25-20"		2.95	1.35	32x4 1/2	3.20	1.45	
31x5.25-21"		3.20	1.35	33x4 1/2	3.20	1.45	
30x5.77-20"		3.20	1.40	34x4 1/2	3.45	1.45	
31x6.00-19"		3.20	1.40	30x6	3.60	1.75	
32x6.00-20"		3.20	1.40	33x6	3.60	1.75	
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# She's Phoney That Way

(Continued from page 51)

much for admission, and as for burlesque, I never was even exposed to it. As I told Solomon, the whole affair's entirely beyond my jewishdiction."

"I'll help you," soothed Miss Shaftesbury, sitting very erect as they neared the corner of Wilshire and Western. "Burlesquers are human beings except, of course, that there are always a few crooked ones who'll swipe every Pullman towel a girl has collected. They're—star-spangled heavens! Danny! Danny Gilgo!"

MR. SPEONK wriggled at this plebeian display of excitement and then curiously inspected the reason for it as something in a triple checked suit stepped to the curb, flicking the rim of a beige fedora with thumb and forefinger. Mr. Danny Gilgo was one of those flashily handsome, elderly young men, overdressed, overconfident and undermannered, to be found doubling for totem poles in any large city. His air was one of boredom, his mouth was a mere obliquely cynical slit, and his career, such as it was, had moulded him into a smudgy counterfeit of several famous tapdancers.

"'Lo, Margie," he twangled. "How's tricks, baby?"

"Oh, Danny, it's so good to see anyone from the old troupe! What are you doing in Hollywood?"

"Waitin' for a call," said Mr. Gilgo, with superb effrontery! "I was over to Fascination, Epictures and the Slotkin barns askin' them could they use a hoofer. No, they said, they didn't need no hoofer, but seein' they didn't know who I was, I gave 'em an audition, and they took my address. The trouble with these mullet heads out here is that they don't know nothin' about real show business. Do I hear applause?"

"Nothing at all," agreed Mr. Speonk, "except to give the public what it wants, which isn't hoofers."

Mr. Gilgo looked hurt. "I woulda rung you up, Margie," he said, appealing to Miss Shaftesbury, "but your name ain't in the directory. You're certainly ridin' the cushions these days, kid, with your high toned impersonations. I'll bet you could put the freeze on the Astors and have enough left over for a quart of sherbet. Say, is this little squirt your husband?"

Lady Margaret made the introduction while Mr. Speonk's frown deepened. "Danny," she said gently, "I'm afraid you don't know that hoofers in Hollywood are as common as yawns at grand opera. They're a drug on the market, even good ones, but I think I have a position for you. Climb in and I'll drive you home for tea."

"Just what I expected," said the tapdancer airily, settling himself to Mr.

Speonk's discomfort. "I knew a guy with my class wouldn't have to wait long. What do I have to do?"

"I'm beginning a picture about burlesque and I think Omar and my director will need an adviser to keep it true to life."

"I wouldn't be surprised, Margie. A fellow was telling me they don't bury their dead here—they make supervisors out of 'em. Haw, haw!" chortled Mr. Gilgo, slapping Omar on his carbuncle, "Boy, is that a hot one!"

He remained equally playful at the tea table, where he wolfed the sandwiches as only a burlesquer can, and shortly afterward Mr. Speonk, listening to a conversation in a jargon which he couldn't understand, departed in the same spirit that Napoleon left Moscow.

LATER in the evening Miss Shaftesbury gazed fondly on the brash little tapdancer, overlooking any possible defects for the sake of the memories he revived. Was he a bit louder, a little more blatant, than she remembered, or was it the deadly softness of her life that made him seem like that. Anyhow, he was a real person! But something decided her not to tell him he had been the object of her thoughts in the love scenes. She leaned eagerly forward.

"Let's talk over old times, Danny."

"What for?" inquired Mr. Gilgo amazedly. "I should think you'd want to forget 'em, livin' like this."

"Perhaps you don't understand," tremoloed Lady Margaret, "but I'm hungry for reality after being on this treadmill of banquets and yachting parties and looking wise at some stupid art exhibit. Let's talk about how we used to give the Johns the runaround in Pittsburgh or the time in Baltimore when we had to bail out the comic before we could open the show. I can remember so many things!"

"So can I. Dressin' rooms as cold as an igloo and old stages saggin' like a hammock. The old days don't give me no thrill, Margie Slattery."

"Oh, I love to hear that name again! You know, Danny, I always rather admired you from a distance, but you had a partner, so you never suspected, I guess. What happened to the act?"

"I outgrew her," said Mr. Gilgo with an expansive gesture. "And besides, she married a restaurant owner in Worcester on account of she'd be sure of three squares a day. 'You ain't goin' no place,' she says to me, 'and if I stick with you until we play Broadway one of my grandchildren will have to guide me across the street.' Professional jealousy, that's all, because I ankled along without her in show after show, and when I made a stake in a

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crap game I breezed out here. Me, I got ambition, and if you still feel that way about me, I don't blame you."

Miss Shaftesbury steered him back to the good old days channel, and Danny, shrewd enough to appreciate icing on his cake, cheerfully exchanged rose tinted lies until he was ushered into the night at eleven bells.

NEXT morning found him at the Galaxy studios, armed with a defensive insolence to cover the fact that he was immensely impressed by all he saw, and after Mr. Speonk had towed him around for two hours, explaining the marvels and introducing the cast, he requested details on the story.

"Well," said the harassed Omar, "the heroine is an honest girl, but it seems there's a villain—one of those old guys who'll do in a pinch and usually does just that. He's a millionaire and—"

"Out," barked Mr. Gilgo. "The only brand of alleyrabbits what hang around burlesque stage doors are cheap skates with maybe a few of these college punks, except when you play Washington, when there's always a couple of national law-makers that send their taxi drivers to scout for 'em. Make the villain a senator."

"You may not believe it," Mr. Speonk told me. "but there's such a thing as censorship, and we don't go ruffling the fur on any law-makers. What do you care how rich the villain is—I'll be responsible for that."

"Leave me have a peek at the hero, then."

"Right here," said Hilary Kingston, stepping forward. He was dressed in quiet grey tweeds, and Danny, viewing them along with a blue banded Panama, malacca stick and boutonniere, commenced to wonder if his own blinding ensemble was not a bit over the heads of the picture people.

From the chair Miss Shaftesbury sized up both men as they faced one another. Hilary, tall, handsome, blond and reserved; Danny, a dark, noisy bantam, handsome in a different way. Hilary, who had always walked smoothly toward success; Danny, who had known the uncertainties of fate . . . something told her she would choose one or the other before long.

"You sure look noble," said the tap-dancer jeeringly. "So you're the screen lover de luxe, huh? A guy with a front like yours would be makin' up to Margie on the outside, maybe?"

"Suppose we stick to the story," suggested Hilary reddening.

"Oke, brother. Now I want to wise you up that you can't play no tailor's dummy in this picture. Take this sequence of the taxi ride," said Mr. Gilgo, turning to the director. "I don't want to tramp on your toes, but could I see it acted out so's I can make alterations right away?"

THE director obligingly motioned the leads to the center of the stage and indicated a settee. "There's the cab," he encouraged. "You know the story, so let's have your interpretation."

Mr. Kingston took Margaret in his arms, bending over her in his customary gallant manner. She shrank away, struggling.

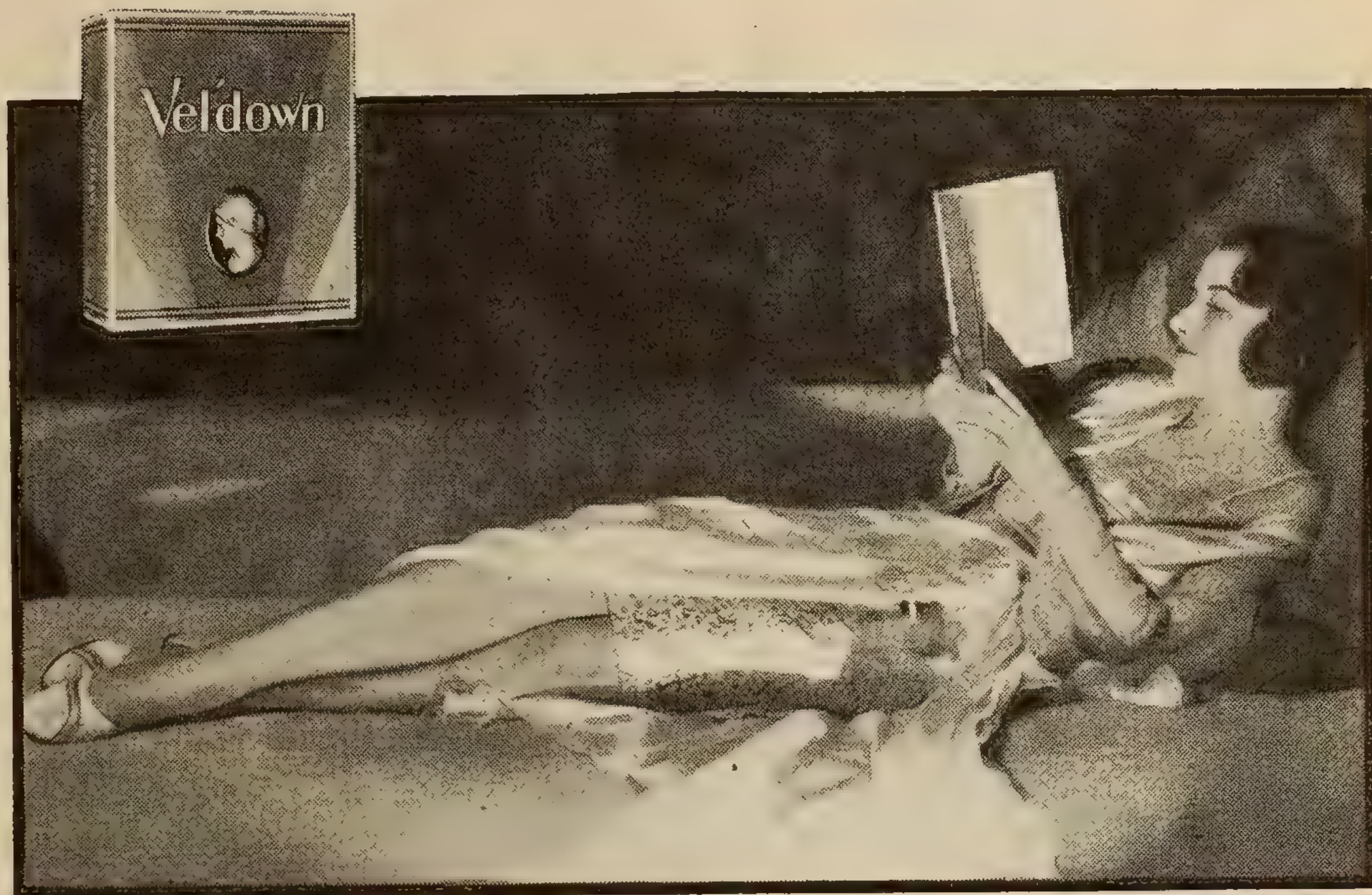
"Get rough with her!" yelled the disgusted Mr. Gilgo. "You can't overpower a chorus girl by personality—put on the strangle-hold!"

"He's right, Hilary," laughed the

(Continued on page 116)

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# She's Phoney That Way

(Continued from page 115)

star. "My blue blood's turned to scarlet now, and you'll have to check those elegant approaches."

"Really? I'm sorry, Margaret, but they're the only ones I've got for you."

"Yes, really!" mocked Mr. Gilgo. "So you're an actor! Distinctive as a golden eagle, I remember readin' of you, but say, if you ever flew across the street you'd get shot for a snipe. Here's the system, brother." And flopping on the settee he pinioned Miss Shaftesbury with the dexterity of an expert. She struggled anew, whereupon Danny, having seized Hilary's cane, hooked it around her neck and yanked her closer, ending with a barrage of kisses upon her unresisting mouth.

The assembled cast giggled uneasily at this unheard of liberty, then checked themselves as Hilary Kingston confronted the flustered Omar K. Speonk.

"Shall we say that I am miscast?" he said pleasantly. "The part's out of my depths, I'm afraid, you'd better assign someone else to it."

Mr. Speonk commenced mumbling but Lady Margaret cut him short.

"Don't be absurd!" she flashed. "You don't dare refuse to play opposite me." Little tremors of panic ran through her as she thought of losing Hilary's competent support. "I—I just won't have it."

"I'm withdrawing, and that's final. I'm not the sort who can submerge himself in a role; I'll admit I'm only a type actor, and the parts I've been playing with you haven't taken much acting because—well," said Mr. Kingston, sauntering toward an exit, "I guess you know how it is. I can't do justice to this technical advisor's instructions because I lack his—er—subtlety, and what's more, I don't regret it."

"A brawl in the first five minutes!" lamented Mr. Speonk. "That's what comes from trying to be a hussy in a hurry, and if you don't go back to the straight and narrow you'll be playing the lead in that unpopular drama, 'Wrinkle, Wrinkle, Little Star.'"

The trim lines of the Shaftesbury jaw hardened stubbornly, although her eyes were dewy. "I'm too versatile an artiste for him," she murmured.

"Sure," seconded Danny, who had been peering at the script, "what's an actor, more or less. Listen, here's a place where you have to say, 'Stop, I won't listen to another word!' Who's that goin' to stop, I'd like to know? We'll change it to, 'Lace up your shoe, kid, your tongue's hangin' out!' And no squawks from you, either," said Mr. Gilgo as Omar registered acute anguish, "because I heard your snooty Lady Margaret utter them very words to our comic when he tried to get fresh in Toledo."

SIX weeks of production left Miss Shaftesbury awhirl with triumph, a reigning queen flattered by a little world that seemed created to bend the knee solely to her. This was the never failing system in vogue with Galaxy's most luminous minds for, like all other producers, they never knew whether they had a winning picture until the public decided for them. Reams of publicity billowed forth, typewriter keys clacked out prophecies that a female Jannings was about to be born, and

the studio, self-hypnotized, began mouthing phrases about "this daring new adventure into the uplands of artistry."

Breathless as a knife thrower's partner, Lady Margaret slaved happily from eight until five, while Mr. Speonk and the director, all but adrift in the sea of realism, leaned more and more heavily upon the cocky Mr. Gilgo. That gentleman, modestly admitting that he didn't have to look in the back of the book for the answers, had come to be accepted by his co-workers as a necessary evil and by Miss Shaftesbury's friends as an intriguingly vulgar little chap, but so natural, you know.

"I'm proud of you, Danny," cooed the star on the final day. "Nobody else could have helped me nearly as much, and another thing, the way you've mixed with my set has been simply marvelous."

"I've been studying 'em," said the tapdancer, who had rescued his g's from oblivion, "because it's the first chance I've had to see how the other half behaves in its own quarters. A bit nutty, but nice, I'd say, even though they still are a little over my head. All except that Kingston guy who walked out on you as soon as he found out you were a Slattery."

"I—I can't believe it was that, Danny. Still—he's been working right over on Stage D, and I've only seen him in the distance. He avoids me, but he looks so—"

"He'll look his eyes out at the prem—the perm—well, the opening night of 'Ladies To Let,' bragged Mr. Gilgo. "What a revenge for you, baby! It's about ten days off, I heard, and you won't see me from now until then."

"But why?"

"I'm readying a surprise for you, baby, that will make you prouder than ever. Omar's the only one I've told, and he's all for it." And flipping a kiss, the only method allowed him outside working hours, he swaggered away.

THE ten days dragged by, with the star shamelessly haunting Stage D, in an effort to trap her ex-leading man. She succeeded, but Hilary, when cornered, talked books, politics, sports, anything save the yearning that glowed in his every glance. Whereupon Miss Shaftesbury, with feminine ferocity, wanted to hurt him.

Opening night was all such an occasion should be. Not a single personage reached the theater in comfort, for the crowd, gobbling up the restraining ropes like so much spaghetti, flooded Hollywood Boulevard and whooped approval as the stars, makeup congealed in tapioca-like blobs in the September heat, were carried shoulder high to the lobby. Searchlights shamed the rainbow, the master of ceremonies ran out of cough drops and chauffeurs went home to beat their wives, while inside the theater Mr. Omar K. Speonk was completing his speech of welcome.

"And not only has this been a glorious adventure," he recited woodenly, "but it would never have been undertaken without the advice of a very remarkable fellow. A man, ladies and gentlemen, whom I may call the landlord—heh, heh—of 'Ladies To Let,' and like all other landlords, he's responsible, besides being a nifty tapdancer."



A warning hiss issued from behind the wings and something very like a beatific smile wreathed Mr. Speonk's worried countenance as, with a wave of his hand, he announced, "Mr. Daniel Gilgo!"

Down in a third row aisle chair Miss Shaftesbury blinked credulously at the figure that strolled forth and leaned against the proscenium arch. She had half expected the surprise to be Danny's not too discreditable imitation of Marilyn Miller, but she was unprepared for the glass of fashion that smirked down at her. Mr. Gilgo was in full evening dress, cut in the roomy style beloved of the so-called best tailors, a broad crimson silk ribbon slanted across his shirt bosom, and he looked out from behind his gates ajar collar with the blasé pout of a matinée idol, but not for a fleeting second did he seem other than what he really was—a glittering, rather shoddy little masquerader. Calmly screwing a monocle into place, Mr. Gilgo began to speak in a hideous distortion of well-bred diction.

"I AM chawmed," he bleated, "to be among you, but not as a dancah, faw I have prawgressed beyond that, I trust. Yawss, my friends, we all must advawnce or we parish. I have wrung muh hawt to give to you this pitchaw, and, with the help of the fair Lady Mawgrut, whom I once called Mawgie, I—"

Miss Shaftesbury kept her eyes fixedly on her souvenir program, wondering whether the maribou trimming of her dress was beginning to smoke. So this was Danny, the real! Gone Hollywood, via the well trodden path of vanity. But why did he look so out of place in good clothes, when she herself could get away with them? Why—before she could puzzle it out the lights were dimmed and "Ladies To Let" finally appeared from behind a gas attack of screen credits that would have done justice to the compilers of a dictionary.

The first fifteen minutes were passed in the usual flurry of critical whispering, and then the horrified Margaret grew conscious of a sinister change in the attitude of the fashion plate deadheads. Her taxicab scene, supposedly a triumph of matter over mind, was received with snickers, her jazz singing brought open merriment, and by the time the dramatic punch arrived gales of laughter were sweeping the audience, so, rising like a frightened partridge, the girl who would be tough ran blindly up the aisle.

Her flight came to an abrupt end against a tall figure on the promenade, and two athletic arms encircled and held her with exasperating ease.

"Let me go!" she choked. "Do you think I'm going to stay here and make a personal appearance at the post mortem? Let me go—the film's a flop!"

"I sincerely hope so," said Hilary politely, half carrying her through the lobby and into the now deserted Boulevard. "Here, stop scratching!"

"I won't."

"Oh, yeah?" inquired Mr. Kingston, trying to leer and making a bad job of it. "Well, here's my car and in you go." He pitched her none too gently into the front seat and stepped on the starter. "If rough stuff's what you want, that's what you'll get—Margie."

"Don't you dare get virile with me!" raged Miss Shaftesbury. "I can't stand any more quick change acts,

(Continued on page 118)

# How Charlotte Nye Saved \$22 Worth of Shoes for Just a Few Cents



**SPRING** came—it always does, and Charlotte Nye found herself in need of spring shoes but Charlotte did not like the idea of spending a lot of good money for shoes just yet. In her closet she found several pairs of old ones—they only looked old.

"There certainly should be some way to renew their appearance," she thought. Then she remembered an ad she had seen for ColorShine—the remarkable polish that brightens up soiled shoes and keeps them looking new.

"The very thing!" she exclaimed, and that very morning she bought a supply from the 10c. store. Neutral Creme for her last year's sport shoes, White Kid Cleaner for last season's kid slippers, Black Creme for her worn black pumps, and for her husband's old tan oxfords, (which he was about to throw away) she used Black Dye, and presented him with a pair of black shoes,



Another New Idea  
The ColorShine Shoe Polisher—fits the hand, you won't drop it—cleans around the soles. Ask to see it today—at 10c. stores.

good for several months wear.

"The results were wonderful", says Mrs. Nye "why they look like new, and we still have the \$22.00 it would have cost to buy new shoes and too, there is enough left in each bottle to polish our shoes again and again."

It is economy to keep shoes looking fresh and smart with ColorShine—only 10c. a bottle! Special ingredients soften, protect and preserve the leather. There are ColorShine Polishes for all smooth leathers: Neutral Creme for brown, tan and colored shoes, White Kid Cleaner for white kid and calf shoes, Black Creme for black smooth leathers, Black Dye for dyeing all smooth leathers black. Sold in 10c. stores everywhere; 15c. in the far west and Canada. You will find ColorShine on the hardware counters of most 10 c. stores. The Chieftain Mfg. Co., Baltimore, Maryland.



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SHOE POLISHES  
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Your Shoes Look New  
10¢  
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and Canada.



# She's Phoney That Way

(Continued from page 117)

not after Danny's performance. Take me home this instant."

"Pipe down," ordered Hilary, pushing her away from him. "Home your eye! We're going to drive around until two A.M. kid, and then we'll get the early editions of the morning papers. I know you can hardly wait to read them."

"You brute! You know very well that the critics were the first to chuckle."

"No, I was, and as for that brute stuff, why not? You can't overpower an ex-chorus girl with personality, you know. I've half a mind to hook you around the neck and see what happens."

"STOP it!" begged Margaret. "I know you're only fooling, but it sounds terrible, coming from you. It isn't a bit natural."

"Then," said Hilary, once more his quietly smiling self, "why can't you see that it's the same with you, dear? We're not great, you and I, we're only types, and you can't be rough because it isn't in you. Why, you headstrong little idiot, don't you know that you were always a lady, even before you began playing one?"

"The public doesn't want art," protested Miss Shaftesbury in a most unconvincing voice.

"They want Lady Margaret. And so

do I," said Hilary almost fiercely.

"Well, if you can say that when I've got tear stains all mixed up with my rouge, I guess it must be true. And it's true that you're real in your—in our own way, isn't it? Ah, Hilary, I'll never think of anyone else now that you're holding me again! Will you kiss me?"

"I'm too polite to break a certain rule."

"Why, darling, what are you waiting for?"

"Ladies first," said Mr. Kingston happily, and for once in her life Lady Margaret took direction with a smile.

## Studio Notes

DIANE ELLIS, who was one of Hollywood's younger actresses a year or so ago, and who married millionaire Stephen Millett in Paris two months ago, died in Madras, India, on her 'round-the-world honeymoon trip. She was twenty-one the day she died. Graduating from a Hollywood High School, Diane was very popular in the film capital and is sincerely mourned.

*Wilson Mizner put one radio wisecracker in his place recently. After listening to the young writer getting off very ancient wheezes about the movies, Bill remarked gently, "If that young man is going to be on the air often I'll have to quit breathing it."*

THERE is talk of a school, sponsored and controlled by the studios, being formed in Hollywood to teach young actors how to look and act natural before the camera. How to get away from amateurishness, such as held back the performances of John Wayne in "The Big Trail" and Richard Cromwell in "Tol'able David."



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**TOWER BOOKS**  
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## Call it Luck

(Continued from page 79)

Barrymore, who was starred, was eight years later to direct me in 'Ten Cents a Dance' on the Columbia lot in Hollywood," he remarked. "Just another coincidence. It's a small world."

Other stage engagements followed, including thirty-five hectic weeks of vaudeville. Then came a period of fourteen weeks of featured rôles with the Stuart Walker Stock Company in Cincinnati. Equipped with all this experience, he decided to again try Broadway. After some weeks, he landed a rôle in "Young Blood" but the show folded and he had to return to stock, this time in Springfield, Mass.

His next onslaught on Broadway resulted in the juvenile lead with James Rennie in "The Great Gatsby," followed by important rôles in the road companies of "The Enemy" and "The Night Hawk," but still nothing outstanding. He was simply one of the crowd. Meanwhile, talkies were commencing to attract many of the stage contingent. Accordingly, when he was offered one of the leads in a war film, by an independent Canadian producer, he jumped at the chance. After seven months work, the whole affair turned out to be a dud. "All that time wasted," he exclaims. "The film, 'Carry On, Sergeant,' was never released. However, there was plenty of 'you-know-what' and we had a great time," he adds, with a slow smile.

AT this stage of the game he was about ready to quit the acting business for good. There didn't seem the slightest chance of getting in a Broadway show and he was fed up on the road. Again fate took a hand. "Holiday" was about to be cast and George McFarlane, the stage comedian, whom he knew but casually, introduced him to Arthur Hopkins, the producer. Finally, after a discouraging delay, he was given the part which he later played on the screen. The play turned out to be a big hit and a goodly portion of the glowing notices were for his amazing performance in an extremely difficult rôle. He admits to being surprised at the attention he created. "I'd played more important parts on the road," is his comment, "without causing a ripple."

Finally the show closed after a record run of thirty-five weeks on Broadway. He had worked all those months without a vacation and felt the need of a change. Accordingly, when Henry Duffy offered him the same rôle in the Los Angeles production of "Holiday," he wired an immediate acceptance. And it was in true holiday spirit that he and his pal, Dick Kane, piled into the Lincoln car he had but recently purchased, and set out for the West Coast.

Arriving in Los Angeles, he was greeted with the news that Henry Duffy had decided to postpone the stage production indefinitely. No one else seemed interested, so he proceeded to enjoy the California climate before returning to accept a Broadway engagement. Then came the best break of his entire career. Pathé decided to screen "Holiday" and Owsley, being right on the job, was given his original rôle. The picture turned out to be an even greater success than the play, with the Broadway film critics es-

(Continued on page 120)



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## WHAT'S NEW EVERY MONTH

... On the Screen

Readers like the New Movie's department of Reviews. For a complete analysis of all the important new film releases, for interesting comment on film personalities . . . new stars and established favorites in new rôles . . . follow the Reviews in every issue of

THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE

## How I MADE UP for JOHN'S Shrunkén PAY CHECK



### How a Little Home Business Brought Independence

"They've cut our piece rate again," John said bitterly as he gloomily ate his supper. "I've been working at top speed and then only making a bare living, but now—"

It had been hard enough before but now—with John's pay check even smaller—I feared it would be impossible to make ends meet.

Idly I fingered through the pages of a magazine and saw an advertisement telling how women at home were making \$15.00 to \$50.00 a week supplying Brown Bobby greaseless doughnuts.

"Why can't you do the same?" I asked myself. "Why can't you do what others have done. Investigate!" I did. In a few days I received details of the Brown Bobby plan. It seemed too good to be true because it showed how I, without neglecting my housework or little Jimmy, could easily make money.

Well, to make the story short, I went into the business without telling John. I passed out sample Brown Bobbys to my friends, gave out a few samples around restaurants, lined up a couple grocery stores. In my first week I sold 238 dozen Brown Bobbys at an average profit of 15c a dozen.

When John brought home his next pay check he threw it down on the table and said gloomily, "I'm sorry, honey, but it's the best I can do."

"It's not the best you can do, darling," and I almost cried when I told him of the money I had made selling Brown Bobbys. It was the happiest moment in my life.

Inside of three weeks John quit his job at the factory to devote all his time to Brown Bobbys. Now we are dissatisfied at less than \$150.00 a week.

Women interested in making \$15.00 to \$50.00 in their spare time are invited to write for details of the Brown Bobby plan to Food Display Machine Corp., Dept. 85D, Chicago, Ill.

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**TOWER BOOKS**  
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## Call it Luck

(Continued from page 119)

pecially lavish in their praise of the newcomer's performance. This in spite of the fact that his lines were cut to about half of what he had in the stage production.

Since then, it's been more or less easy sailing. Several companies made bids for his services. But he was in no hurry to sign, preferring to free lance. In this way, he can afford to be choosy in his choice of rôles and is not obliged to play parts unsuited to his talents. After playing opposite Barbara Stanwyck in "Ten Cents a Dance," he went over to the Universal lot for an important rôle in "Free Love." The day on which I interviewed him, he was bemoaning the way in which the New York censors had cut out his best lines. He had hoped that the rôle would establish him as a light comedian, and help him escape the weakling parts with which producers seemed bent on saddling him.

**A**T the time this is written, he is in the midst of playing Claudette Colbert's husband in "Honor Among Lovers," which Paramount is making at its New York studios. The fact that Dorothy Arzner is directing, especially appeals to him. He confesses that one of the only two fan letters he ever wrote was to Miss Arzner. The other concerns a story which is too long to tell here.

Although Monroe claims to be a confirmed bachelor, I'm inclined to doubt the fact, judging by several photographs displayed in his room. Jokingly, he says he's never married because he couldn't find a girl that could put up with him.

Oddly enough, Owsley is a dyed-in-the-wool fan. His enthusiasms are mostly for Gloria Swanson, Louise Dresser, and H. B. Warner. He also admires Warner Baxter and would like to play the accented type of parts that Baxter does so well. He would also like to do crook rôles similar to those favored by Edmund Lowe. In fact, anything different from what he has already done would appeal to him.

## The Great Movie Circus

(Continued from page 54)

and the bubbling fountain holding aloft golden celluloid balls in the center of the Mix dining room. . . .

The somnolent gloom that somehow still enshrouds the home of the late Wallie Reid . . . The scrupulous neurosis of Greta Garbo. . . .

But this could go on for pages. I'd like only to squeeze in a line or so more to say that if you could only enjoy this 1-100th as much as I have enjoyed writing it, it would be swell.

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Best New Pictures



# The Romance of the Comet Girl

(Continued from page 34)

me. He talked to them as though they were grown. Is it any wonder in such an environment that Constance should have matured early? Should have become the poised and logical young lady she now is?

If she could talk to her parents and show them that what she wanted was best for her—or at least as good as what they wanted her to do—she usually had her way.

MRS. BENNETT comes from a long line of distinguished theatrical people. Her father was Lewis Morrison, who played Mephistopheles in "Faust" for seventeen years. Her mother was Rose Wood, once Lester Wallack's leading lady and later a member of the Philadelphia stock company which featured Georgie Drew and Maurice Barrymore. She has always been exceedingly level-headed and it is from her Constance inherits her logic. Upon divorcing Richard Bennett, she abandoned the stage and started a play brokerage office.

But, at the time, Mrs. Bennett was more concerned with her children than with her career or plays. She had seen too much of the seamy side of professional life to want her daughters launched in it. She tried to foster an interest in them in the things that occupied other children.

But Mr. Bennett was continually inviting theatrical people to the house—successful men—and he, being what he was—and is—was continually arguing with them. Constance would slip quietly into the room and sit unobtrusively in the corner, absorbing it all. Sometimes a glint of amusement would creep into her eyes over the vehemence of the debaters concerning some relatively unimportant matter, but she never interrupted.

And after she had been there for ten or fifteen minutes her mother would discover her presence and send her out to play.

When she was about five Mr. Bennett decided that, stage or no stage, he was going to have a home life. And home to him meant having his family with him. In those days he devoted a season to playing in New York and the following season to touring—five or six months in Chicago, a few months in Boston and a couple of months in Philadelphia.

CONNIE grins today when she thinks of the entourage that used to set out with her father. In addition to her parents, her two sisters and herself, there were always both a French and a German governess, a valet for her father and a personal maid for her mother, besides the household servants to be engaged on their arrival in a city. Usually the valet, one of the governesses and her mother's maid traveled on the train but Mr. and Mrs. Bennett, the three children and the

other governess made the cross-country trek in a huge Locomobile—Mr. and Mrs. up front (he at the wheel in a large linen duster), the three children, the governess, the dogs and the goldfish in the back—for the children would never leave their pets.

Once Connie was holding the goldfish bowl and decided the fish could not breathe with the lid screwed down tightly the way it was to keep the water in. She unscrewed the lid and surreptitiously threw it out the side of the car. Immediately the water started sloshing out of the bowl and presently a fish or two sloshed with it. One of the other children started to cry and Mr. Bennett looking around and seeing what had happened, brought the car to an abrupt stop, put the fish back in the bowl, marched up to the door of a farm house and made the farmer's wife a present of the aquarium. Connie wept copiously during the rest of the trip.

I asked what had caused the incident to stick in her mind.

"Why," she answered, "it was my first experience of the kind. If it had been one of the dogs he would have run after us and tried to get back to me but the fish just stayed at the farm. And it taught me that it's simply no good pinning your affections on a fish."

WHEN she was about ten they took a place in New York and for the first time in her life Connie began attending day school. Her education theretofore had been gotten from private tutors. Later she attended Miss Chapin's School, Miss Shandor's on Park Avenue and still later Miss Merrill's Finishing School. She lived at the latter place during her year there.

One afternoon a week she was permitted to attend teas, providing her home work didn't suffer as a result and provided she was properly chaperoned. She has always had a phenomenally retentive memory. Even now, she reports for rehearsals two days later than the balance of the company because she is always the first up in her lines.

Well, in those dear, dead days Connie's home work was a joke. She would read a lesson over once or twice and it stuck with her. She never had to "cram" for an examination. So she and her chaperone went cookie pushing every afternoon instead of the allotted once a week.

At the end of the term, with one of the highest averages in the school, Mrs. Bennett was dumbfounded when the principal said very sweetly, "I'd prefer, Mrs. Bennett, if you would send Constance somewhere else next year. I don't mean that she isn't a good student, because she is, but she's an unsatisfactory student. You see, she learns easily so it doesn't interfere with

(Continued on page 122)

## In Love Again



An air conquest!

"IT HAPPENED IN LONDON, at the 'Kit Kat', the night club made famous by the Prince of Wales! I was thrilled to be invited to join the party in honor of a famous French aviator who was leaving London that evening. What a man! Girls, he had EVERYTHING! It was a simply glorious evening.

"When the time came to leave, he bent over to kiss my hand. Suddenly his grasp tightened! I can't begin to make you feel the thrill of it. For a moment I thought he was going to take me in his arms right there!

"Ah, Mademoiselle!" he said, 'I have never met an American girl so most charming and radiant. You must fly with me to Paris this very night!' An hour later we were off on a moonlight flight to Paris!

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# The Romance of the Comet Girl

(Continued from page 121)

her school work if she goes to teas every afternoon. But other students don't learn so easily. They hear Constance talk of the good times she has had, so they, too, perforce, must go tea-ing, and *their work does suffer.*

You see, even in those days Constance had her own way at no sacrifice on her part. Life sort of gravitated about her.

BY this time she had begun to take part in the discussions of her father and his friends. Always a keen observer and an omnivorous reader, Connie was well posted on the theater and personalities connected with it, even though the stage itself held no attraction for her. Her mother, partly because she wanted Constance to have the finish a European education would give her, and partly because she was afraid Connie might become infected with the germ *theatricalis*, took her to Paris and put her in Mme. Balsan's school.

So far so good. Connie had visions of herself strolling down the Champs Elysees or the banks of the Seine with some distinguished looking foreigner or some boy from home studying literature or art. But French schools are not like that.

"The average American going to Paris to school is apt to have a pretty rude awakening when she gets there," Constance smiled. "You're guarded like a prisoner in a jail and chaperoned like—like—you think up a good simile," she finished. "When we were allowed out (and it was seldom enough) we went *en masse* and with almost as many chaperones as there were pupils."

Her determination and logic are illustrated by the fact that she talked her parents out of sending her back there for a second term.

Sixteen and her schooling behind her. The next Winter she was formally presented to the society of diplomatic circles in Washington by an uncle connected with the American Embassy in Peking.

It was during this period that she developed her reputation as a prom trotter and became a familiar figure at the dances of all the Eastern universities.

Connie has been called cold, hard, predatory—a lot of other unpleasant things.

As a matter of fact, she is none of the things she has been called and the fact that a man was interested in another girl would not even arouse passing interest in Connie. Men gravitate towards her as—to use a trite expression—moths to a flame. The flame doesn't dim its glow to keep from burning the moths. Neither can Constance dim her charm to prevent men falling in love with her.

The only thing I can think of that would make her seem less than irresistible is a lack of interest in a person. If a person fails to attract her, an air of boredom that she can neither fight nor escape envelops her like a mantle.

And it is these disgruntled folk who have given her the reputation of being

"ritzy", "high-hat", this, that and the other thing. A person knowing her is startled at the warmth and humor lurking beneath her calm, detached exterior.

THE boys met at the dances and teas were simply diversion until she met Chester Moorehead, a student at the University of Virginia. He escorted her to a number of football games and proms and she discovered there was "that certain something" about him. The next thing we knew he had persuaded the reckless Constance to elope with him.

A creature of impulses, I could never conceive of her marrying in any other way than by eloping. Not because she would be afraid of opposition but because anything vital she did would be on the spur of the moment. If she announced her engagement and planned a church wedding, by the time the wedding day rolled around she would probably be in love with someone else—or at least no longer in love with the man to whom she had been engaged.

But for once Connie couldn't have her way and her parents had her marriage annulled. They were adamant on that point. The legal end of it out of the way, the whole family—including Connie—sailed for Europe.

On her return, she found the empty round of teas, bridge and dances failed to satisfy and no longer interested her. She began to study drawing—covers and sketches of the *Vogue* and *Vanity Fair* type. In the back of her mind was the idea that she would eventually open a modiste shop in this country and design the gowns herself.

Unknown, even to herself, at the time, Constance had said goodbye to domesticity. She was launched—definitely—upon a career!



Joan Crawford, as seen by Coke, the well-known Latin-American caricaturist, who spares no one.



# How Hollywood Entertains

(Continued from page 73)

the quiet little donkeys bought in the store, Mitzi hand-decorated hers with brilliant colors and it made a great hit with all the youngsters.

In the middle of the big living room was hung a big paper bag. Each of the children was blindfolded and given a big stick. Then, after being whirled about three times, he or she was allowed to take two swings at the bag. Phillipe De Lacy succeeded in breaking it on his second try and a shower of candy fell in every direction. Then there was a scramble, to see who could acquire the most of the "goodies."

A spirited game of Lotto followed this.

THE menu had been very carefully selected, because every mother knows that children never eat any dinner after they have been to a party. So Mitzi, instead of just ice cream and cake calculated to spoil every one's appetite, served a real meal.

The table was massed with bowls of sweet peas. At every place was a "cracker" with a carnival cap inside, a beautiful box of candy, and a small gift—flashlights for the boys and tiny pocket books for the girls.

First was served a plate of creamed chicken, with a small fluted paper cup containing mixed peas and carrots. With this went bran muffins, baked with raisins and nuts. And a fruit salad, made of fresh California fruits, with a simple mayonnaise dressing.

This was followed by separate ice cream molds, made in gaily colored figures. There were Santa Clauses, rabbits, American flags, and big flowers, all in special molds.

Of course, there was a birthday cake, with "Mitzi" written across it, which Mitzi cut herself. Fruit punch and milk were served with the meal.

The fruit punch was half pineapple juice, half grapefruit juice, with a dash of lime juice, and the children all thought it was a great success.

And here is the recipe for the bran muffins, which is Mitzi's favorite and a very unusual one:

1 cake compressed yeast, 2 cups milk, scalded and cooled, 4 tablespoons of molasses, 4 tablespoons melted butter, 1 egg, 1 cup sifted white flour, 1½ cups bran, 1 teaspoon salt, ¾ cup of chopped nuts and raisins.

Dissolve the yeast and molasses in the luke warm milk; add butter and eggs, well beaten, then the flour gradually, salt and nuts and raisins, beating all the while. Beat until perfectly smooth; cover and set to rise in a warm place, free from draft, until light, which is usually in about one and a half or two hours. Have muffin pans well greased and fill about two-thirds full. Cover and let rise to top of pans, which takes about half an hour, and bake twenty minutes in a very hot oven.

Mitzi's little Hollywood friends—some of them in pictures—who came to her party included Nancy Crowley, Dawn O'Day, Marion Smith, Lois Jane Campbell, Phillipe De Lacy, Billy Butts, Junior Coghlan, and Leon Janney.

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*Pictures that Satisfy*



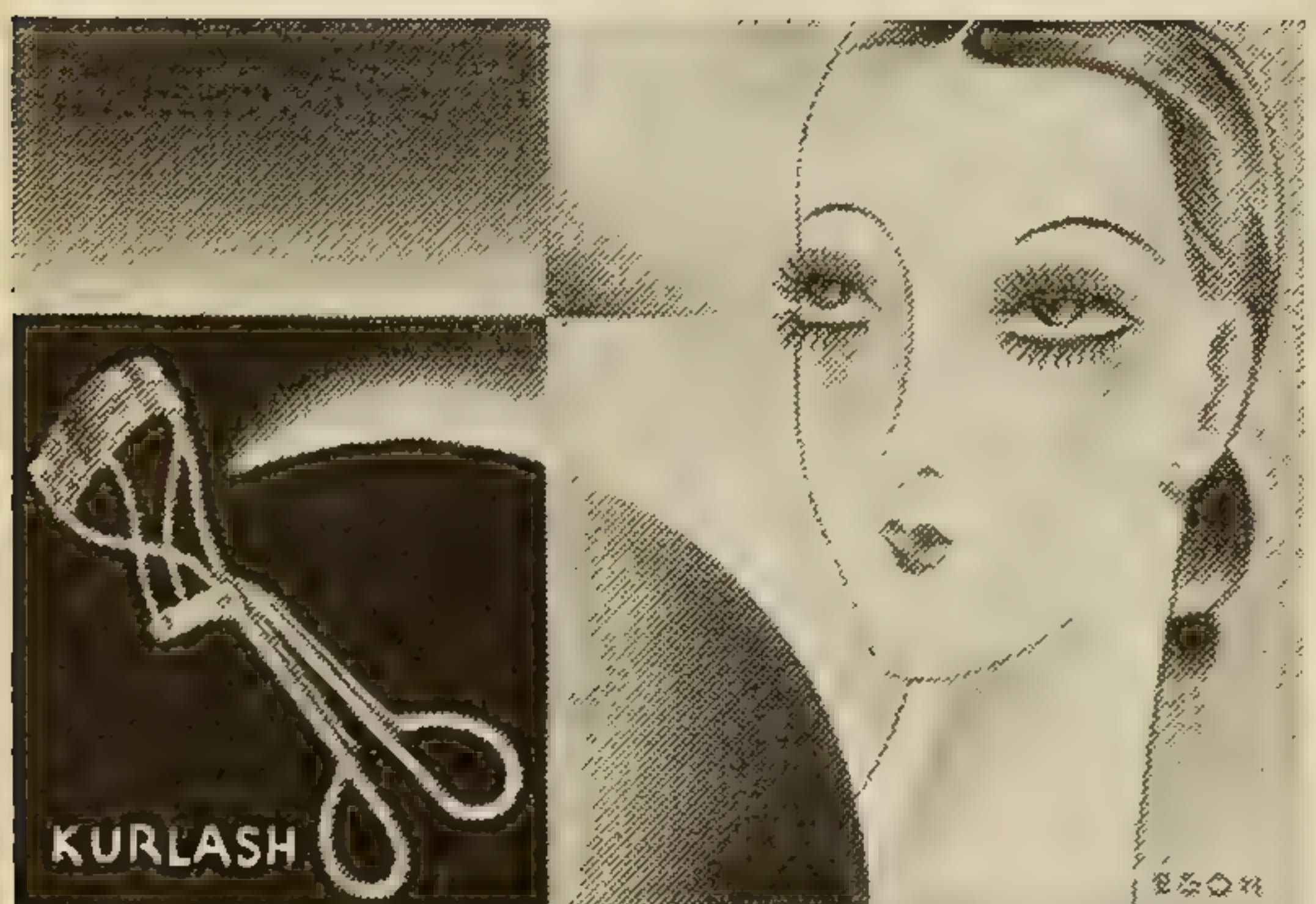
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Other aids to true eye beauty (at left, top to bottom): **Lashpac**—stick mascara and brush; just moisten mascara and apply direct to lashes; straighten hairs with brush. **Kurlene**—European discovery, grows long lashes. **Shadette**—new transparent eye-shadow. **Lashtint**—perfumed, water-proof liquid mascara. **Tweezette**—automatic tweezers, painless.

Each \$1.00, at beauty shops, drug and department stores. (Lashpac refills, Kurlene tubes, 50c.)

Write for free folder "Fascinating Eyes and How to Have Them"

THE KURLASH COMPANY, Dept. 71, Rochester, N.Y.



Alice White, caught in the act of aquaplaning off Coronado Beach, Cal. By the way, when is Miss White going to return to the screen? NEW MOVIE gets requests for her return in every mail.

## Rubber Face

(Continued from page 35)

all the usual inconveniences of troup- ing. And remember, too, that I wasn't the most confident fellow in the world. I was on my first time out as a come- dian, and while I was pretty well con- vinced that Mother Nature had en- dowed me with the physical qualifica- tions for a comedian, I was less certain that my line and lines would get the de- sired results, namely, hilarity on the part of the audience.

**B**E that as it may, I stuck at it, and I must have been all right because they won't let you stick in burlesque if you can't make the cus- tomers laugh. I got a couple of Broad- way offers and I grabbed one so quickly that you'd have thought I was being offered \$10,000 a week. But never fear, I wasn't. Not by fifty or

sixty cents, just at that time.

"Once on Broadway, however, and I never was without work for any lengthy period. As a matter of fact I worked too hard. I'd become accus- tomed to a steady grind, but I had worked so hard for such a long time that I used to regulate my jobs so I could have a breathing spell now and then. As it was I had long runs in 'Listen Lester,' 'Jim Jam Jems,' 'Green- wich Village Follies,' 'Betty Lee,' 'Captain Jinks,' and 'Twinkle Twinkle.'

"It was while I was playing in 'Twinkle Twinkle' in Los Angeles that I got my first movie offer. And I took it just as quickly as I did my first Broadway opportunity. And I'm glad I did. I have a swell time in the movies. There was 'Sally' with Mari- lyn Miller, and there was 'Top Speed'

The First of a Series of True Life Stories of the  
Hollywood Studios  
in THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE Next Month



and 'Going Wild.' There's still enough novelty in it to make it new and exciting, although I've had several years' experience before the camera. Slightly more than two years, as a matter of fact. And I suppose you know I've signed again with First National for a series of pictures in which I'm to do comic roles. The first one is to be 'The Tenderfoot' which tells of a drug-store cowboy who actually sees the West."

Here Joseph Evan Brown paused reflectively. I could not tell whether he was thinking of his early youth in Holgate, Ohio, of his father, the German contractor, or his Welsh mother; of his six brothers and sisters. I did know he was thinking of things that were deep in the past.

Suddenly he looked at me and smiled. "Do you know," he said, "that experience with the broken leg really shaped my destiny?"

I did not understand what he meant, and said so.

"WELL, this is why it did. While I was lying on my back in that little Southern town, feeling the bones knit, I got one of my first comic ideas. Strange, isn't it? There I was, in agony or near-agony, and yet I could see something funny about the whole thing. I really did. One night, when all was quiet in the little boarding house I couldn't sleep, I lay there wondering how it must have looked to the audience when I went sailing through the air. I had a dim recollection of their laughing, so it must have been funny. Then it occurred to me that I might burlesque an acrobatic act.

"That idea more than anything else made me want to get well. All of a sudden I had something to live for—and up to that time things had been rather dreary. I thought and planned the whole act, and it was one of the first things I did when I became a burlesque comedian. It brought laughs aplenty, and while it wasn't my big number, still I used it frequently.

"But even if I hadn't used it at all, it gave me the idea of becoming a comedian. And I suppose the fact that I was able to see the humor of that situation established me as a comic."

And that's Joe E. Brown, the man who turned a compound fracture into a good break.

## The Hollywood Boulevardier

(Continued from page 58)

came, stars have been made over night. Miss Dietrich captured New York with one picture. Lew Ayres, from getting seventy-five dollars a week has arisen in six months, since "All Quiet on the Western Front," to challenge stars who have been making five thousand. Richard Cromwell smashes through in "Tol'able David" at a similar wage.

The day is not far off perhaps when it may pay a young man to be President of the United States.

**Cosmopolitan Hollywood:** Overheard in a Chinese restaurant in Hollywood: "What is the American dish for today?"

Answer: "Hungarian goulash."



## Isn't that just my luck?

No breaks at all. The kind of a party she'd dreamed about... arranged on the spur-of-the-moment as good parties so often are. The best boy of the bunch... much the best dancer. And not a thing to wear! Of all times to have been kept late at the office. Every store in town closed. Bluer than the original blue of her only dinner dress... now a lifeless and insipid grey! Torn between tears and tearing it to shreds...

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men do, for saving situations is all-in-a-day's duty for New Instant Rit. There are times when one simply can't get along without it. When minutes count and one *can't* fail, Rit comes a-rallying to the rescue. And then there's White Rit for removing all colors, even black... as well as stubborn stains. Harmless as boiling water!

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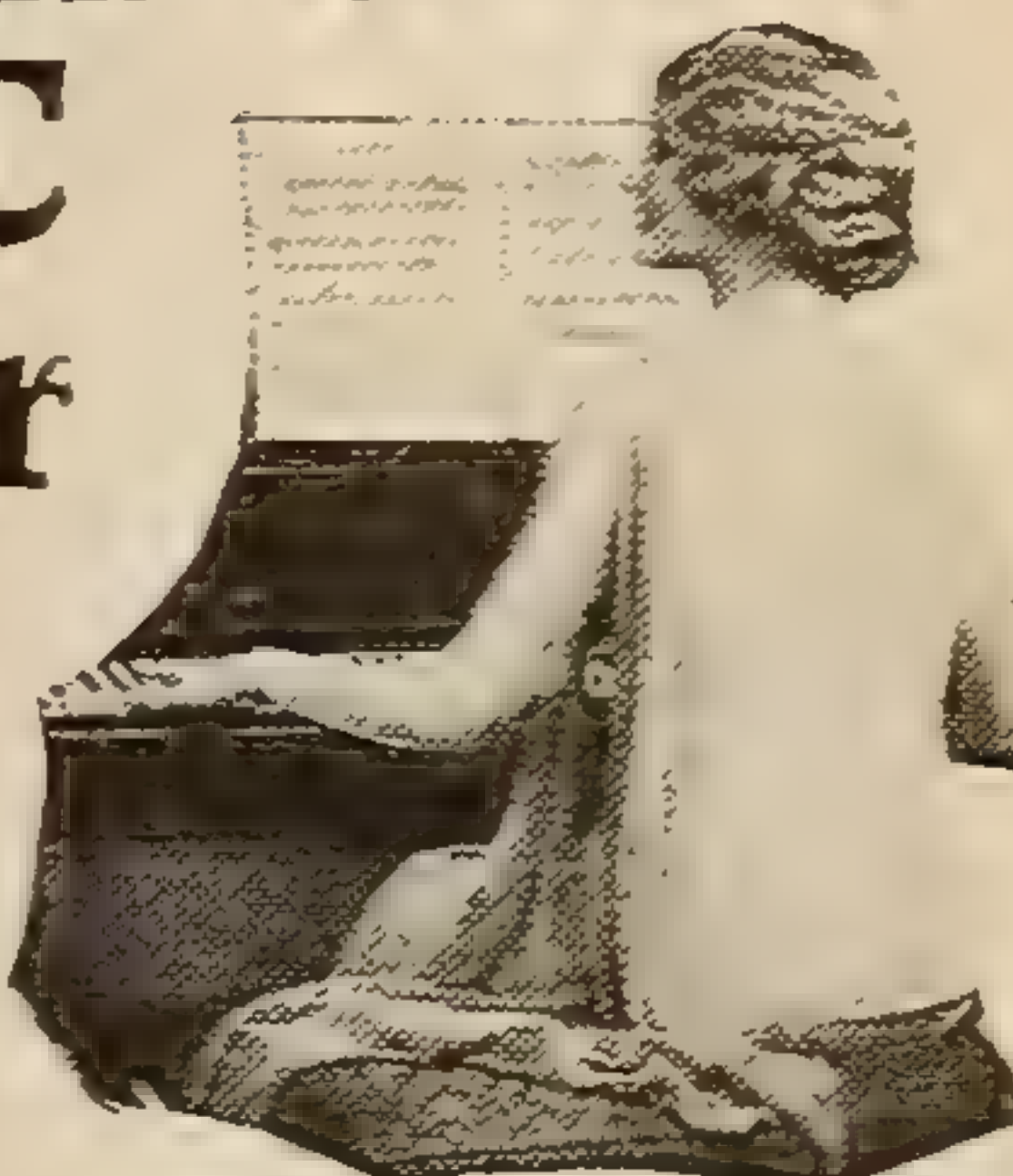
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# Great Love Stories of Hollywood

(Continued from page 45)



## SORE MUSCLES?

## Stiff Neck?



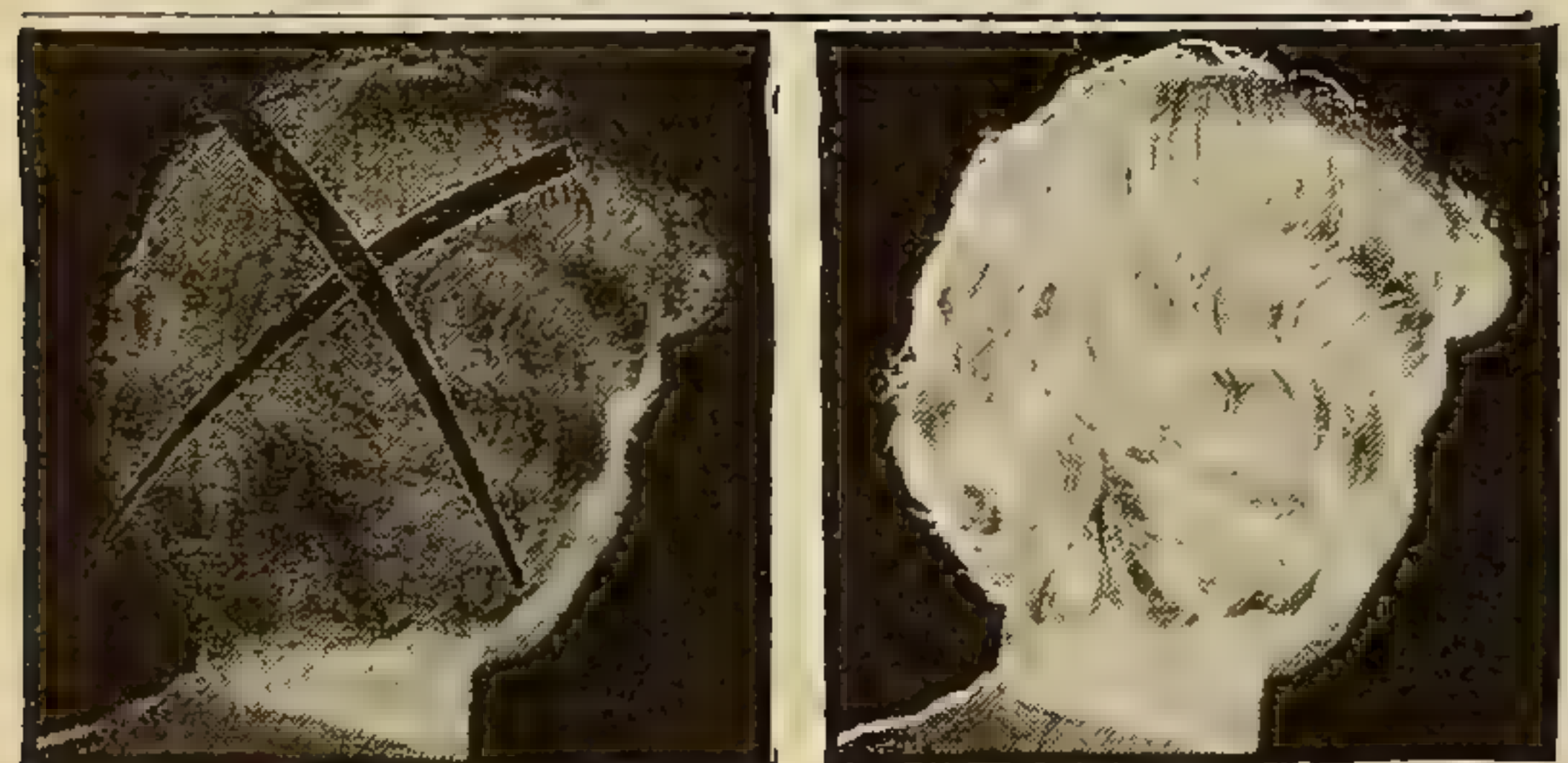
**HE:** *That's great, Mary. I can move my head now without pain.*

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spoke no English. It did not matter. She would have spoken none if she could. She had nothing to say to these strange people from over the sea. Besides, what had she to do with it? Where Stiller went, she would go. Where he stayed, she would stay.

**M**AYER did not want her. To him, she was so much excess baggage. But since he could not get Stiller without her, he took her and gave her a contract with a small salary.

So Stiller and Garbo crossed the ocean, the continent, and came to Hollywood.

The girl was terribly unhappy. The new land appalled her. She clung to Stiller, her one friend in a friendless world. They drew closer in this new environment than they had ever been before.

Stiller hated America, hated Hollywood. The vast, impersonal studio, the business-like necessities of picture production on a big scale, swamped him. The box office angle was new to him, and he did not seem able to adapt himself. He did not understand the American story angle and they did not understand the stark, brutal realism which was his creed. He was removed from a picture in which he was directing his discovery.

So it happened, strangely, that the great Stiller failed utterly in America, and the unwanted Garbo succeeded far beyond any dreams that either she or Stiller had ever conceived.

But those things did not change Garbo. They never, in fact, seemed to penetrate her consciousness. After all, success and failure in the eyes of the public, were often accidents. They were not criterions of true worth. Stiller was The Master.

Nothing shook her loyalty. Until the day that Stiller, defeated, left to return to Sweden, Greta Garbo never made a move without him. She would do nothing without his advice. Every contract, every story, had to be submitted to Stiller. She merely looked with contempt upon those who could not understand him, nor appreciate him. She would still sit silent at his feet, listening to every word he spoke.

And in that last year, Stiller came at last to love her greatly. For he saw that he must give her up.

**S**HE fought bitterly against it. She wanted to go back to Sweden with him. For a long time she swore she would not work unless he could direct all her pictures.

It was Stiller himself who forced her to see that she could not do that. He loved her. But still better he loved the thing he had worked for, the thing he had created—the great Garbo. As always, the artist in him placed her work far ahead of any mere personal emotion. She was the justification of his existence, his masterpiece. If his own work had failed to find its great expression, hers had not—and hers was part of him, too.

It broke his heart, that parting. But he was miserable away from his own land. He was miserable in his failure. He could not sit about, watching her. He, who had been the great Stiller, must go back to his own land.

Garbo stayed—because he told her to.

She was young. Their love had been so strange, so unhappy a thing, that he could not hold her always. He was an old man when they parted. Perhaps already her heart had told her that such love as theirs was not the love intended for every woman's heart.

But it was the great emotion of her life, in many ways. To him she owed everything. He had stamped her with his thoughts, his art, his belief beyond anything that life could do to change it. No matter what happened, what she felt, she could never shake off the feeling that he was the greatest man in the world and must be obeyed.

**W**HEN he died, when they told her of his death—only a few months after his return to the land where they had met—she stood very still, for a long time. Then she walked quietly out of the studio, went home, and no one saw her for three days. She came back, quieter than ever. She did not seem to care that he had left her everything of which he died possessed. But as soon as the picture was finished, she sailed for Sweden, and the first place she went—leaving behind the cheering crowds, her family, everyone—was to the place where he was buried.

To a dear friend she said, "It was marvelous—and it was terrible. That is all. He was a great man. I shall never forget him."

The great Garbo has not married. She has fled romance. Perhaps, she loved him better than she knew.

In any story of Greta Garbo, the two names will always belong together—Stiller and Garbo. Whether or not we ever know what is in her heart now for the ugly, and brilliant genius who made her what she is, they will belong together in the story of their art and of their love, Stiller and Garbo.

## In NEW MOVIE

Next Month

## Adela Rogers St. Johns

will relate another great love romance of the most famous town in the world.

Watch for it!



# Gossip of the Studios

(Continued from page 113)

auto parked in downtown Los Angeles; the police are praying for a break in solving the mystery, hoping that the thief will set it going.

Polly Moran played through the entire picture "It's a Wise Child" with Marion Davies, minus her front teeth. Polly suffered from sinus trouble until a surgeon spotted the incisors.

"Out!" he ordered.

And out they went. Just as "It's a Wise Child" went into production.

Passing Greta Garbo on the lot, Greta smiled indulgently.

"Ath aw-wite," said Polly. "But I'll be nex vampish ou' heah."

"Yaa?" replied Garbo.

THE Screen Stars Shop, established largely through the efforts of Mary Pickford last March, has quit business. It found itself in the strange predicament of having nothing to sell.

Miss Pickford's idea was to have the stars send in discarded clothing, toilet articles, house furnishings and knick-knacks. These would be offered for sale and the proceeds be turned over to the Motion Picture Relief Fund. Florence Turner, veteran actress, was placed in charge. At first, business boomed. Mae Murray sent in dresses, slippers and a \$250 caracul coat which sold for \$65. Vilma Banky gave a dozen pair of slippers, an armload of dresses and a black evening gown which also netted \$65. Marion Davies, Bessie Love, Mr. and Mrs. Tony Moreno, Ronald Colman, Alan Crosland, Edward Griffith, June Collier, the Torrence brothers, Dolores del Rio, Ruth Roland and others contributed generously.

Greta Garbo sent in three of her pictures, personally autographed. They were snapped up immediately.

The total receipts for the first three months amounted to \$1,090.13, according to the audit of Secretary A. W. Stockman. But the disbursements were \$1,621.54, leaving a deficit of \$531.41. This was met by an appropriation from the Relief Fund.

The enthusiasm, at first exhibited, waned, despite Miss Pickford's efforts.

"For Rent," says the sign on the door.

GEORGE GRANVILLE, the Duke of Sutherland of the British Empire, accompanied by Sir Edward Ward, son of Lord Dudley of London, and a retinue of servants befitting their station in life, sailed for Honolulu recently, after a protracted visit in Hollywood. The Duke visited with Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford, and was a guest of Joseph Schenck on his yacht for a deep sea fishing cruise off the coast of Mexico. The Duke expressed a wish to catch a bigger tuna than the one captured here last year by his fellow countryman, Sir Winston Churchill. A jolly self-effacing sort of person with few airs of grandeur, the Duke has a sly sense of humor and loves to spread it on a bit at times, telling the Hollywood folk that he came the whole way across the world to enjoy a bit of the famous California hospitality.

(Continued on page 128)



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## HOLLYWOOD'S OWN COOKING PAGE

What the famous stars like to make, eat and serve their friends. A favorite recipe, contributed by a star, is featured every month on this newest service page of

THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE

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# Gossip of the Studios

(Continued from page 127)

"Jumping Joe" Savoldi, who played fullback with Notre Dame, has been signed by Paramount to play the rôle of Al Capone in an underworld drama being written by Charles Furthman.

"Moon" Mullins, another of the team, a backfield star, has had a screen test at Paramount and is scheduled for a chance at the talkies.

**H**ELEN FERGUSON RUSSELL, widow of "Bill" Russell, was married recently to Richard Lewis Hargreaves at a quiet ceremony in Chichester Chapel of the Immanuel Presbyterian Church. Only close friends and relatives attended. The bride wore a gown of beige velvet and real lace with a hat to match, and carried a bouquet of yellow orchids. Her sister, Mrs. Norbert Brodine, attended her. Following the ceremony, her old friends Mr. and Mrs. Harold Lloyd gave an informal reception for the bride at their Benedict Canyon home. Guests included Mr. and Mrs. William Jennings Bryan, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Leonard (Gertrude Olmstead), Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Hughes (Gloria Hope), Mr. and Mrs. William Seiter (Laura La Plante), and many local society people.

**T**HE Blossom Room of the Roosevelt is a favorite rendezvous for film parties. A recent evening there saw Mr. and Mrs. Bert Lytell (Grace Mencken), Mr. and Mrs. Conrad Nagel, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Langdon, John Considine, Jr., Ivan Lebedeff, Buster Collier, George Gershwin, Sid Grauman, William Gibbs McAdoo, Jack Warner, Harry Rapf and William De Mille, and the Misses Marie Prevost, Natalie Kingston, Joan Bennett and Thelma Todd.

**"N**EVER expect an actor to do anything for the screen you would not do yourself," is the belief of Alfred Santell, now directing "Squadrons."

So when Elissa Landi was forced to smash a mirror in the picture recently, Santell threw one down to keep her company. Also Charles Farrell, Donald Gilloway and Humphrey Bogart smashed looking glasses. Nothing like moral support in trying moments, the director believes.

The Hollywood advertising on "Trader Horn" began well in advance, with the town placarded with the unexplained mystic words, "Oo moo loo." The legend appeared between paragraphs in the newspapers. After two weeks of this, it was "hooked up" with "Trader Horn," for it seems the phrase means "I love you" in African dialect. Now restaurants are advertising a "Trader Horn" salad, with pineapple, pear, peach and cherries rolled in coconut and served on a lettuce leaf with whipped cream.

**T**HERE are no more "chairs of the stars" at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's Culver City plant. The custom of placing a star's name on the back of a canvas-lined seat and daring anyone else to use it is out. A chair's a chair and finders' keepers.

Wallace Beery so learned when he

finished a scene in his current picture. "Boy!" he called to a property man, "get me a chair. Get me six! Make it a dozen. Then maybe I can have one without some bird sitting in it."

Six "birds" promptly arose and tendered him their places.

**F**RITZI RIDGWAY is accredited with throwing the most spectacular party of the season at Palm Springs in the desert. There is a large hotel at Palm Springs and to it were invited Marie and Peggy Prevost, Mr. and Mrs. Victor McLaglen, Simeon Gest, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Lipps, Jack Daugherty, Dolly Hanson, Ella and Billy Wickersham, and a few others.

In the hotel patio a group of Hopi Indians danced about a smouldering fire and as the stars became clear in the heavens, Fritzi and her husband, Constantine Bakaleinkoff, announced that a few miles away a barbecue had been prepared. The party piled into motor cars and at the mouth of a little canyon found the trysting place. There, in the lonely desert, under a marvelous moon, the party reveled.

A mid-Winter party of that kind can't be given anywhere except in Southern California.

**A**NN HARDING is hurt. Fighting back the tears, she says so.

Ann's father, Colonel George G. Gately, who commanded the Sixty-seventh Field Artillery Brigade of the Rainbow Division in the World War, died in San Francisco on January 9th. Ann and her father had been estranged because she entered pictures against his will but last September they bridged the rift and he took her into his arms and held her close for a long, long time—just as he did when she was a baby.

Then came his death. Arrangements for a full military funeral were made and Ann asked that a cordon of military police be thrown about the cemetery to keep the throngs away. She knew that the crowds would come—not to pay respect to the rugged old Army officer—but to see Ann Harding, the movie star.

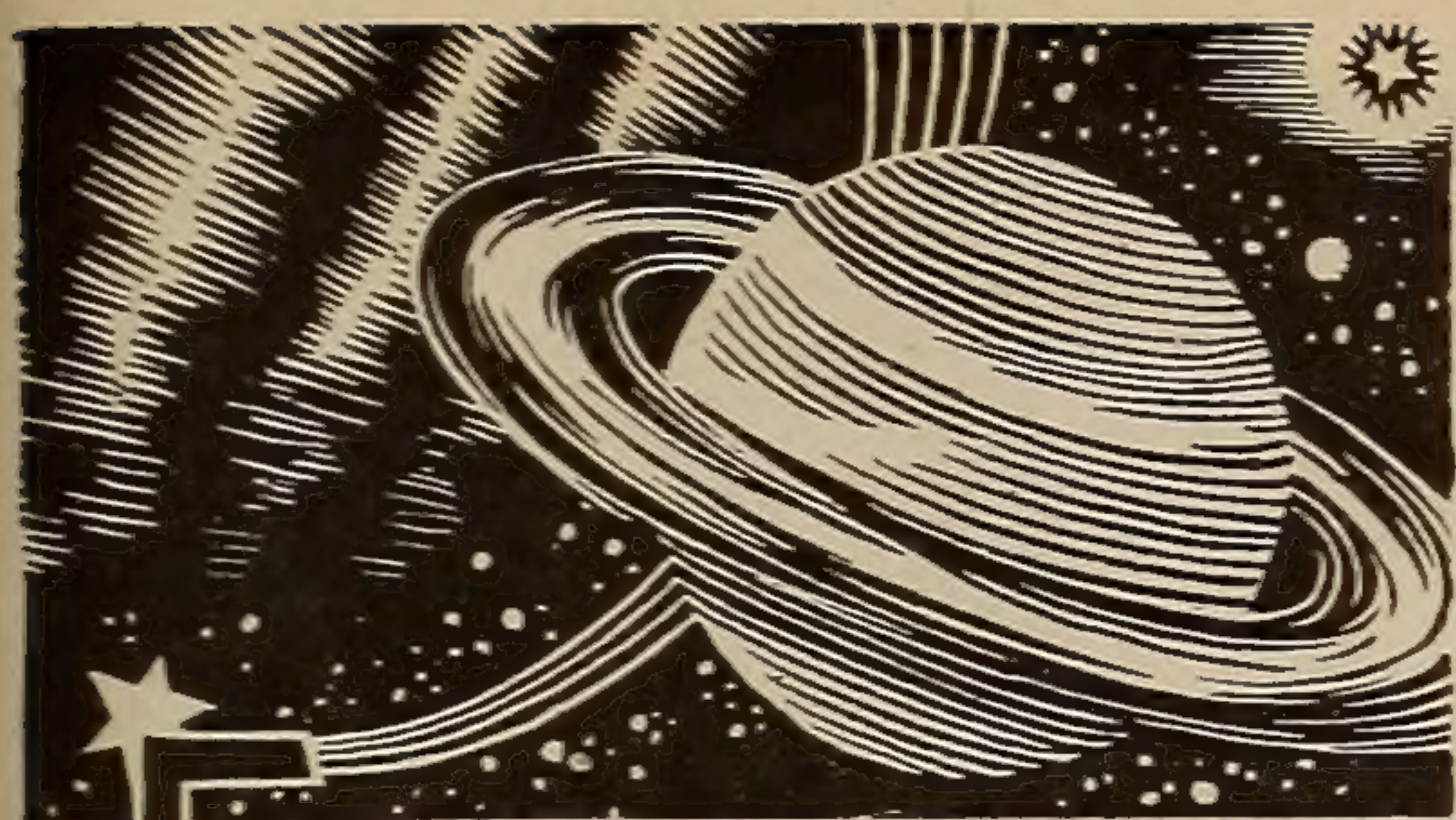
And the newspapers in the Bay City accused her of "going high hat" and getting "ritzy."

"I just wanted the body of my daddy to be laid to rest surrounded only by those who cared," she said. "It's so unkind."

El Brendel, comic star at the Fox lot, learned the limitations of greatness not long ago when he was on a vacation trip with his wife, Flo Bert, of vaudeville fame. The pair were driving in San Francisco, and passed a policeman against the signals. El Brendel inquired gently, "Know who I am? I am the star in 'Just Imagine'." The cop drew back, looked over the funny little man with the anchovy accent, and roared at him, "Well whaddya know about that, ain't you just too funny? Here, take this ticket, and tell the judge just how funny you are." El pulled his hat down over his ears and drove off.

**G**EORGE ARLISS, master of make-up and peculiar characterizations,

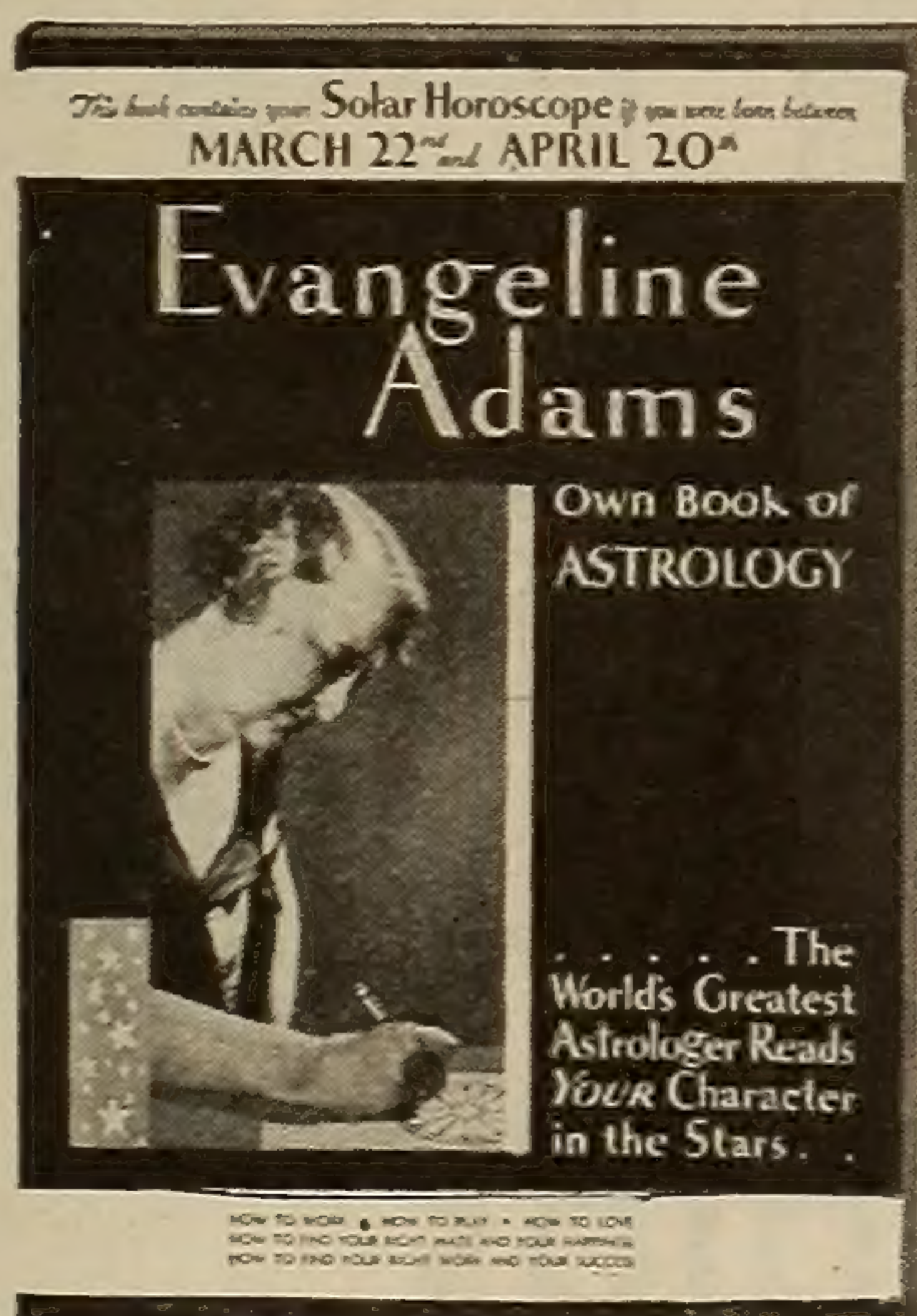




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is playing his latest Warner Brothers rôle, of "The Ruling Passion," without the benefit of make-up, wigs, costume or monocle. Overalls and a work hat are the nearest Arliss comes to a costume in this picture.

**JOSEPHINE DUNN**, the blond actress who played opposite Al Jolson in "The Singing Fool," is preparing to walk down the aisle to the tune of Mister Mendelssohn's celebrated march. She will become the bride of Clyde Greathouse, a Los Angeles oil operator.

Josephine was all set to make the journey a few weeks ago when she had an offer to play the rôle of Charlie Murray's wife in a Universal comedy.

"Just a moment, Clyde!" she protested. "Let me do this picture and then——!"

The wedding will be soon.

**THE** good old door-mat with its **WELCOME** done in large letters, was hauled out of Hollywood the other day upon the arrival of Mrs. John McCormack and her daughter, Gwen. John, the Irish tenor, was scheduled to put in his appearance some time in February, following a concert tour.

The McCormacks are taking possession of their new half-million-dollar home in Solana Canyon and expect to spend the Winters and most of the year there, going to their castle at Athlone, Ireland, for the Summers. McCormack admittedly is lessening the number of his concerts and looking forward to the time when he will retire. His California estate, consisting of 145 acres, was bought in 1929 and has been improved with tennis courts, gardens, swimming pool 'n' everything. It is one of the most beautiful spots adjacent to Los Angeles.

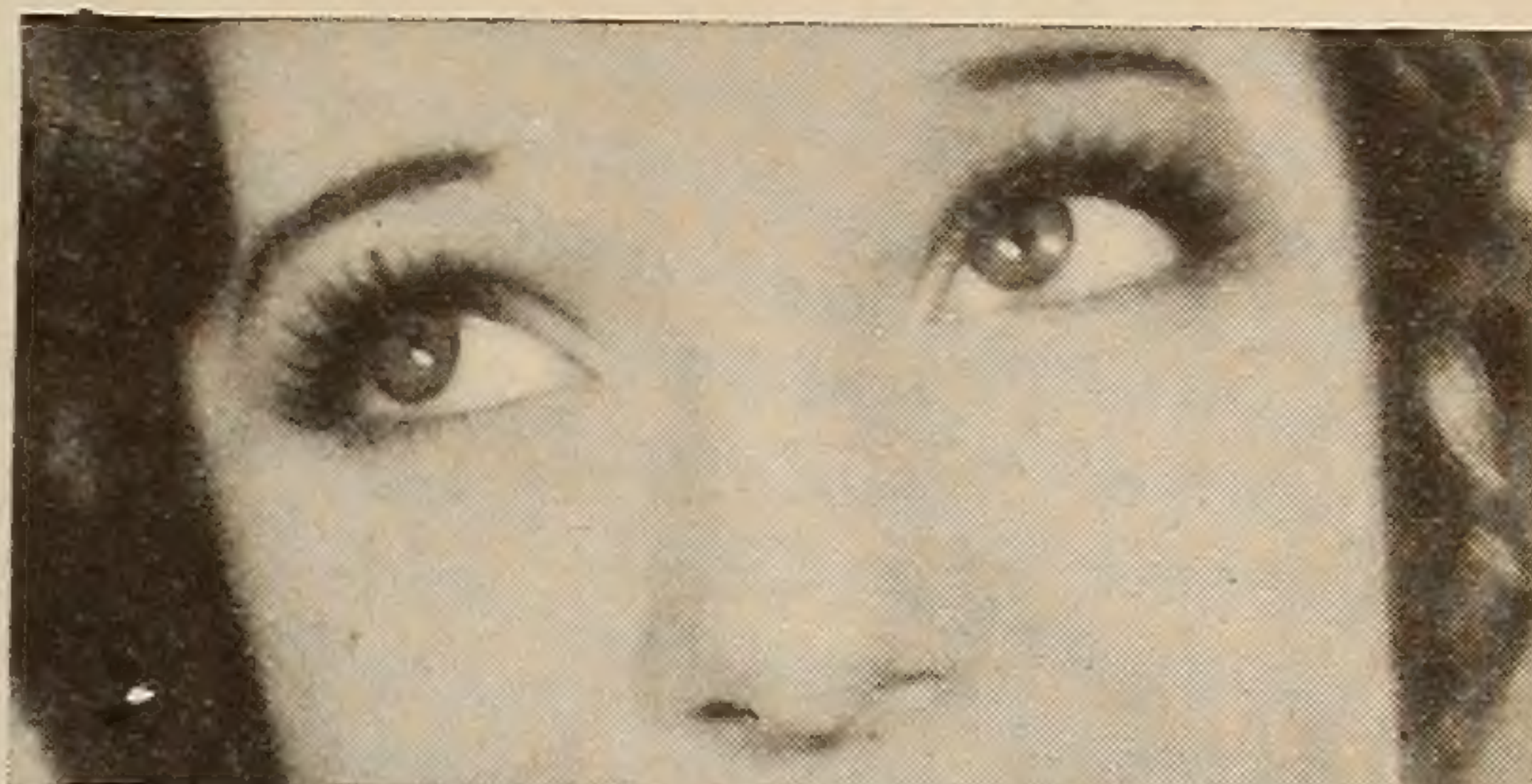
**WILLIAM S. HART** made a trip to New York this last month, to pay a tribute to his dead friend, William Grossman, who died suddenly. Grossman had been his attorney for many years, in charge of all his affairs. Few men were closer than these two. At their last parting some months ago, the two had said goodbye and Hart had gotten onto the first step of the train, when he heard Grossman calling him. He turned, and asked, "What is it, Bill?" Grossman answered, "Oh, nothing, I guess; I just wanted to say goodbye again. You know how it is, we don't see each other often, and something might happen——" Something did. That was their last goodbye. Bill's first act on his arrival East was to visit the grave of his friend.

**LITTLE** Bill Hart is beginning to grow up now. He called his famous father on the phone on his birthday to wish him a happy birthday, and Bill Senior had the happiness of talking with his boy. Bill Junior asked for a telescope to look at the stars with for Christmas. You don't know Bill Hart if you think he didn't get the biggest and fanciest and best telescope that a little boy could use, for his little son.

**ART ACCORD** finally came back to Hollywood—to remain forever. This old time Western star did not return to the blare of studio bands, he was not met at the station by a clamoring throng. In fact, his return to Hollywood had nothing to do with the movies. He came back in death.

(Continued on page 130)

## WHOSE EYES ARE THESE?



Only 18, yet she's one of First National Pictures' most popular stars. This youthful beauty is 5 ft., 3½ inches tall, weighs 100 pounds, and has blue eyes and light brown hair. Name below\*.

## end eye strain this quick way

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\*Loretta Young

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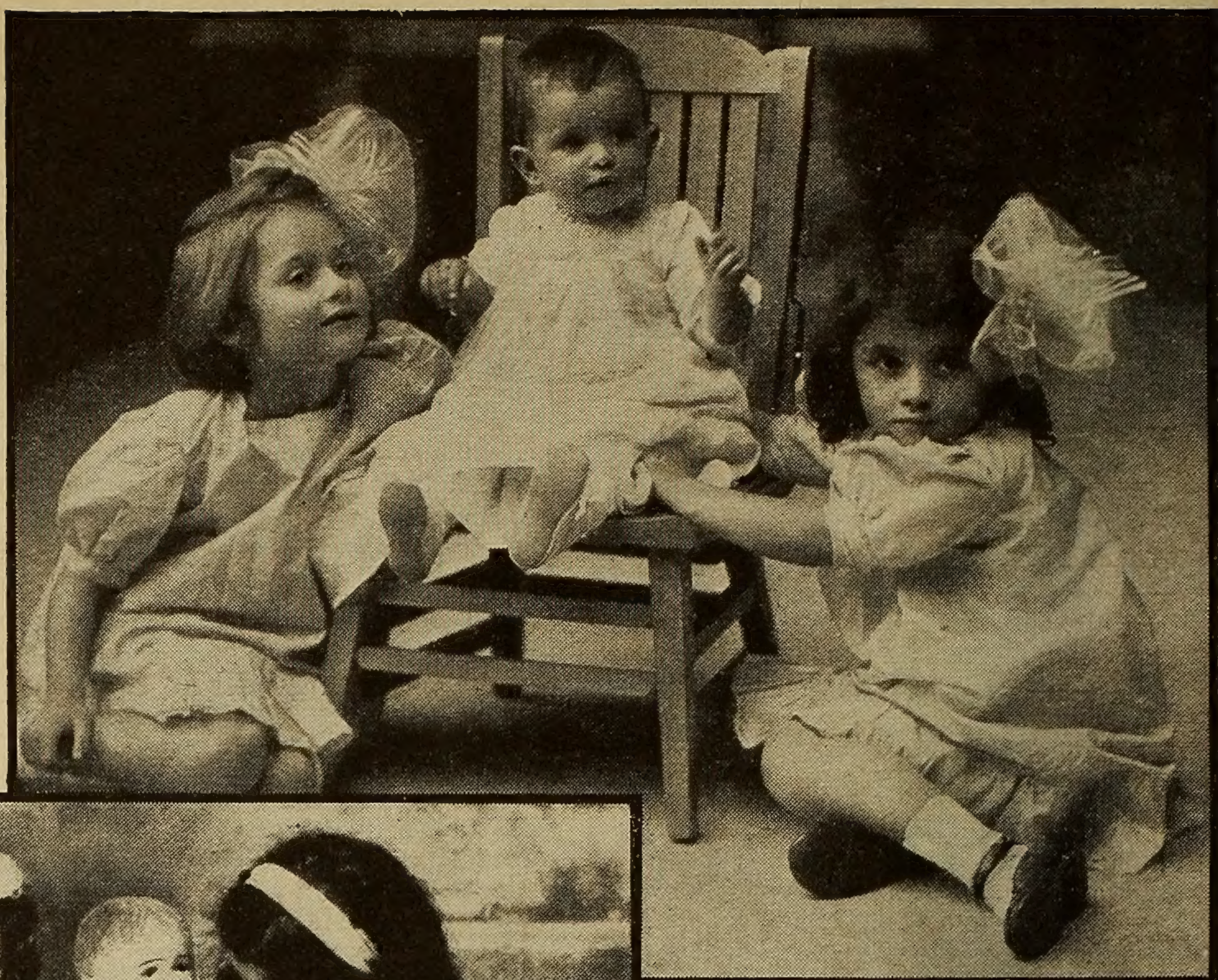
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On page 32 of this issue of NEW MOVIE you will find the first installment of the life story of Constance Bennett, the Comet Girl of Hollywood, Paris and New York. In both childhood pictures, Constance is shown at the left with her sisters, Joan and Barbara, at the right.



The pictures on this page were loaned by Adrienne Morrison, mother of the Bennett sisters, to NEW MOVIE. "The Romance of the Comet Girl," elsewhere in this issue, is the first authentic account of the colorful career of Constance Bennett.

## Gossip of the Studios

(Continued from page 129)

Art died in Mexico and his body, brought back to Hollywood by the Veterans of Foreign Wars, was given a military funeral.

A wild, care-free man, Art Accord was a real soldier of fortune. Many times he was far up the ladder of success, and just as often crashed down because he could not cram himself into the narrow confines of normal, routine existence. Art will be missed by many in Hollywood.

Mrs. Lon Chaney was among those who contributed money to bring Art Accord's body back from Mexico.

THEY say that Gary Cooper stormed and raged following the completion of "Morocco." Throughout greater Los Angeles the billboards shrieked "MARLENE DIETRICH with Gary Cooper and Adolphe Menjou." The Gary Cooper readily could be seen with the naked eye.

"I'll never do another picture with her!" he exclaimed. "If she were an artist, I wouldn't mind. But they

brought her over here and Von Sternberg gave her all the footage he had to make her 'make good.' It wasn't fair to me after all my years of work."

Paramount officials smiled in tolerance.

A few weeks later they broke the news.

"You won't have to play with Marlene," they said. "We have another rôle for you. We've cast you with Clara Bow in 'City Streets,' a very dramatic production."

Right on the chin, he took it! Not a Dietrich production, but a Clara Bow opus—Clara, their biggest box-office card.

But the rigors of the court trial of Daisy De Voe, former secretary, so upset Clara, that she was taken out of "City Streets" and the part given to Sylvia Sidney, who recently arrived from New York.

John Monk Saunders, who wrote those lovely and amusing stories about Nikki and her war birds in Liberty is

the husband of the popular Fay Wray.

DE SYLVA, BROWN AND HENDERSON are doing Gloria Swanson's next picture. It is going to be more dramatic than comic, although there will be laughs in it.

LILY DAMITA is putting on weight since she came back to Hollywood. In fact, you might call the vivacious Lily plump and not be so far wrong. Saw her playing roulette at Agua Caliente and not doing so well.

A NEW one appeared on Wilshire Boulevard on the edge of Beverly Hills. You plunk down fifty cents, go in, get a fishing pole and some bait, and throw your neck into a swimming pool which is stocked with trout. You then pay a dollar for every three trout you catch. The place is open all night and catches a lot of trade from people coming home late from parties and theatres. They go in and inveigle their breakfast onto a hook.





Sweaters, scarfs, berets—all sports-things—tinted in gayest, newest shades with Tintex.



Charmingly tinted curtains transform any room. Use Tintex, too, for chic new color in cushions, bedspreads and other house things.



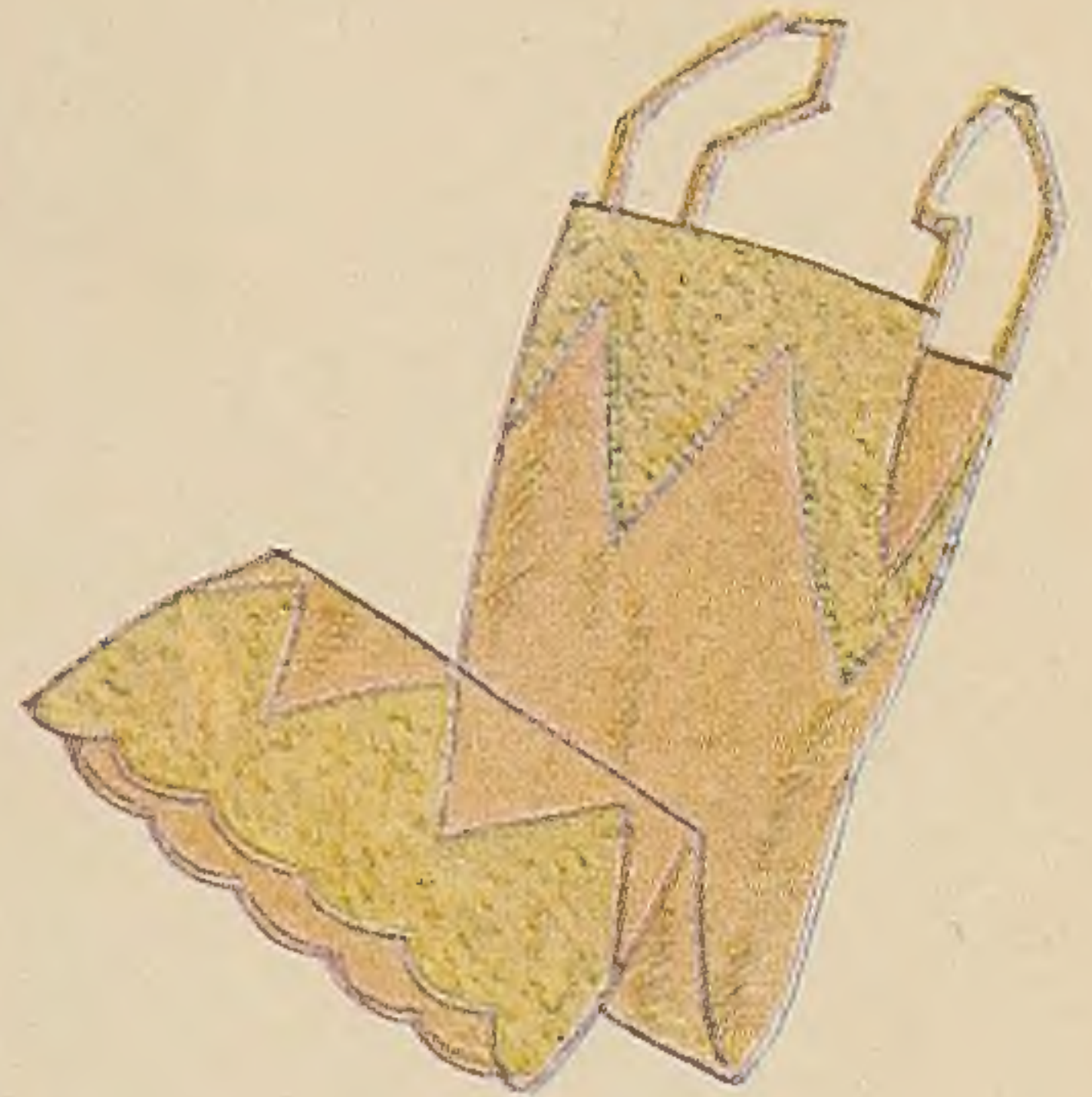
The old frock or blouse becomes thrillingly new when freshly tinted. Tintex colors are Paris-sponsored.



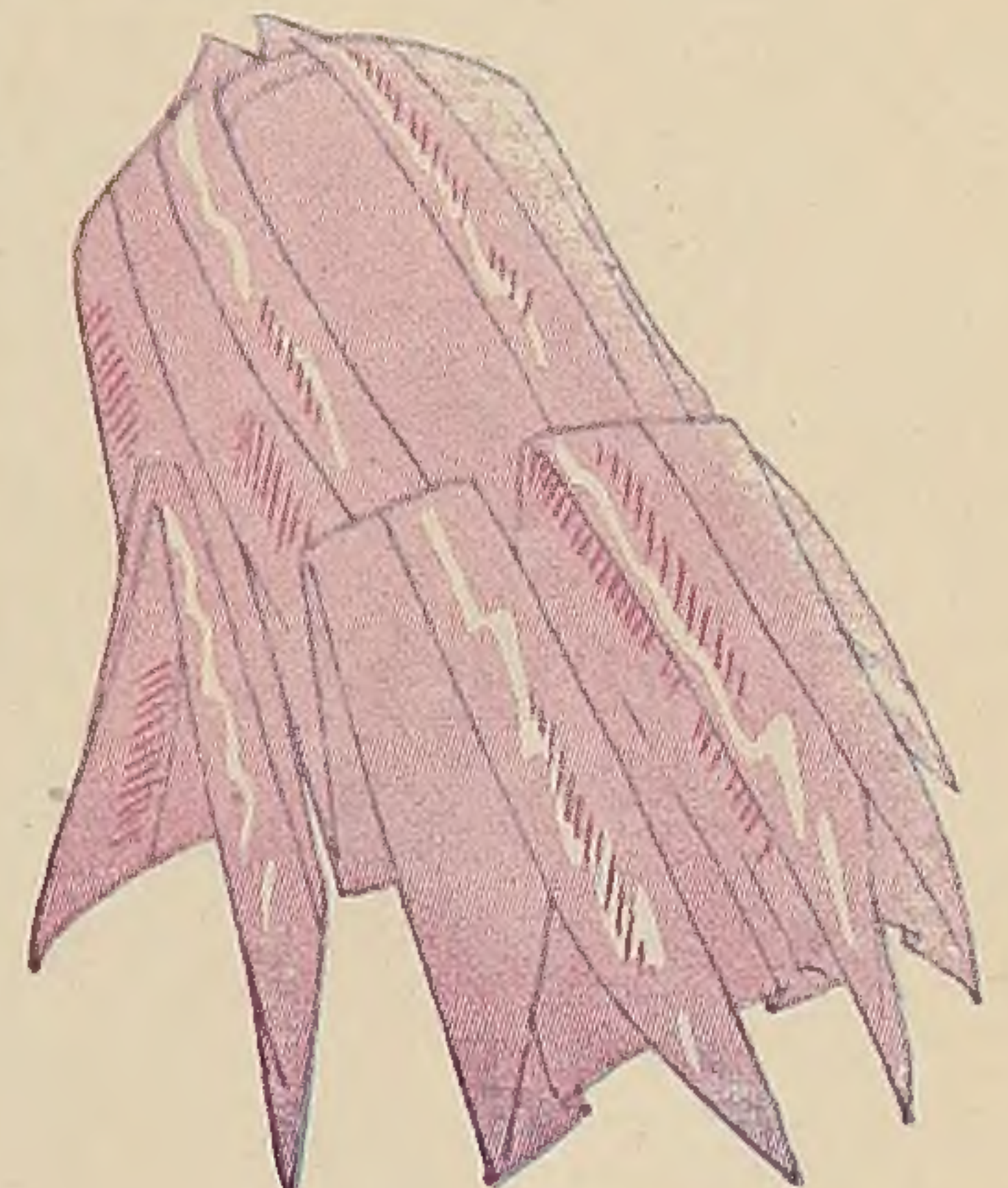
Keep your hosiery style-conscious. Every Paris shade of beige, nude or tan is obtainable with Tintex.



Baby's wee dresses, coats, bootees—so easy to keep them colorfully new with Tintex.



First aid for lace-trimmed silk lingerie! The special Tintex in the Blue Box tints the silk, but leaves the lace its original color.



The 33 fashionable Tintex colors include smart shades for negligees, pyjamas, and other informalities of the boudoir.

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*Tintex Brings the Cheerful Charm of Color in a Mere Matter of Moments!*

Those faded stockings . . . those washed-out looking underthings . . . that frock that needs only a new shade to make it do for another successful season . . .

Tintex will give them that just-out-of-the-shop freshness that comes with bright new color!

And it's so easy, so quick, so clean! Sprinkle a little Tintex in the rinsing water—a dip or two—and behold,

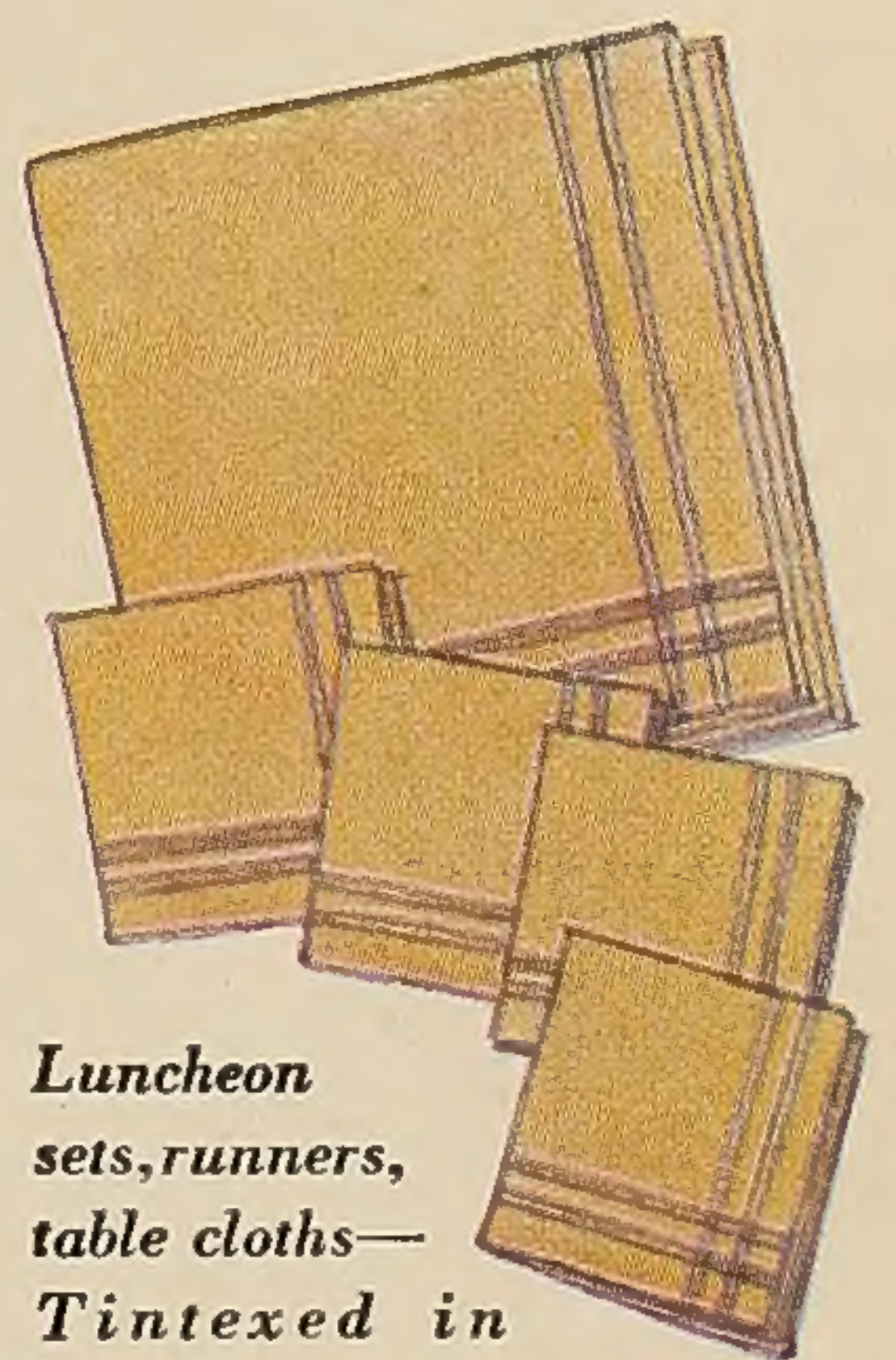
original color-brightness is restored as if by magic . . . or a new and *different* color if you wish.

Ask to see the Tintex Color Card at any drug or notion counter. It shows the complete color range of Tintex on actual dyed materials. Select the colors you need and then

everything you wear and everything your house wears will *always* be charmingly colorful.

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